



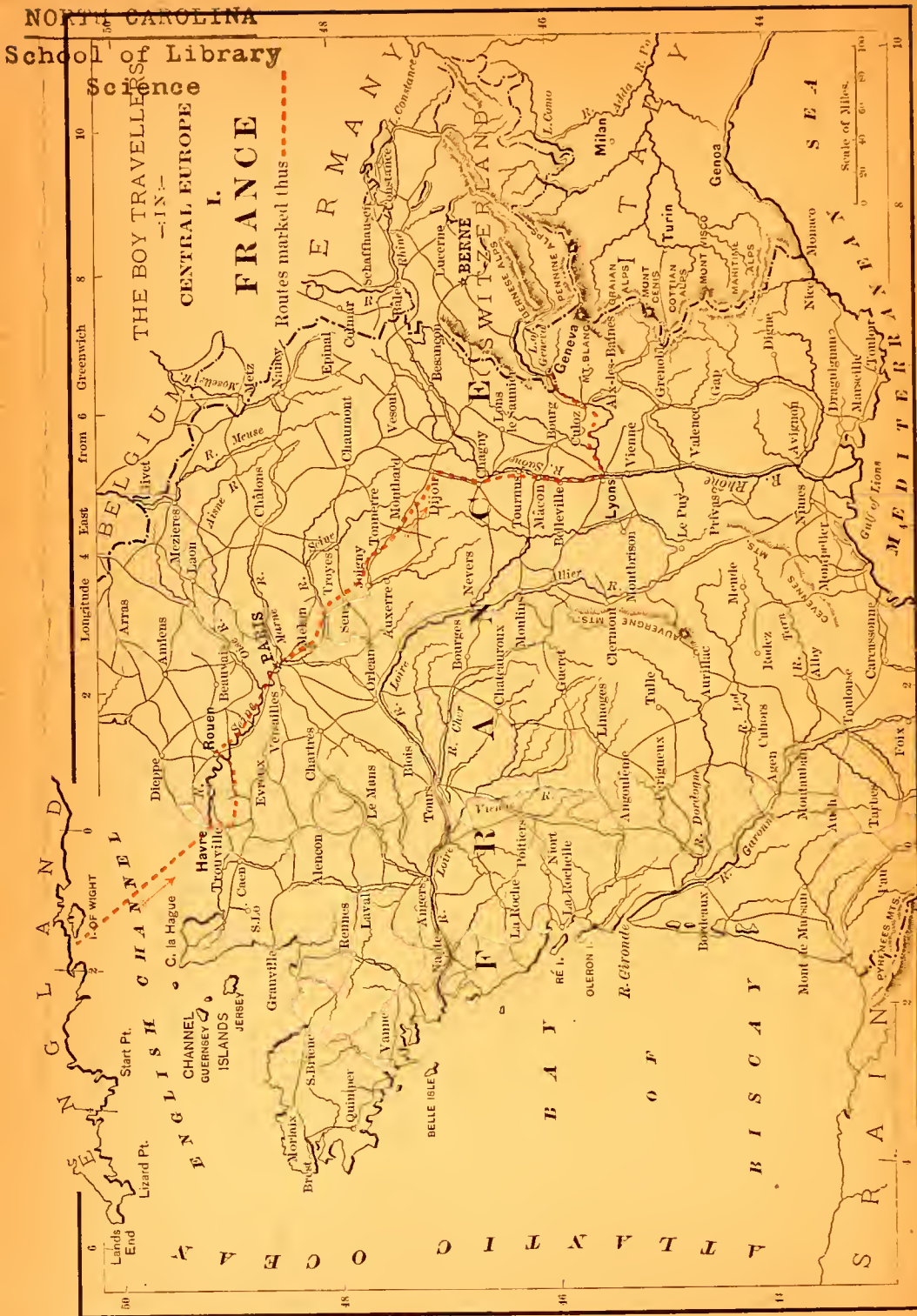
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THOMAS W. KNOX



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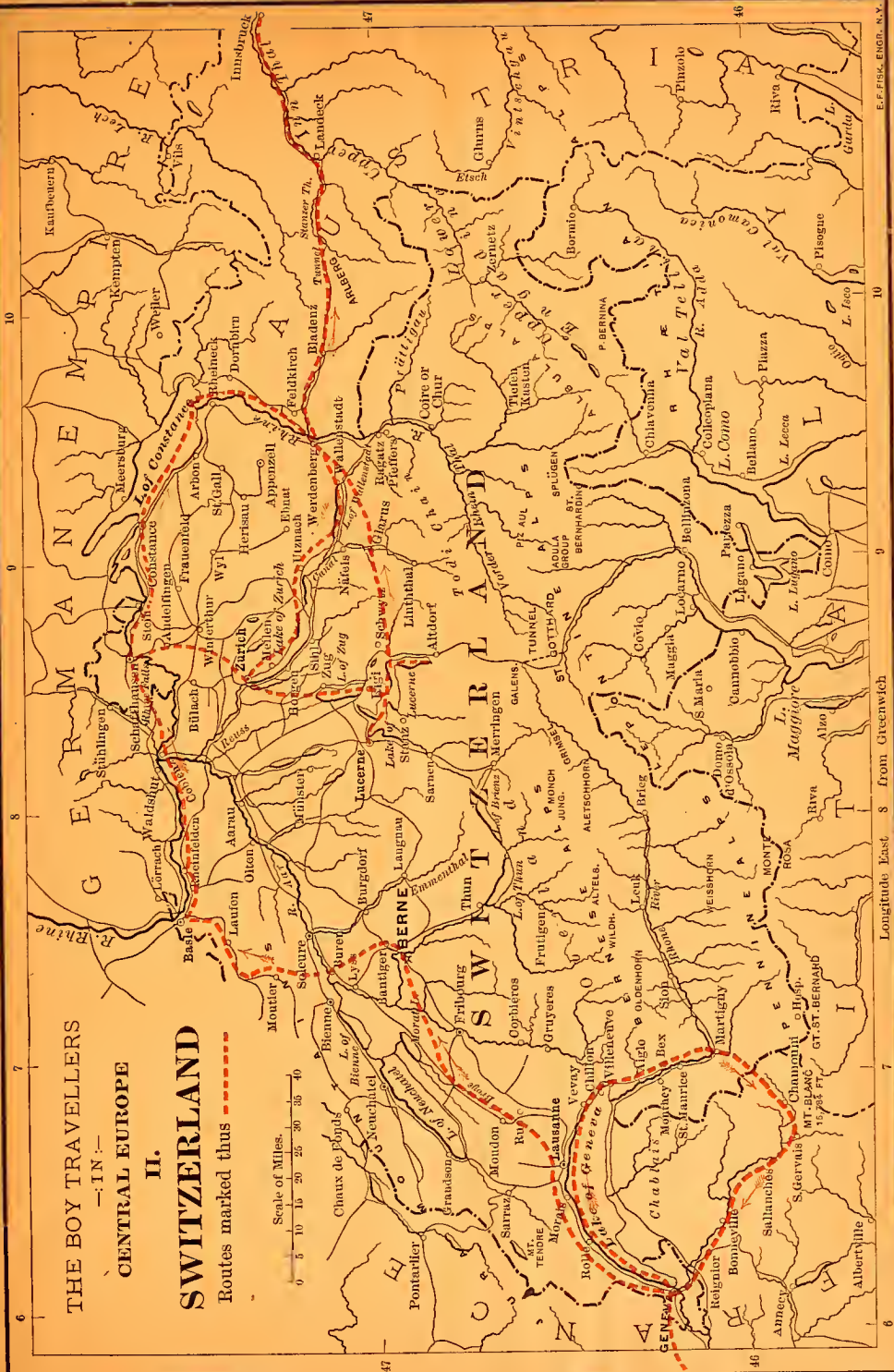
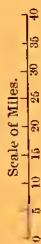
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THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN CENTRAL EUROPE

ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY THROUGH
FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND AUSTRIA, WITH EXCURSIONS AMONG THE
ALPS OF SWITZERLAND AND THE TYROL

BY

THOMAS W. KNOX

AUTHOR OF

"THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE FAR EAST" "IN SOUTH AMERICA" "IN RUSSIA" "ON THE CONGO"
"IN AUSTRALASIA" "IN MEXICO" "IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND" AND
"IN NORTHERN EUROPE" "THE YOUNG NIMRODS"
"THE VOYAGE OF THE 'VIVIAN'" ETC.

Illustrated

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1893

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
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PREFACE.

THE preceding volume of this series (*The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe*) left our young friends at Stockholm, engaged in giving a welcome to Doctor Bronson, who had just arrived from London. Having seen the Northern lands of Europe, it was naturally the case that Mrs. Bassett and Mary desired to visit the countries of the central part of the Continent; consequently, the journey described in the present volume was planned and made, and we have sought to give a faithful account of what the tourists saw and heard during their wanderings. Mrs. Bassett and Mary were the constant companions of Frank and Fred; the former shows that she has profited much by her experiences of foreign lands and people, and the latter makes daily demonstration of her intelligence, careful reading, and keenness of observation to an extent that might justify a change of title to "The Boy and Girl Travellers in Central Europe." But as the planning of their routes, together with all the details of the journey, is left to Frank and Fred, we will adhere to the old name for the book.

The scheme that has been followed in preparing the other volumes of "The Boy Travellers" is continued in the present record, and the readers of "Central Europe" will find the same characters, and the same general form of talk, observation, and journal-making that they found in "Great Britain and Ireland" and "Northern Europe." Doctor Bronson is less conspicuous than before, as his professional and business engagements kept him away from the party for the most of the time, but he had no hesitation in trusting the details of the journey to Frank and Fred. The devotion of the two youths to the comfort and pleasure of Mrs. Bassett and Mary is worthy of the highest admiration, and it is not to be wondered at that mother and daughter thoroughly enjoyed the journey from its first day to its last.

The author has taken the same care to insure historical and geographical accuracy in this account of Central Europe that he took in previous volumes of "The Boy Traveller" series. Should errors be found, he trusts that they will be attributed to the authorities consulted rather than to negligence in the work of consultation. Wherever discrepancies occur in the authorities the writer has given the preference to those of greatest weight, or to those whose statements seemed to be confirmed by other events.

Nearly all of the routes described in this book have been personally travelled by the author, and some of them more than once, and nearly every city, town, or other place of interest which has been visited by *The Boy Travellers in Central Europe* was previously visited by him. As far as possible he has aimed to speak from personal knowledge, but he has not hesitated to use the work of other travellers over the same ground, and believes that he has done so to the advantage of the reader. The authorities thus drawn upon, whether books or individuals, have been mentioned in the pages of the volume, and need not be repeated in the preface. Statistical information concerning populations, manufactures, commerce, military and naval forces, and the like, have been obtained from official sources, or, where such were lacking, from the most authentic of non-official publications. Dimensions of buildings, parks, etc., heights of mountains, and kindred measurements have been taken from guide-books, either general or local, and in some cases from measurements personally made by the author during his visits to the places described.

The writer hereby tenders his acknowledgments to the courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers for the privilege of using such of the illustrations as were originally prepared for other of their publications.

With this brief explanation of the manner in which the story of the journey through Central Europe has been prepared, the author submits it to critics and readers, including alike the friends of the amiable Mrs. Bassett, and the school companions of Frank, Fred, and Mary, with the hope that it may receive the same kindly and generous greeting accorded to other volumes that describe the wanderings and give the observations of "The Boy Travellers."

T. W. K.

NEW YORK, *July*, 1892.

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THE BOY TRAVELLERS

IN

CENTRAL EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

FROM ENGLAND TO FRANCE.—NORMANDY BOATS OF AN ANCIENT TYPE.—APPROACHING HAVRE.—THE FRENCH COAST NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE SEINE.—LIGHT-HOUSE AT SAINTE-ADRESSE.—MEETING AN OCEAN STEAMER.—HIGH TIDE AT HAVRE.—ENTERING THE PORT.—THE SEMAPHORE AND SIGNAL STATION.—FULL NAME OF THE CITY.—IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.—THE ECONOMICAL AMERICAN, AND HOW HE AVOIDED THE DUTY ON CIGARS.—CLEANSING POWER OF TIDES ILLUSTRATED.—A COACHMAN'S ATTEMPT AT FRAUD.—FRASCATT'S.—SCENES AT THE BATHING-PLACE.—MARY TELLS HER EXPERIENCE.—AN AMUSING REGULATION.

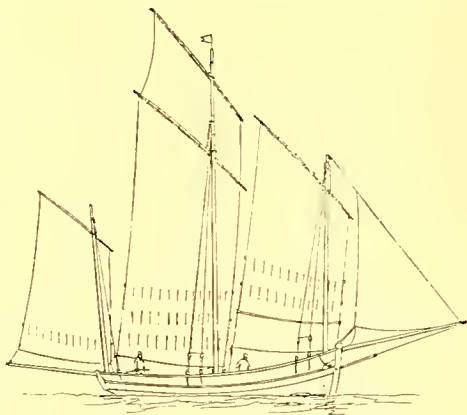
“**W**HAT an old-fashioned boat!”

“Yes,” was the reply; “old enough to deserve our respect.”

“What is it?”

“It’s a fishing and market boat from Normandy,” said Doctor Bronson. “The form of this vessel is very much what it was in the twelfth century, and the rig has changed very little. These boats are built for rough weather rather than for light breezes; a modern yacht would

sail away from her very rapidly, but the sailors on this clumsy-looking craft would not hesitate to go out in a high wind when the ordinary yachtsman would prefer to stay in port.”



NORMAN FISHING AND MARKET BOAT.

"I think I saw two or three of these boats at Southampton, but supposed they were English," Frank remarked.

"They probably came from Dieppe, or some other port of Normandy," the Doctor answered. "These boats bring vegetables and other produce from the French coast for the English market. Some of them are engaged in fishing, but it is proper to say that the number of these craft is steadily diminishing year by year."

"Why is that?"

"Because of the large number of men required to handle them in proportion to the size of the vessel. That boat you are looking at is about a hundred tons in measurement, and requires ten or twelve men to handle her properly; six or eight men can manage a craft of the same tonnage with a more modern rig; and slow as these people are to change their customs, they are forced to do so in order to save money."

This conversation occurred on the deck of a steamer which was crossing the English Channel from Southampton to Havre. Many of our readers will recognize the names of Doctor Bronson, and that of his nephew, Frank Bassett, whose adventures have been recorded in previous volumes of the "Boy Travellers Series."*

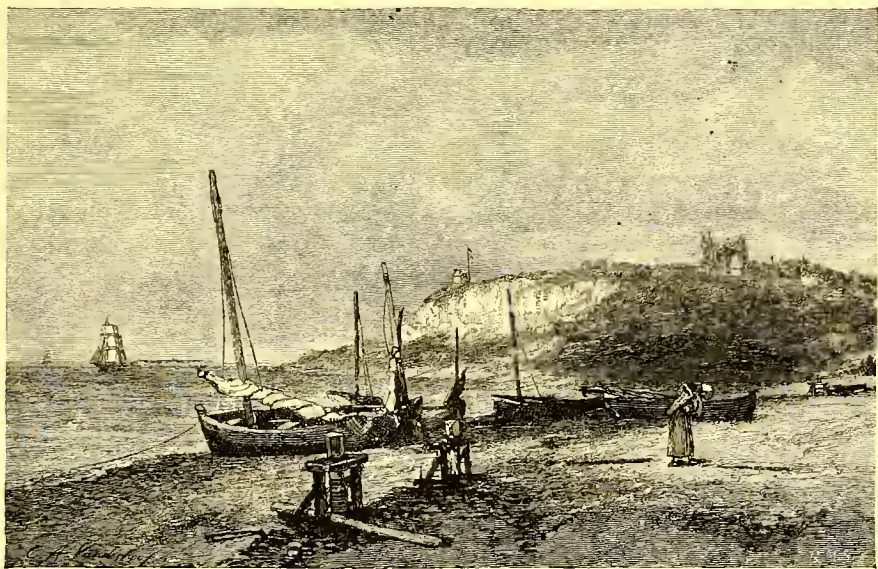
Fred Bronson joined his uncle and cousin while they were discussing the peculiarities of the boats that navigate the channel, and a few minutes later Mrs. Bassett and Mary made their appearance. There were the usual morning greetings, and then all eyes were turned to the scene that was presented before them.

The French coast was in full view, Havre being not more than fifteen miles away, and distinguishable through a glass by the forest of masts that rose from its harbor, and also by the cloud of smoke about the city. All around were boats of various kinds, the nearest of them being the one just under consideration. Mary undertook to count the sails in sight, but soon gave up the effort, as she was more interested in the picturesqueness of the coast than in knowing the exact number of craft in the range of her vision. A dozen or more steamers were visible, though some of them were so far away that their character was discernible only by the columns of smoke pouring from their funnels and stretching out behind them. There was only a light breeze blow-

* *The Boy Travellers in the Far East* (five volumes), and *The Boy Travellers in South America*, *The Boy Travellers in the Russian Empire*, *The Boy Travellers on the Congo*, *The Boy Travellers in Australasia*, *The Boy Travellers in Mexico*, *The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland*, and *The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe* (seven volumes). See complete list at the end of this book.

ing, and every sailing craft on the waters had all its canvas spread to catch it. Mrs. Bassett called attention to the colors of the sails, which were not as universally white as those which one sees in the harbor of New York; there were two or three varieties of browns among them, and a few were of a reddish tint that seemed to vie with the beams of the rising sun, just visible in the East.

Doctor Bronson explained that the browns and reds were not attributable to the age of the sails, but to the color of the material out of



ON THE NORMANDY COAST.

which they were made. "You know," said he, "that many house-keepers prefer unbleached linen to that which has been bleached, on account of its superior strength; for the same reason, the mariners on this part of the coast of the French republic are less partial to snow-white sails than those of our own land."

"Look! look!" exclaimed Mary, who had been directing her glass towards Havre. "There's a great steamer coming out from the port; it must be one of the big ships that run to New York."

She handed the glass to her mother, who gave it to Doctor Bronson, with the remark that he had the best eyesight for steamers. A moment's glance satisfied him, and he returned the glass to the girl.

"Yes, you are right," he said, addressing Mary. "That is one of the steamers of the 'Compagnie Générale Transatlantique,' which is best known in New York as the French Mail. They run weekly each way, and have a large subsidy from the French Government for their service."

"The steamer that's coming out towards us," said Mary, "looks like a very large one; seems to me it's like the *City of Paris* that we came on from New York to Liverpool."

"It is probably one of the company's newest vessels," was the reply, "and if so, it is in every way equal to any of its English or German competitors. The French line is popular with a great many Americans, and especially with those who do not care to pass through England in their journeys between New York and the Continent."

As the Doctor paused, Mary asked what were the hills to the left of Havre and nearly behind it.

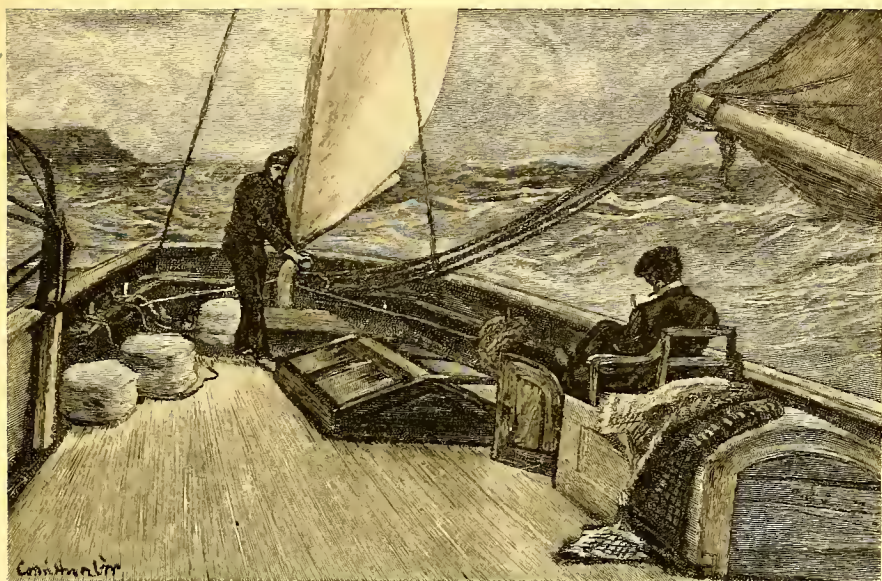
"Behind the city," said Doctor Bronson, "are the heights of Ingouville, while the hills to the left are in the suburb of Sainte-Adresse. Do you see the light-house which stands on the edge of the cliff at Sainte-Adresse as if ready to fall over?"

"Oh yes, I can see it distinctly," Mary answered; "and there are some pretty villas not far from it and all along the range of hills."

It is a very pretty view which is presented to the traveller who approaches Havre from the sea. So charming is it that a poet and dramatist, Casimir Delavigne, said that, after Constantinople, he had never seen anything so beautiful. Havre nestles in a cleft in the hills on the northern bank of the Seine, which widens into a bay as it nears the sea. Looking across the mouth of the famous river, as Doctor Bronson directed her attention, Mary could make out the positions of Honfleur and Trouville, the latter a well-known summer resort frequented by numerous people of fashion from the French capital, as well as by many who do not enter into fashionable life. On the northern bank of the river there is a fine panorama of coast from Honfleur to Cape de la Hève, and the attentive observer finds it dotted with houses and gardens in great number.

"If you could look behind the hills you would find the villas and gardens just as numerous," said the Doctor. "All the residents of Havre who can afford it have their suburban villas. The Frenchman is by nature a gardener, and consequently no villa in the suburbs of this seaport is considered complete unless it has a garden of greater or less extent attached to it. We shall see some of those gardens, and you will all agree with me that they are very pretty."

"And we ought to see some interesting old houses," said Frank. "I



YACHTING IN THE CHANNEL.

have been reading that Havre was founded in 1509, and was a prosperous city soon after that year. So there ought to be some old buildings there as well as modern ones."

"The city is mostly of modern character," was the reply, "but there is a fair number of historic buildings and places in and around it. Here comes the great steamer, and we will take a glance at her."

As he spoke they were abreast of the huge vessel, which towered above them and made their own boat appear very small. The captain was at his post on the bridge, and did not deign to notice the little steamer that kept at a respectful distance. There was a slight interchange of courtesies on the part of the passengers of the two vessels, a few handkerchiefs being waved as they passed. In a few moments the steamers were too far apart for any further observance of marine politeness, and every one on the boat which bore our friends was looking once more in the direction of Havre.

"What does 'Havre' mean?" queried Mrs. Bassett.

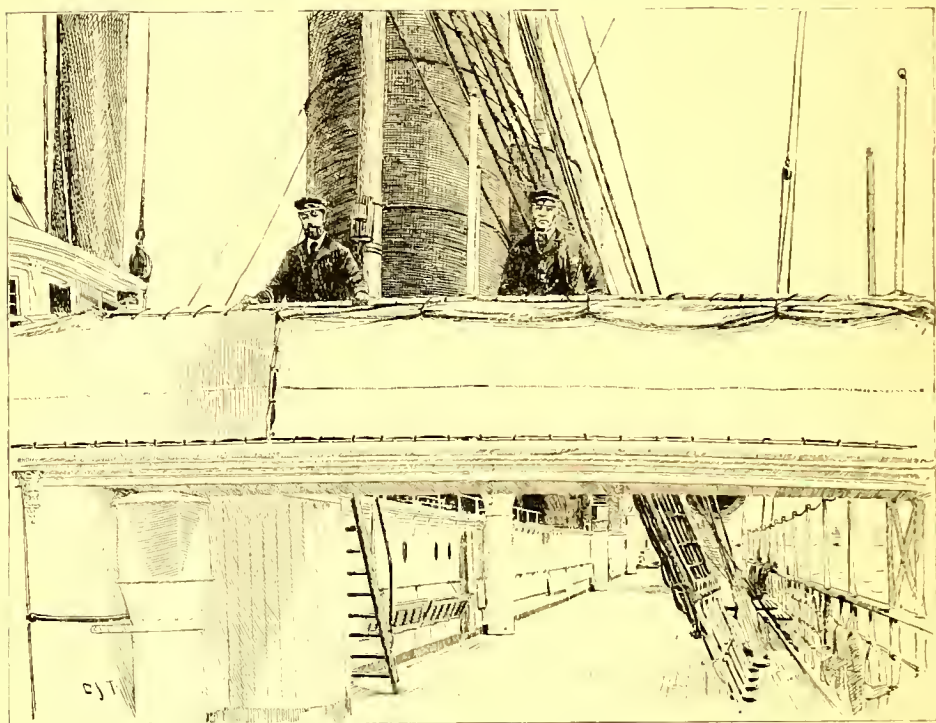
"The word means 'harbor,'" replied the Doctor, "and is only a part of the name of the city to which we are bound."

"What is the rest of it?"

"Its full name is 'Le Havre de Notre Dame de Grace,' which was first

abbreviated to Havre de Graee, and afterwards to the single word as we know it to-day. Sometimes the French call it 'Le Havre,' but the practice is steadily going out of fashion. The old and full name may be seen on official documents, but you rarely find it elsewhere."

Mary called attention to a flag-staff at the entrance of the harbor, where several flags were extended to the breeze.



THE CAPTAIN'S POST ON THE BRIDGE.

"That's the signal station," said Doctor Bronson, "and quite possibly they are announcing our arrival. We shall go close to it as we enter the harbor and come to a stop."

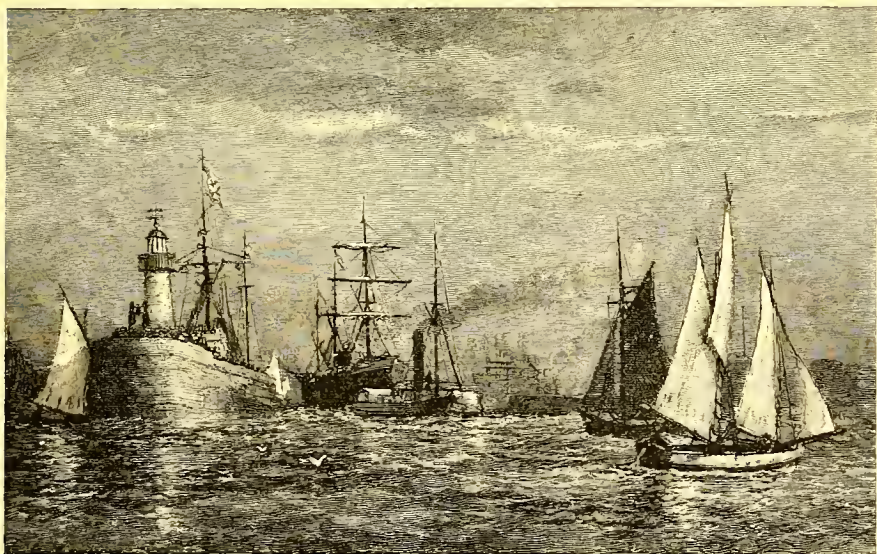
"Can we go in at any state of the tide?" Frank asked.

"Yes, this boat can do so," was the reply; "but large ships, whether steam or sail, must wait for high tide before entering. Even the small steamers stir up the mud considerably at low tide, and it is necessary for the authorities to dredge the harbor occasionally to prevent its filling up. The entrance-harbor is called the *avant-port* by the French, and we

shall find it filled with coasting vessels and other small craft in considerable numbers. Beyond the *avant-port* are the docks, which are similar to the docks that you saw at Liverpool and London, and have cost a great deal of money to make."

On and on went the little steamer, and in due time the entrance-harbor was reached. As they passed the signal station Frank made a hasty sketch of the semaphore and light-house. There was a large crowd of people at the end of the jetty, and Mrs. Bassett wondered why so many had come there just for the sake of witnessing the arrival of Doctor Bronson and his party. The Doctor explained that the probabilities were that the people had assembled on account of the departure of the great steamer which they met outside, and also that of a smaller one which was just leaving port as they entered.

When the steamer stopped and the gang-plank was put out, there was the usual rush of passengers for the shore. Our friends retired to a



THE ENTRANCE-PORT OF HAVRE.

corner of the deck and studied the scene. They were intending to spend a few days at Havre, and therefore were in no immediate hurry to land. They realized that the great majority of their fellow-passengers were anxious to go to Paris by the first train, and therefore had good reason for getting on shore as speedily as possible.

The boats between Southampton and Havre do not connect with special trains, as do some of the short routes over the Channel. Passengers take the first train that they can get; and as trains are numerous, they never have long to wait. The Southampton-Havre route is by no means the most expeditious of the ways between the French and English capitals, but it has the advantage of cheapness to travellers whose purses are light, and that of comfort to those who are good sailors and not in a hurry. The sea passage occupies a little more than six hours, with two hours more in the river below Southampton and the Channel between the Isle of Wight and the main-land. The voyage is made in the night in both directions, so that on rising in the morning the traveller is in sight of the shore to which he is destined, or, quite likely, safely anchored in port.

It was a little after the time of high tide when our friends reached Havre, and the *avant-port* was well filled with water. The youths observed that the ebb-tide was making, and, as there is a difference of twenty feet between low and high water, it was evident that the decline was by no means slow. Havre has an advantage over other ports on the French coast in the peculiarity that at the time of high tide the water remains stationary for nearly two hours, while at other points it begins to fall almost at the moment it touches the highest point.

Doctor Bronson said he once had a practical experience growing out of the necessity of the immediate departure of a vessel from one of the Channel ports of France the instant the tide was at its maximum. He came by train from Paris, expecting to connect with the steamer; in consequence of a slight accident the train lost half an hour on its way, and so reached the port just that much behind time.

"As we rolled into the station on the pier where the boat lay," said the Doctor, "the passengers saw to their dismay that the wheels of the boat were in motion, and she was off for her voyage over the Channel. Every passenger by that train was left behind, and his only recourse was to wait for the next boat. Many of the delayed travellers lost their temper, and said hard things about the steamboat company. It was explained that the boat could not wait even a fraction of a minute longer without being left in the harbor until the next period of high tide.

"Most of the harbors along the western coast of France are the mouths of small rivers, little better than brooks, and are dry, or very nearly so, at low tide. When the tide is out vessels of all kinds lie in the mud or in water that is too shallow to permit their movement. When the tide comes in the harbor fills rapidly, and what was before an

expanse of mud assumes quite a different appearance. One by one the vessels are afloat, and those which are outward bound are set in motion the moment their captains find their craft free from their muddy beds."



ALONG THE ROCKS AND SANDS.

"These harbors get a good washing at every turn of the tide," remarked Frank as the Doctor paused.

"Yes," was the reply; "and few persons who have not seen it for themselves realize what great purifiers the tides are. Compare these ports with those along the Mediterranean, and note the very great difference."

"What is the difference, please?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Why," responded her brother, "the Mediterranean is practically tideless, the variation being only a few inches in some parts, while its greatest rise and fall anywhere is not above three feet. The variation is not sufficient to give the cleansing power to the tide that you see here on most parts of the coast of the United States. The harbors along the Mediterranean are full of filth of all kinds, which accumulates there in spite of all precaution by the authorities; the sediment settles to the bottom and may be dredged away at intervals, but the water in the harbor looks like that of a mud-puddle in the middle of

a much-frequented road or the outpouring of a sewer. Never till I saw the dirty condition of the harbors of Marseilles, Genoa, Bona, and other places along the Mediterranean, did I realize the benefit that a seaport receives in being thoroughly washed twice every twenty-four hours by a powerful tide."

"That may be the reason why the places you speak of are so much more unhealthy than the ports along the Channel," Fred remarked.

"I believe so," the Doctor answered. "But of course the residents of those places would resent the insinuation, and very emphatically, too. The people of Marseilles will never admit that the cholera, which frequently afflicts them, is developed and encouraged by the condition of their harbor, or at least the older part of it, which appears to contain the same water that was let into it in the time of the Roman emperors. But the crowd at the gangway has thinned out, and we'll go on shore and see the city."

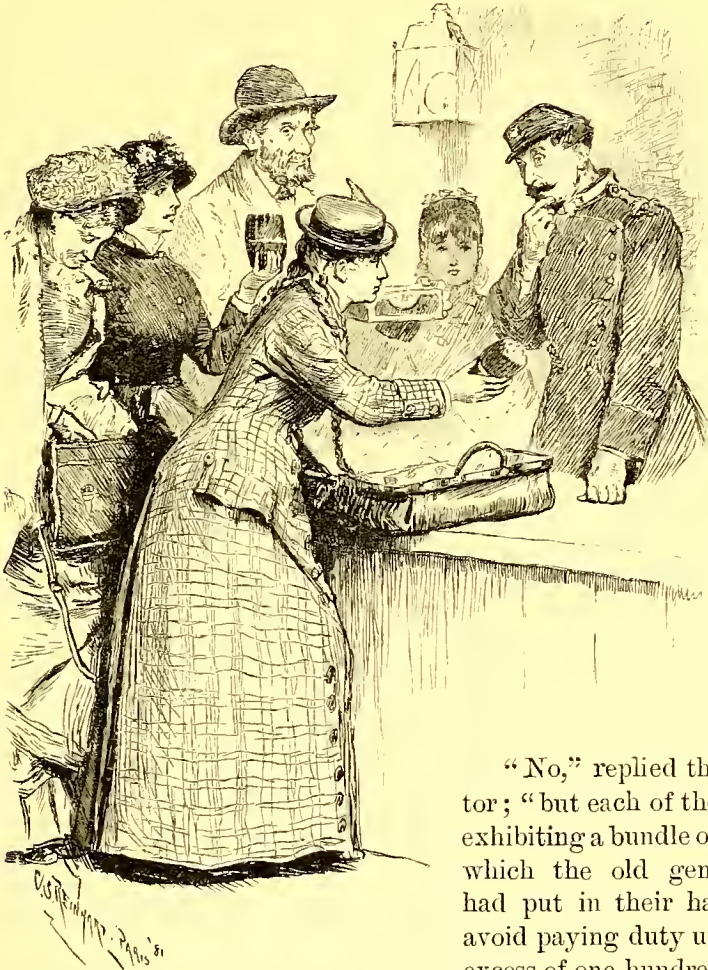
Before they were free to wander about Havre it was necessary to observe the custom-house formalities, which include the inspection of one's baggage in search of dutiable articles. Doctor Bronson declared that there was nothing liable to duty in the trunks of himself and companions; he had no cigars or tobacco—articles which are specially sought by the custom-house officials—and, so far as he knew, nothing else that would come within the restrictions. The *douanier* was polite, and evidently a good judge of character; he examined only one trunk out of the entire lot, and even to this he gave but a hasty glance. It did not take long for him to ascertain that the party before him were travellers in search of pleasure only, and not bent upon defrauding the revenues of the French republic. Furthermore, Doctor Bronson had facilitated the work of the official by opening the trunks at once before he was asked to do so.

The tourist who smokes may enter France with a broken package of fewer than one hundred cigars; no objection will be made to fifty, seventy, or even ninety-nine cigars; but if he has an even hundred or more, he must pay duty upon them; and thereby hangs a tale which was told by the Doctor while they were waiting their turn for examination by the officials.

"Some years ago," said the Doctor, "I came to Havre in a steamer from New York, and of course had to pass through the custom-house on my arrival. Among the passengers was a family from the neighborhood of Boston—a shrewd New Englander with his wife and three daughters. The young women were of ages varying between eighteen

and twenty-two, and very sweet girls they were. The head of the family was a smoker, but I never suspected that his wife or daughters were addicted to tobacco till I saw them in the French custom-house."

"Were they smoking there?" queried Mrs. Bassett, in a tone of surprise.



AN ECONOMICAL ARRANGEMENT.

"No," replied the Doctor; "but each of them was exhibiting a bundle of cigars which the old gentleman had put in their hands to avoid paying duty upon his excess of one hundred. He argued that as any individual has a right to bring a

certain number of cigars into France free of duty, it was perfectly proper for him to press his wife and daughters into service."

"Did he succeed?" Mary asked.

"Yes; the custom-house official was evidently puzzled over the situation. He certainly appeared quite as surprised as I was at the idea of those young women being smokers, and after a little hesitation he allowed them to pass without objection. Their father whispered to me that his daughters had never smoked a single whiff in all their lives, but he thought he could 'fool' the Frenchman. His argument was that many Frenchwomen were smokers of cigarettes, and it was easy enough to make a Frenchman believe that American girls smoke cigars instead of cigarettes. And he added that as American girls have more liberty than French ones, it was quite natural to believe that they took their tobacco in the strongest form."

There was a laugh all around at the shrewdness of the American traveller and his zeal in defrauding the French revenue. When it subsided, Mrs. Bassett propounded the following question :

"Why is it that people who are otherwise honest do not hesitate to cheat the custom-house, not only in foreign countries, but in their native lands? I know men and women who would not on any account steal the value of a penny, but are always ready to smuggle goods through the custom-house, and boast about it if they succeed."

"The reason is not difficult to find. In every country where there are tariffs you will find many men and newspapers who argue that tariffs are wrong in principle and practice, that they rob the people in a variety of ways, and ought to be abolished altogether. Revenue laws are not like the laws against murder, robbery, and other acts which we call crimes; the whole civilized world has criminal laws, which are practically alike, but revenue laws are very much at variance, and do not prevail everywhere, as you readily understand. The lawyers would say to you that smuggling is *malum prohibitum* (wrong because the law says it is), while robbery, murder, and the like are *malum per se* (wrong in themselves). Most countries show very little respect for those whose revenue laws are unlike their own. England, for example, does not hesitate to encourage smuggling into other countries where tariffs exist, as any one who has spent a short time at Hong-Kong, Gibraltar, or other British posts and frontiers can testify, though she punishes with severity any frauds upon her own revenue."

"Thank you very much for the explanation," said Mrs. Bassett. Just as she said this the officer addressed the Doctor on the subject of his baggage, and in a few minutes they were at liberty to depart.

They had decided to go to the Hôtel Frascati, and a *commissionnaire* from that establishment was placed in charge of their baggage,



ON THE BEACH AT FRASCATI'S.

while they entered a carriage which was standing on the quay. The driver of the vehicle assumed that they were strangers, and in order to make as much as possible out of his customers he took them by a roundabout way. The Doctor observed it and smiled, and then whis-

pered to the rest: "The way he is driving is very much as though a cabman in New York should go from Union Square to Madison Square by way of the pier at the foot of West Eighteenth Street; but as you are interested in seeing as much as possible of the city we will let him go as he likes in taking us to the hotel."

In due time they reached the hotel, and when Doctor Bronson paid the bill for the carriage he dismayed the driver by saying he had been in Havre before, and knew the proper route from the quay to Frascati's. The driver promptly accepted the regulation fare which the Doctor tendered, and begged him not to mention the matter to the manager of the establishment.

Frascati's is a little out of the city of Havre, and at the edge of the sea. Our friends had chosen it because it would give them a glimpse of the sea-bathing ways of the French, as the hotel is quite a resort for summer visitors and has a large bathing establishment connected with it. In the bathing season the hotel is generally crowded, but when this patronage falls off at the beginning of autumn, the house reduces its staff of servants and settles down to a condition of stagnation until summer comes again and brings the rush of visitors.

Here is what Mary wrote concerning her first experience at a seaside resort in France:

"As soon as we were settled at the hotel we went out to see the bathers, as the tide was up and it was the proper hour to go into the water. One can bathe at all hours, but the best time is at high tide. When the water is low there is a wide stretch of beach which is anything but nice to walk on, as it is covered with stones. And they are not smooth, flat stones by any means, but regular 'cobbles,' such as we pave streets with at home. Most of the bathers have shoes or slippers



A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

made of straw, and can get along over the stones very well when their feet are thus protected. But they are apt to lose their slippers while in the water, and when they do they have a very penitential walk back to the bathing-houses. One of our first sights was of a bather who had lost his slippers, and found the stones very disagreeable when he placed his whole weight on his feet; so he got down, baby-fashion, and crept

on all-fours. It was a funny sight, and we laughed quietly to ourselves as we looked on and witnessed his antics.

“Doctor Bronson says that if it was not for the cobble-stones on the beach this place would be a formidable rival to Trouville, which is the



IN THE HANDS OF A BAIGNEUR.

most fashionable resort on the coast. Trouville and its neighbor, Deauville, have beaches of sand; I'll tell you about them when we go there.

“I wanted to go into the water, and so did Frank and Fred. We arranged with the keeper of the bathing-houses to supply us with bathing-dresses, and were then shown to the little boxes where we made our toilets for a swim. I expected we would go into the water together and have a nice frolic, just as we would at home, but found when we came out on the beach that it was contrary to the rules. There is a high

fence separating the bathing place for women from that of the men, and those of the different sexes must keep on their own side of this fence if they wish to bathe in peace.

"There is an exception to every rule, so the old adage says, and there is an exception here. My brother and cousin could not come into the water where I was, but there were several *baigneurs*, or men whose profession it is to accompany women into the water and assist them in their bath. Very few Frenchwomen can swim, and so the duties of a *baigneur* consist in holding his fair charge by the shoulders while he dips her under the water a few times and takes care that she does not drown. These men are sailors or fishermen, and expect fees for their services. Frank says that the rules of the French bathing places are devised so that the assistants can earn a living, as they are allowed to go where husbands, fathers, or brothers are excluded.

"I astonished and doubtless chagrined the *baigneurs* by declining their help and going into the water alone. One of them told me I was not allowed to do so; but I said I could swim, and did not wait to see if he was telling the truth or only trying to frighten me into employing him for half an hour or so.

"I swam out a good distance from the shore, till they shouted to me to come back. Whether they thought I was in danger or not I can't say, but I turned around and went leisurely towards the shore. The slippers were something of a hinderance in swimming, but I had them fastened very firmly, as I didn't want to cut my feet on the stones. Finding he could not be employed to assist me in swimming, one of the *baigneurs* offered to support me in going from the beach to the bathing-houses, but I declined his offer and walked back by myself. Frank and Fred came out soon afterwards, and as soon as we were dressed we hurried to the pavilion in front of the hotel, where mamma and Doctor Bronson had ordered breakfast for the party.

"Do not suppose that all the people who visit Frascati's go there to bathe. Those who go into the water are a minority; the most of the visitors sit on the shore or under the pavilion, or promenade wherever the walking is good enough for that amusement. There are some who put on bathing-suits but don't bathe; they are like the 'gallery riders' at Durland's and other riding-schools in New York—women who go every afternoon to the schools, dressed in their riding-habits and with whips in their hands, but are never known to do anything else than sit in the gallery and see other people ride in the ring.

"We were ready for breakfast, you may be sure, as it was eleven in

the forenoon, and all we had taken since getting up in the morning was a little coffee and some rolls on board the boat that brought us from Southampton. Don't be surprised that we are breakfasting at this hour. We are in France, and are doing as the French do; they take only their *café au lait* in the morning (which means coffee with milk), and perhaps a roll or a crust of dry bread. Breakfast is from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M., and is the first serious meal of the day. Then comes dinner at six or seven in the evening, and that ends the day's feeding. I like our home ways the best, but of course don't propose to ask the French people to change their customs to oblige me.

"Near the table where we were at breakfast there was an American



IN THE CAFÉ.

party of four, who were evidently of one family. Their conversation was carried on in a tone so loud that we could hear nearly all they said, and the chief topic was the difficulty of finding things here such as they

had at home. One wanted buckwheat cakes, another desired pie, and a third was hungering for corned beef and cabbage. After a long denunciation of the benighted French, who knew nothing about those American luxuries, one of the party remarked, philosophically, 'I suppose if we should say anything to a Frenchman about it, he would tell us to go back and stay in our country, and we could have things our own way—and that's just what he ought to say.'

"None of the others made any response to this remark; evidently they thought it was too near the truth to be seriously opposed.

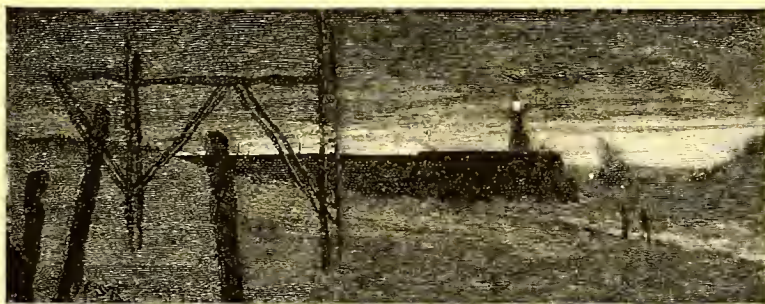
"When they had gone, Doctor Bronson said he once travelled for a time on the Continent with an American, whose great annoyance was the impossibility of having all the courses of his dinner served at once. He had been accustomed at home to having his entire dinner placed on the table before he sat down, and could not understand why the same practice does not prevail here. After vainly endeavoring for several months to reform the dinner practices of Europeans, he went back to America, vowing that he would never again cross the Atlantic until the Europeans knew how to serve a dinner properly.

"But I am getting away from Fraseati's and the baths of Havre. Do not suppose this is the only bathing-place here; there are several establishments, belonging to different proprietors—in fact, the shore for a mile or more is lined with bathing houses, and we can see them directly beneath the heights of Sainte-Adresse. It's a great pity that the shore is so rocky, as its condition seriously interferes with the comfort of making a plunge in the sea."

CHAPTER II.

A DRIVE IN THE SUBURBS OF HAVRE.—SAINTE-ADRESSE AND THE LIGHT-HOUSE.—VILLAS, GARDENS, AND OTHER SUBURBAN ATTRACTIONS.—HOUSES OF ALPHONSE KARR AND SARA BERNHARDT.—MONUMENT TO GENERAL DESNOUETTES AND ITS PRACTICAL USES.—AN AMUSING INCIDENT.—AN EVENING WALK ALONG THE STREETS AND QUAYS.—THE RUE DE PARIS.—IN THE FISH-MARKET.—THE FISHING FOLKS OF NORMANDY; THEIR ORIGIN, OCCUPATION, AND PECULIARITIES.—VISIT TO A FISHING VILLAGE.—INTERIOR OF FISHERS' HOUSES.—MUSSELING AND SHRIMPING.—A FISH AUCTION.—HAULING BOATS ON SHORE.—HARFLEUR AND HAVRE CONTRASTED.—THE DOCKS OF HAVRE.—THEIR EXTENT AND COST.—DEPARTURE OF AN OCEAN STEAMSHIP.—“C. G. T.”

IN the afternoon Doctor Bronson went to call on his old friend, the Consul of the United States, while the others of the party engaged a carriage, and drove about the city and into the suburbs. Mrs. Bassett



A TWILIGHT EFFECT.

said she wanted to see some of the villas and gardens which had been mentioned, and so the drive was made to include Ingouville and Sainte-Adresse and the country behind them.

All agreed that the suburbs of Havre were very attractive, the villas and gardens displaying excellent taste on the part of their owners. The visit to Sainte-Adresse was timed so as to include the sunset view, and they were fortunate in having a clear sky and plenty of color on the horizon. From the edge of the cliff our friends watched the sun

sinking into the western sea, tingeing the waves with golden and purple beams, and lighting with its glow the many sails that were stippled on the waters. Mrs. Bassett declared that she had never seen anything half as pretty in sunset effects, and Mary wished that the scene might be placed on canvas by some of the American painters whose names are famous in landscape work.

They visited the light-house which they had seen as they approached Havre in the morning, and Mary discovered what she had not noticed in her hurried glance from the steamboat: that there are two light-houses about fifty feet apart, and standing on a cliff more than three hundred feet above the sea. The second structure is intended for use in case the other should be disabled, and it has a complete apparatus for electric lighting independent of the other. The custodian showed them through the establishment, and said that the light was placed on Sainte-Adresse more than a hundred years ago, and had been burning every night since long before he could remember.

We may remark, by the way, that the light-house of Sainte-Adresse has no superior on the French coast, and the light is said to be distinctly visible for more than thirty marine miles. The official claim for it is that it can be seen for twenty-eight miles, and the greatest care is exercised in its management. It was one of the first light-houses to use the electric light, which was not adopted by the Government until after the most careful experiments.

On the way to the top of the cliff the driver of the carriage pointed out the house of Alphonse Karr, a French author of celebrity. An elderly gentleman was walking in the garden, and Mrs. Bassett at once inquired if he was Mr. Karr.

"No, madame," the driver answered; "Mr. Karr sold the house several years ago, and has no more interest in it now than you have; but nobody knows it by any other name than Alphonse Karr's house. A merchant of Havre bought it, but I can't remember his name."

Elsewhere the driver pointed out a summer-house which, he said, belonged to the famous actress, Sara Bernhardt. The eccentric Sara was born at Havre, and is very fond of her birthplace; and she has manifested her fondness by building this summer home, so that she can come here in the season of baths. Then there is a large house that was built by Queen Christine of Spain, and gives a delightful view of the port and city of Havre, with much of the surrounding panorama.

There was a bewildering succession of summer-houses, gardens, and villas along the road, and our friends found it impossible to remember



VOTIVE OFFERING AT THE CHURCH.

a tenth of the names that were repeated by the communicative driver. They reached a church, which the driver said was built by the contributions of the sailors and fishermen of Havre and its vicinity, and was called Notre Dame des Flots. At Mrs. Bassett's suggestion, they visited the interior, but found nothing remarkable in the way of architecture or paintings; but they saw a great number of votive offerings, which had been deposited in the church by pious mariners, either in return for perils they had escaped, or as a preliminary to possible perils that might come. In leaving the church they met a party of pilgrims bringing an offering in the shape of a miniature boat—the model, probably, of a vessel that had escaped destruction in a storm at sea.

Not far from the church is a monument which excited the curiosity of the visitors, and they promptly asked the driver what it was.

"The people of Havre call it *pain de sucre*" (sugar-loaf), said the driver, with a smile.

"It certainly resembles a sugar-loaf," said Frank, "or possibly an egg in an egg-cup."

"I saw it when I was looking through the glass," said Mary, "and wondered what it was."

Then the driver explained that it was a monument to the memory

of General Desnonettes, who perished in a shipwreck in the early part of this century. His widow caused it to be put here, and she left a sum of money to the city of Havre, on condition that the monument should always be kept in perfect repair and as snowy-white as the traveller sees it to-day. She intended it not only as a monument to the memory of her husband, but as a beacon to sailors approaching Havre. Its whiteness and peculiar shape make it visible at a great distance, and many blessings have been invoked upon the thoughtful widow not only by the mariners for whom it was intended, but by sea-sick passengers arriving from the English coast. Mrs. Bassett remarked that it was a pity that all monuments in memory of husbands could not be as practical as the one they were considering, and her opinion was most emphatically echoed by the others.

Frank made note of an amusing incident of their excursion. At a



LIGHT-HOUSES NEAR HAVRE.

turn in the road between Havre and Sainte-Adresse attention was drawn to a post on which was displayed in large letters, "La Mendicité est Interdite" (begging is forbidden). Throughout all parts of France this notice may be seen; but the traveller might infer by the frequent appeals for charity to the lame, halt, blind, and otherwise unfortunate that the law in regard to beggary is not very closely observed. Frank called attention to the circumstance that a mendicant was seated at the foot of the post, and resting his back against the stick of timber that supported the prohibitory sign. His hat rested between his knees, and it was open for the reception of whatever small coins could be obtained from passers-by. As the carriage neared the spot, the beggar whined an appeal for help to a poor man whose family was starving. Moved by the humor of the situation, Frank bestowed a gratuity to the supplicant, who, doubtless, did not realize to what he owed the gift from one whom he had never before seen.

In the evening our friends strolled out to the end of the pier that marks the entrance of the harbor, and enjoyed the twilight effects which were presented. Then they wandered along the Rue de Paris, the principal street of the city, and regarded by the inhabitants as a sort of miniature of the boulevards of the capital of the republic. Unfortu-



IN THE FIELDS NEAR THE CITY.

nately, it was laid out when narrow sidewalks were in fashion, and therefore there is not sufficient room for a large number of pedestrians. It extends from the quay to the garden of the Hôtel de Ville (City Hall), and contains the best shops of the city. Fred observed that there were several shops devoted to the sale of marine curiosities in the shape of shells more or less rare, and miniature houses and other ornaments constructed of shells and sea-products of various kinds. The other shops were stocked with goods similar to those found along the boulevards of Paris, but the quantities were not large. Mrs. Bassett and Mary devoted an hour or two to shopping, but found that the goods they sought were in limited variety, and not at all low in price. Consequently, they postponed making any purchases until reaching Paris.

After the shopping excursion Mary suggested a visit to the fish-market, as her attention had been attracted to the picturesque costumes of the fisher men and women. The girl's suggestion was adopted at once, and the fish-market was visited. Here is Fred's account of what was seen there by the visitors :

"The market is in a building specially adapted to the sale of fish and close to the water, so that the finny merchandise can be transferred to it directly from the boats without the necessity of carrying it in wagons. On low benches were the fish that had been brought in for sale; they included mackerel, sole, and other well-known fishes, as well as some with which we were unfamiliar.

"One thing that amused us and seemed very funny was the amount of dog-fish and skate that were offered for sale, and were purchased, too. You know that we make no account of these fishes around New York; in Great South Bay (on Long Island), all along the Sound, and on the Jersey coast both these fishes are thrown away, and all fishermen consider them a nuisance. But they eat them here, and are evidently fond of them, especially of the skate. The French call him *raie*, or ray. We have eaten *raie au beurre noir* (skate with black butter), and considered it very good. Doctor Bronson says that on parts of the coast of England the skate is considered an excellent food fish, while on other parts of the same coast it is thrown away.

"By questioning the fisher men and women in the market, we found that both the ray and dog-fish were abundant and cheap, and were eaten more by poor people than by the upper classes. One of our informants said that if dog-fish was two francs a pound all the fashionable people would want it, and only on account of its cheapness did they leave it to those who couldn't afford anything dearer. It made me think of our

own American fish, the porgy. Everybody who has eaten it knows what a delicious fish it is; but it is abundant and cheap in New York, and consequently the fashionable people of Manhattan Island never think of having it on their tables.

"Mrs. Bassett wanted us to find out the best ways for cooking dog-fish and skate, and so we asked one of the women in the market. She said the dog-fish is cut into steaks and fried or broiled, just as we cook halibut, which, by the way, it closely resembles in taste and appearance. The skate may be fried or boiled, and a favorite way of eating boiled skate is to serve it up cold with some kind of piquant sauce, or with no sauce at all. In the best restaurants it is cooked with 'black butter.' You must ask the cook how to make black butter, as I am just now unable to tell you. When I've learned how I'll let you know.

"Quite as interesting as anything we saw in the fish-market were the men and women who gain their living from the produce of the sea. The men that we saw were clad in canvas trousers and knitted shirts; their caps were of wool and fitted close to the head, with a tassel hanging down from the peak, and on their feet they had high stockings with wooden shoes. As they walked about the market their shoes clattered rather loudly upon the concrete flooring. They are accustomed all their lives to these wooden shoes, and wear them with that perfect ease which is



WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

the result of long practice. Some of them had sashes or belts to hold their trousers in place, as they were guiltless of suspenders, and we saw one man who had substituted a piece of rope for the sash. The men were rough and uncouth in appearance, but their manners were civil, and they courteously answered all our questions, although it was apparent from the first that we had not come to purchase fish, but only out of curiosity.

“One of the women seemed to take a liking to Mary when she found they could converse intelligibly, although her French was a good deal unlike that of the girl’s. The peasant dialect of Normandy contains a great many words that are not found in Parisian French, but the difference is not so great as that between the English tongue of London and that of Yorkshire. The Norman fishing women wear the same sort of shoes as the men wear, and the white caps that cover their heads are only a little different from those of their husbands and brothers. The skirts of their dresses reach a little below the knee, and sometimes half-way to the ankle; some dresses are longer than others, but you never see one of them long enough to sweep the ground, or even touch it. The upper part of the dress is a coat or jacket gathered in at the waist, where it is often held by a sash, or, maybe, a cord or belt. For Sundays or festive occasions they have capes over their jackets, and the Sunday dress is so carefully kept that it lasts a good many years.

“We found that here, as in Holland and Germany, the women do a great deal of work out-of-doors, and many of them seem quite as robust as the men and as little afraid of exercising their muscles. They help in handling the boats, hauling the nets, sorting and carrying fish, and doing other work that requires strength and experience. Very often the hardest of the work falls to them; but you are not likely to see on the Normandy coast a repetition of the scene in Holland, where a woman and a dog were towing a boat, and a man was sitting at the helm and comfortably smoking a pipe while he steered the boat along the canal.

“Mary’s new friend called her attention to some mussels, those delicious shell-fish which are sold in great quantities both in England and France. Mary asked where they came from and how they were caught, and the woman endeavored to enlighten her.

“‘We find them on the rocks all along the coast,’ was the explanation, which I’ll put into plain English, ‘or, rather, on a good many of the rocks. We go out at low tide with baskets on our shoulders and knives in our hands, and find the mussels clinging to the rocks among the seaweed. They seem to grow there between the tides. It takes a sharp



FISHERWOMEN.

eye to find them, and I could fill my basket before you (if you've never gone musseling) could gather a dozen.'

"Mary acknowledged that she wasn't familiar with mussel-catching, and then the woman went on to tell her that she liked it better than any other work. 'You see,' she said, 'we go out together, old women and middle-aged and young, and we talk and laugh and have a good time, when all the while we are filling our baskets. We follow the tide as it goes out, and then when it turns and comes in we work along before it till it drives us away. By the time we get to the mark of high-water our baskets are full if we have worked diligently, and sometimes we go two or three, or, perhaps, half a dozen, times in a single tide. At the beach we find the carts that are waiting for our loads, or perhaps we empty the mussels into a boat if they are to come to market by water, as many of them do.'

"Mary suggested that it must be very wet work among the rocks. To this suggestion the woman tossed her head with a laugh, and replied that nobody minded a wetting; if she did, she wasn't fit to be a fisherman's wife or sister. Then she called attention to a quantity of shrimps

on one of the tables, and asked Mary if she would like to go out and catch those creeping things.

"Mary was in doubt, and said she would have to think over the question before giving an answer. Her friend told her that the shrimp is caught in the water as the tide recedes; the shrimper follows closely after the tide, armed with basket and net, and she dips her net in the pools among the rocks. 'When she casts her net,' was the explanation, 'she does not know whether she will catch anything or not; she takes the chance upon it, and may bring up nothing, perhaps a shrimp or two, or perhaps a great many. She must wade about in the water, which is often up to her knees, but of course that's nothing to her if she can only fill her basket with shrimps.'"

The visit to the fish-market and the talk with the good-natured woman there was the natural prelude to a visit, a few days later, to the fishing village of Étretat (*A-tree-tar*), a few miles up the coast. We call it a fishing village, though it is also a fashionable, or semi-fashionable, resort, and has a considerable number of hotels and boarding-houses that are filled in summer with people who go to enjoy themselves at the sea-side. But as our friends went there solely to look at the fishing people, we will not concern ourselves with the summer visitors, of whom, by-the-way, they saw very little.

Half the beach has been given up to the demands of recreation, and the other half is exclusively held by the fisher folks. There is a scene of almost constant activity there, but it is greatest in the morning, as at most fishing places the world over. Whenever a boat arrives there is more or less excitement; formerly nearly all the fish that were taken were sent to the markets of Paris or Havre, but the many mouths to be fed at the summer hotels make a local demand that often is of material advantage to the fishers.

When a boat arrives a group is sure to gather to welcome it. It is composed of many idlers and strangers, drawn there for curiosity or to pass the time; but it also includes those who are on the alert to purchase the harvest of the sea, and, surest and best of all, the wives and children of the men in the boat.

Our friends saw the arrival of a fishing-boat at the beach of Étretat, and it is thus described by Frank:

"While we were on the cliff above the village we saw two women watching intently with a glass, and evidently on the lookout for a boat. Presently the one who held the telescope uttered a joyful cry, which was echoed by another, who held a child in her arms; then the glass was

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RETURN OF THE MUSSEL-GATHERERS.

closed, and the two women started for the beach, whither we followed them a little while afterwards.

“We saw the boat, a speck on the horizon; but very soon it grew into the well-defined figure of a boat speeding straight for the beach at Étretat. When it touched the beach one of the men sprang to the shore, seized the baby in his arms and kissed it, and then kissed the woman, who seemed to regard it as all right that the child should have the first attention. As soon as the greetings were over the boat was hauled up by means of a capstan and strong rope.

“The boats must be built very strongly to enable them to withstand the strain of being dragged over the sand and pebbles every time they come to land. Boards and billets of wood covered with grease are placed beneath the keel to lessen or prevent damage; but even with these preventatives it seems to us that the boats must suffer a good deal. They are hauled up so that when the tide is at its full they will float and be all ready for sailing away on another voyage.

“When the boat had been brought to where it was wanted the fish were taken out of it and thrown on the beach. Then they were sold at auction, and anybody who was present had a right to bid. Women from the fish-market of Étretat were among the bidders; so were the proprietors of hotels and boarding-houses, and also the citizens who dwelt in their own homes and were trying to supply their tables at the lowest possible price. Then, too, there were agents of the dealers in Paris and Havre; and, furthermore, the owner of the boat had the right of refusing all bids if he thought he could do better at private sale. But this, we are told, is rarely the case, as some of the bidders are sure to go to the very smallest limit that will leave any profit at all on the sale of the fish to the consumer.

“The fish for which there seemed to be greatest demand was the sole. The boat that we saw had only a dozen or so of these fish, and there was sharp competition for them among the hotel-keepers and other consumers. So sharp was it that the fishermen probably obtained more for their prizes than they would have brought in the market of Paris, making no allowance for the expense of transportation and the profits of the middlemen. This country is no exception to the rule that articles are often dearer at the place of production than in the great cities.

“We asked about the management of the fishing business, and were told that the fishermen had rules of their own which had been in force for centuries, and had all the strength of law—in fact, they were stronger than any laws of the land, as they were never disputed, and no one



A SHRIMPER.

thought of calling them unjust. The men attend to the work of the sea, while the women care for the houses, sell the fish, and manage all that pertains to the land. The owner of a fishing-boat commands it, or, rather, the largest owner, as very often several persons have an interest in the craft. Sometimes the captain owns only the hull of the boat, while another owns the sails and rigging, and another the nets, while perhaps a fourth owns the capstan and the rope by which the boat is hauled upon the beach. Sometimes the boats are owned by patrons—men who do not go on the water themselves, but supply the craft for those who do. In any case, all those interested either in the ownership or management of the boat are paid by a proportionate share of the profits, if any there are. In good seasons they receive a fair return, while in bad seasons the summer's toil will amount to but little.

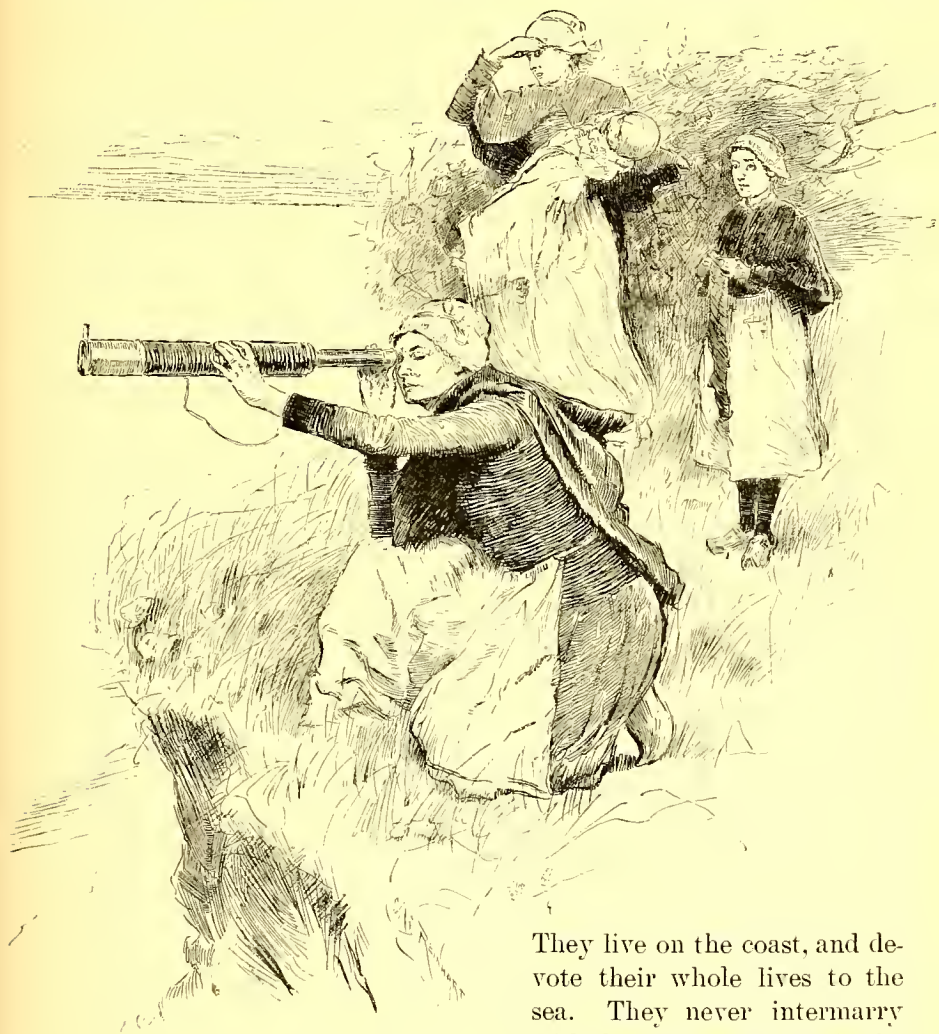
“We had an opportunity to see the interior of a fisherman's dwelling, and you may be sure we embraced it. It was a rude hut externally and not very spacious, but never was there a cleaner or more tidy house in all New England, or, at any rate, none that any of us ever saw. The floor was of brick, but so well was it scoured that we thought it was laid in polished tiles until we examined it more closely than at the first glance. At one side of the kitchen, the first room we entered, there was a series of shelves, on which were plates, cups, saucers, and other table ornaments; and ornaments they really were, as they were very old and of a pattern that is now very rarely found. The woman who showed us the house said the plates had belonged to her grandmother, and she didn't know but they might have been the property of ‘grandmother's grandmother,’ too, and perhaps of her grandmother.

“There was a great fireplace at one side of the room, and above it were several stewpans and other kitchen utensils of copper, all of them scoured so perfectly that you might have wiped them with a cambric handkerchief without soiling it. Everything about the place was as clean as it could possibly be made.

“The woman invited mamma and Mary to the upper rooms of the house, and they disappeared up a very narrow and crooked stair-way. Mary says there were two sleeping-rooms in the upper story, and the linen was as spotless in its whiteness as any that they saw in the houses of Holland or Vierlande, or any other house they visited in the North of Europe. At the top of the staircase there was a great *armoïre*, which the woman unlocked, and showed piles upon piles of sheets and towels and other linen for household use. Evidently the family was not a poor one, and from all we can see there is little real poverty among these

fisher folks. They work hard for their living, and all take a hand in the work, and their honesty and industry are rewarded.

"A gentleman who is familiar with these people tells us that the Normandy fishermen are the descendants of the ancient Norsemen.



WATCHING FOR THE BOAT.

They live on the coast, and devote their whole lives to the sea. They never intermarry with the farmer peasants in the country just back of them, but remain a distinct people, with little change among them, in spite of the temptations to go elsewhere and the demoralizing presence of crowds of strangers during the summer

months. They preserve their primitive customs to a remarkable degree when their surroundings are considered, and altogether are a very picturesque and interesting portion of the inhabitants of France."

We will now return to Havre, the greatest seaport of the Atlantic seaboard of the French republic, and the one that has the most intimate relations with America.

Frank and Fred took the first opportunity that presented itself to visit the docks that have been constructed at great expense, and without which the commerce of the city would be comparatively insignificant. The first of these docks, the Bassin du Roi, and sometimes called Vieux Bassin, was made in 1669, a hundred and fifty years after the founding of the city by François I. That enterprising ruler ordered a wall of protection to be built here, and a port established on the site of what was then a fishing village tributary to Harfleur, the sovereign port, four miles away. All the commerce of this part of the coast was centred at Harfleur previous to that time, and so important was the place that it was stubbornly fought for in the wars between France and England. How times have changed! Havre has grown to an importance of which all the world knows in a general way, while Harfleur has diminished to a population of barely two thousand, its harbor is filled with sand, and its only fleet consists of a few fishing-boats.

Nearly all that remains to show the former greatness of Harfleur is a Gothic church, one of the finest in Normandy, and the château which was once the royal palace. Our friends had a delightful drive to Harfleur, and extended their excursion so as to include Rouelles and the forest of Mont Geon. The drive was taken in the forenoon, when the ground was moist and the trees and grasses were glistening with the effect of a heavy shower during the night. On their return Mrs. Bassett declared that she did not in all her experience remember a drive that was more interesting or presented more points for admiration.

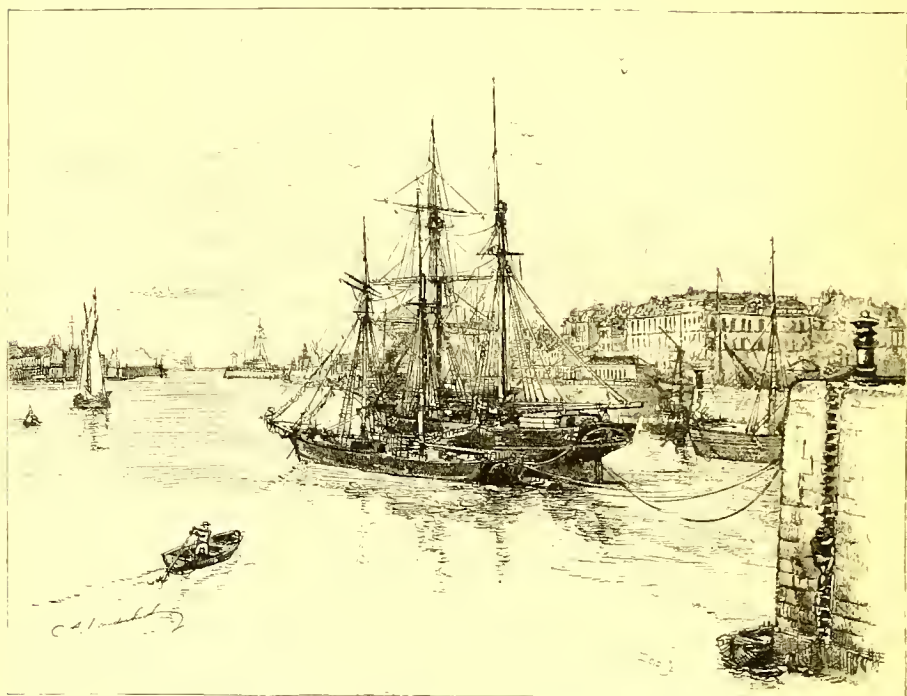
When the Bassin du Roi (King's Dock) was built it was thought to be ample for the needs of the port for a long time; but before many years other docks were needed, and then others, and so from time to time the system of docks has been extended, and is not yet complete. There are nine docks in all, and as we write a new one is in process of construction, and in course of time will be followed by others.

"The largest of the docks," said Frank, "is that of the Eure, which has a surface of fifty-three acres and a mile and a quarter of quays. The water in this dock has a depth of thirty feet, and there is a dry-dock connected with it which is capable of holding the largest of the



A NORMAN INTERIOR.

ships that visit the port of Havre. Just think what an amount of work was necessary to dig away the earth and build the walls of this one dock, and then remember that there are eight other docks, though none of them are as large as this one. The old accounts have been lost, and so it is impossible to say what has been the cost of these docks; but it is said that more than fifty millions of dollars have been expended upon them in the last twenty-five years. Two thousand ships can be accommodated in the docks of Havre without crowding.



IN THE HARBOR.

"The great steamers use the Eure Dock, but steamers are not by any means confined to it. We found steamers in other docks and mixed up with sailing-ships, with the exception of the Bassin du Commerce (Commerce Dock), which was full of sailing craft without a single steamer. The Bassin du Commerce is the oldest, with the exception of the Bassin du Roi, and has recently been enlarged and deepened to accommodate it to the increased tonnage of modern ships. At one end of this dock is the square named after Louis XVI., and a very pretty square it is.

We went there in the evening to listen to the music, and found the place well filled with people, who sat in front of the cafés or lounged beneath the trees. The principal theatre of Havre is at one side of the square, and at the edge of the dock is some ponderous machinery for inserting or removing the masts of ships.

"We were fortunate enough to be present at the departure of a great steamship from the Eure Basin. It is hardly necessary to say that the time of leaving is fixed for the highest point of the tide, and everything must be ready for the hour named. Then the gates at the entrance of the dock are opened, the engines of the steamer are put in motion, the lines that held her to the quay are cast off, and with two or three powerful tug-boats to aid her in turning, the unwieldy vessel gets under way. An ocean steamer may 'walk the water like a thing of life' when she is away from land and has all the room she desires, but when in port she is as clumsy as a rheumatic hippopotamus. In the docks here at Havre she cannot move without the aid of the noisy little tugs that bustle about with an appearance of being fully sensible of their importance.

"In the instance I describe, the tugs pulled at the bow and stern of the great steamer, now in one direction and now in another; and though she came very close to other vessels in the dock, she did not harm any of them, nor did she scrape her sides against the walls at the gate-ways, though she didn't seem to be more than a foot or two from them on either side. Sometimes she shut off steam altogether, and depended entirely on the tugs, and sometimes her engines were going, but never at higher than half-speed. By-and-by she got outside, amid the cheering of the people at the semaphore, and when well at sea she dropped the tugs, quickened her speed, and was off for her port of destination on the other side of the Atlantic."

"How funny it looks," said Mary, "to see those great ships going along among the warehouses as though they were on land instead of water!"

"Yes," said Fred; "it's a good deal like starting in a steamer from the City Hall of New York, going down Broadway to Wall Street, and then turning off towards the East River, to come out at the ferry."

"What is the meaning of 'C. G. T.' on the flag of the great steamer?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"That is the flag of the *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique*," Frank replied, "the great steamship company that we talked about when we were coming here from Southampton. The people of Havre are very proud of it, and with good reason."

"Why so?"

"Because a great deal of the prosperity of the port is due to the steamship company. It has spent a large amount of money in improving the harbor and docks and the facilities for receiving and sending away freight. It has a fleet of sixty or seventy ships, and many of

them are of very heavy tonnage; and when you remember that the line between Havre and New York occupies only six of the ships, you can imagine what an extensive business it has. It has a line between Havre and Colon on the Isthmus of Panama, another between Saint-Nazaire and Colon, another from Saint-Nazaire to Vera Cruz, and one from Marseilles to Vera Cruz. Then it has lines to South America, and several branch lines, and I don't know exactly how many lines it has in the Mediterranean, which are not transatlantic at all."

"Is all the business directed from here?" Mary asked.

"No; the seat of the administration is at Paris, where all questions of importance are de-

cided, and sometimes trivial matters that arise at sea are referred there."

As he said this Frank looked significantly towards Doctor Bronson, who proceeded to give an example of Frank's assertion.

"Once when I was on board one of the company's vessels in the middle of the Atlantic, I asked the first officer to allow me to open the window of my cabin. It was during the evening, the weather was very hot, the sea was smooth as a pond, and the cabin was like an oven. The officer said it could not be allowed unless I first obtained the permission of the administration at Paris! Then I asked if he would kindly send a telegram at once saying what I wanted. He replied, in the most apparent innocence, that they had no telegraph line from the ship, and therefore it would be impossible to send the inquiry I suggested."

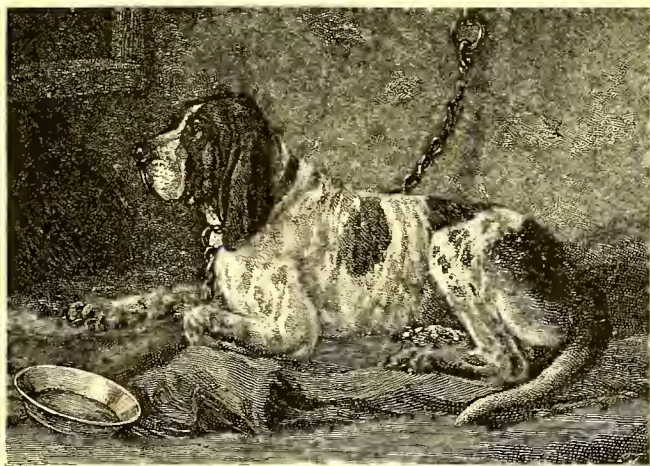


A CAPTAIN OF THE "C. G. T."

CHAPTER III.

COMPLEX RULES OF THE "C. G. T."—TARIFF FOR DOGS, MONKEYS, AND PARROTS.—
 COMMERCE OF HAVRE.—WOMEN UNLOADING SHIPS.—"PAUL AND VIRGINIA."
 —MONUMENT TO ITS AUTHOR.—ANCIENT HOUSES IN HAVRE.—JOHN LAW
 AND THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.—NEW USE FOR LOGWOOD.—WHY AMERICAN
 CIDER IS SENT TO FRANCE.—FRENCH EXPLORATION OF THE NEW WORLD.—
 JACQUES CARTIER AND OTHER NAVIGATORS.—FROM HAVRE TO TROUVILLE.—
 THE MOST FASHIONABLE OF SEA-SIDE RESORTS.—THE BEACH AND THE RULES
 FOR BATHING.—SCENES AT THE BATHING HOUR.—MISHAP TO BATHERS AND
 THE RESULT.—THE BEACH AT LOW TIDE.—THE CASINO IN THE EVENING.—
 DANCING AND GAMING.

IN further conversation about the "C. G. T.," Mrs. Bassett and Mary learned that the regulations of the company were very numerous and minute, in the effort to cover all possible contingencies. It is stated in the company's circular that children under three years of age, accompanying their parents, are carried free; those from three to eight years pay one-quarter fare; from eight to twelve years, half fare; and



A PASSENGER FOR FIFTY FRANCS.

above twelve years, full fare. The circular adds that if there be several children under three years of age in a family, free passage is allowed to only one of them, the others paying quarter fare. Then follows a long

series of rules regarding baggage, servants, and the rights of passengers in the cabins, and the regulations close with the statement that passengers must pay fifty francs for each dog or monkey, and twenty francs for each parrot. Mary asked if there was a tariff for snakes, turtles, elephants, hippopotami, lions, or tigers, but on this point the youths were unable to afford the desired information.

In his pursuit of knowledge Fred made note of the fact that more than half a million bales of American cotton entered the port of Havre in a single year, two hundred thousand barrels of petroleum, and more than three million bushels of American grain. The total business of the port is about two hundred and fifty millions of dollars annually in imports and exports, and about one-fifth of the whole foreign commerce of France is carried on through Havre. Year by year the commerce of the port increases, and Havre is to France what Liverpool is to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

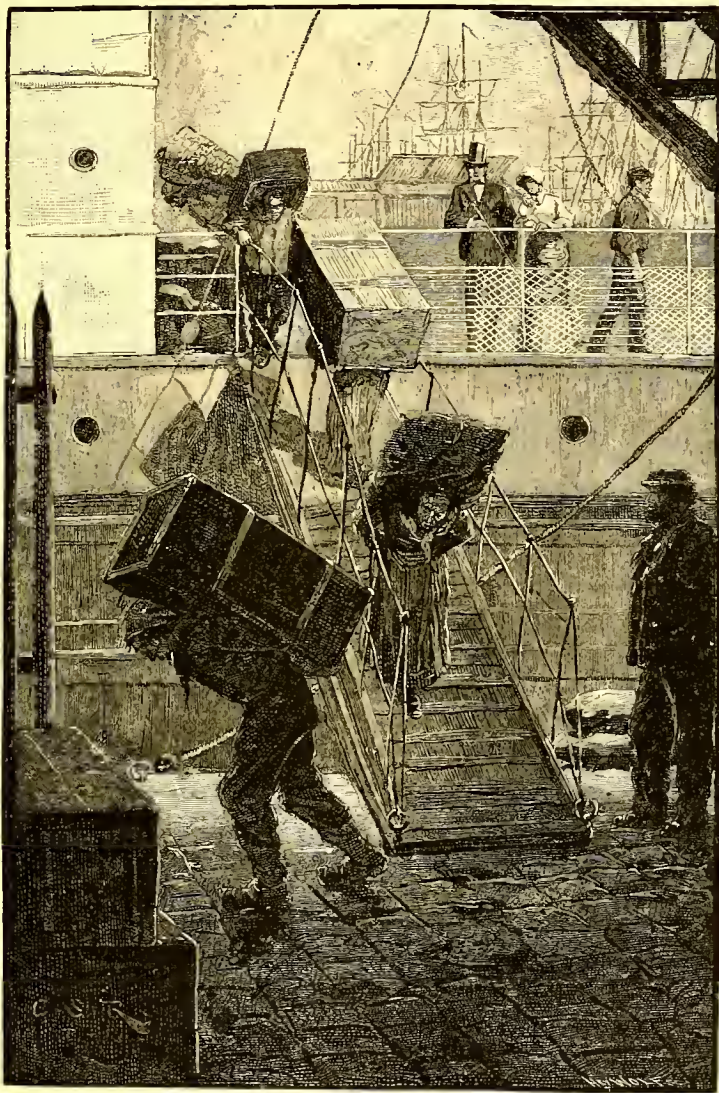
While they were visiting the docks Mrs. Bassett called attention to the circumstance that the work of loading and unloading vessels was not monopolized by the men. Women were carrying boxes and bales or rolling barrels and hogsheads with a facility that could only be the result of long experience. Doctor Bronson said that the sight of women performing heavy work was not at all unusual all through France, and it was especially to be seen along the seaboard.

"You will find as you go through the country," said the Doctor, "that women have a very prominent place in the daily affairs of life. The most of the small shops are managed by them to a great extent; they keep the accounts, attend behind the counters, and in other ways show themselves both willing and capable. If an American shopkeeper would consent to allow his wife to assist him in his business, the probabilities are great that she would not think it proper that he should do anything of the kind. In France, on the contrary, the wife of a shopkeeper divides the cares of the business with her husband, and not infrequently she is the leader in the management of it. Four times out of five she keeps the accounts and handles the money, and the husband makes no transaction of consequence without fully and freely consulting her beforehand."

"A very sensible people they are," said Mrs. Bassett: "and perhaps that is the reason why France is so prosperous. I wonder when the women fell into the custom you describe?"

"It is generally said," replied the Doctor, "that the custom arose during the wars at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning

of the nineteenth, when every man who was able to bear arms was forced into the military service, leaving only the old men, boys, and



MEN AND WOMEN UNLOADING A STEAMER.

women at home. Work with hand and brain fell to the lot of women by necessity, and hence came the custom which has ever since been maintained throughout all the country."

"Thank you for the explanation," said Mrs. Bassett.

There was a pause which was broken by Frank, who turned to Mary and asked if she had read *Paul and Virginia*.

"Certainly I have," was the reply; "why do you ask?"

"Because," was the reply, "its author, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, was born at Havre, and we will go now and see the statue which the city has raised to his memory."

The girl was ready on the instant, but Frank checked her impetuosity by asking if she knew how long ago the famous story was written.

"I don't know exactly," was the reply, "but think it was a hundred years at least."

"You have guessed pretty closely," said Frank. "*Paul and Virginia* was published in 1789, and attained great popularity at once. It has been pronounced by many critics the finest literary production in the French language, and some have gone so far as to call it the finest in the world. It has been translated and published all through Europe and America, and in recent years it has been rendered into Japanese and some other Oriental tongues."

On their way to the statue Frank further said that the author of *Paul and Virginia* was of an erratic disposition, that he entered the army soon after completing his studies at the military college, but was dismissed in the course of a year or two for insubordination. Then he lived four years in Russia as a civil engineer. Returning to his own country, he obtained an appointment to the Isle of France, where the scene of his famous story is laid. Then he came back to France and devoted himself to literature until his death in 1814. He named his two children Paul and Virginia, after the characters in the romance.

Mary wrote the following description of the statue:

"It represents Bernardin de Saint-Pierre seated, with a pen in his right hand, which rests on his knee. In the other hand is a manuscript on which we could read the words, '*Paul et Virginie*.' He is dressed in the costume of his time, and his fine head is bent slightly forward. At his feet are two children with clasped hands, sleeping under a tropical plant. It is hardly necessary to say that they are the hero and heroine of the narrative."

"I would like to see some of the old buildings of Havre," said Mrs. Bassett as the party turned away from the inspection of the statue of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.

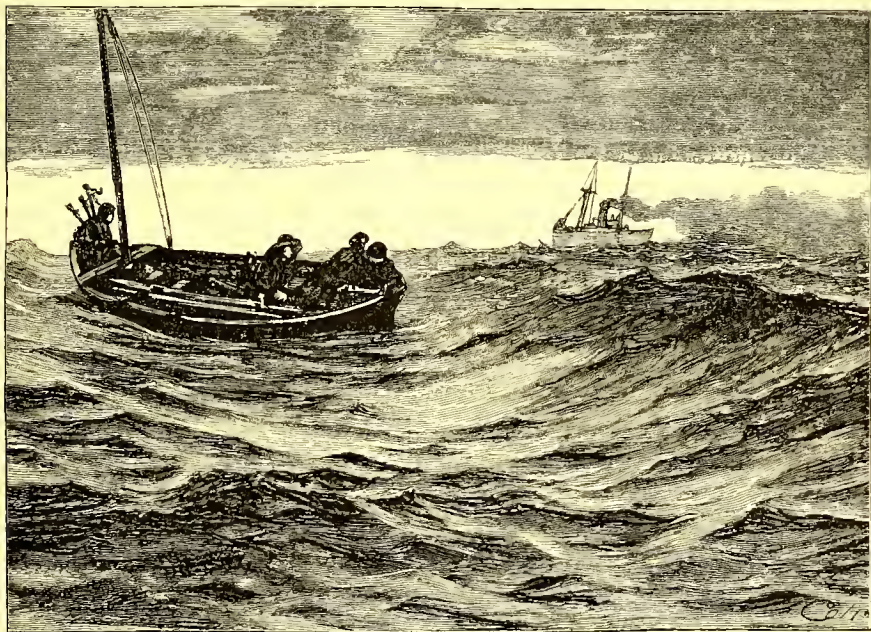
Frank asked the coachman to take them to some of the most venerable structures, if any there were.

The driver nodded assent, and drove to a building which certainly had a very old appearance. On its front was the date "1520." Rudely carved on a stone over the door were the figures of a boatman and a man on horseback.

Mrs. Bassett regarded the figures with a good deal of interest, and then asked what they meant.

"The house was originally a hotel," the driver explained, his words being translated by Frank for Mrs. Bassett's benefit. "The boatman and horseman indicate that there was accommodation for travellers who came in the only modes of travel known at the time, with the possible exception of walking."

"If the hotels of Havre at the present time followed the same customs in their signs," Fred remarked, "they would have the picture of a



TRAVEL BY WATER—OLD WAYS AND NEW.

railway train and a steamer. The railway has taken the place of the saddle-horse, and the steamer is a great improvement on the rude earavel of the sixteenth century.

"Men come and go by water as they did three or four centuries ago," added Frank, "but their means of travel are vastly different."

The walls of the old city are gone, and there are very few traces of the work of François I. Down to 1863 the Tower of François I. remained, but the march of improvement swept it away during that year. One of the best preserved of the old buildings is the Marine Arsenal, which was erected in 1669, and bears on its front the names of Jean Bart, Duquesne, Tourville, Jacques Cartier, and other famous navigators of France. The Government Tobacco Factory is a large building, where John Law, of South Sea Bubble fame, wished to establish a mint for coining the money to be made in his speculations.

At the mention of the South Sea Bubble, Mary asked Frank to tell her about it; she had heard it mentioned before, and wished to know what it was and when the bubble was blown.

"It is a long story," Frank answered, "but I will try to put it in a few words. John Law was a Scotchman, who was born in 1671. He went to London about 1694, where he supported himself by gaming, and after killing a man in a duel he fled to France. About 1715 he persuaded the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, to give him a charter for a bank, and also a monopoly of French trade with America, China, India, and the rest of the world, wherever trading could be made profitable. The bank was known as Law & Company, and the trading monopoly as the Mississippi Company. The shares were eagerly sought by the public, and rose to twenty times their value. Law was made Prime-minister of France in 1720, but in the same year his schemes collapsed and the shares in his companies became worthless. He fled from France, and died in poverty in Venice a few years later."

"But what had he to do with the South Sea Bubble?" Mrs. Bassett asked, as Frank paused.

"Law's banking and trading scheme was called a bubble on account of its brilliancy in the early part of its career and the suddenness with which it burst into nothing," was the reply. "While his Mississippi Company was rising to notice in France, the South Sea Company, for the purpose of trade in the South Seas, was organized in England; both of these speculations went to pieces about the same time, involving thousands of stockholders in ruin."

"The wildest speculations of modern times," said Doctor Bronson, "are of a very tame character compared with the excitement over the bubble companies of John Law and other schemers. For days and days together the street where Law had his office was blocked with people on foot or in carriages, waiting their turns to subscribe for shares, and pay their money. The excitement spread all over Europe,

and at one time it was estimated that there were five hundred thousand strangers in Paris who had come there for the purpose of speculating. Fortunes were made and lost daily, but the ultimate result of the speculation was a loss to nearly every one concerned.

"While the speculation was going on," the Doctor continued, "a great many caricatures were published in which Law's schemes were held up to ridicule. One of them represents Law seated on the edge of a blast of wind, holding a string attached to several bubbles above him, and throwing out bank-notes that seem to come from a cloud near his hand. On the top of his hat is a wind-mill, and below him are the words: 'The wind is my treasure, cushion, and fountain.' Another caricature represents him as a night-crier with a magic-lantern on his back, and calling out, 'Shares! shares! shares!' as he goes along the street."



CARICATURE OF JOHN LAW—AMSTERDAM, 1720.

The talk about Law and the speculations of his times was suddenly interrupted by Mrs. Bassett calling attention to some queer-looking wood piled on the quay near the Bassin du Commerce, and asking what kind of timber it was.

"That is logwood," said the Doctor; "and it is used for dyeing cloth, leather, and other things."

"I have heard that it is used to give the proper tint to red wine," Frank remarked, with a smile.

"I have heard so, too," the Doctor answered; "and though the statement is denied by the wine-dealers, I am very much inclined to

believe it. It has been made to me by gentlemen in whose veracity I have every confidence, and there was no reason why they should undertake to deceive me. The statement was that about one-third of the logwood imported into France was used for coloring wines, the other two-thirds being used for dyeing cloth, leather, and kindred articles. My informants said that a great quantity of the lowest grades of French red wine is artificially colored. Red wine of pure manufacture is dearer than white wine, and so the enterprising dealer makes use of logwood both for color and flavor."

"How do they get the color out of the wood and into the wine?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"The wood is ground in a mill very much like the mill used by tanners for grinding bark; the dust is then mixed with ordinary white wine in a vat, and allowed to remain there for a week, the contents of the vat being stirred every few hours, so that the wine may come as much as possible in contact with the wood-dust. The coloring-matter gives the proper tint, while the astringent quality of the wood gives the 'puckery' taste that is often apparent in cheap wines, and is not at all disagreeable to a great many drinkers. At the end of a week the dust is allowed to settle to the bottom of the vat, and then the wine is drawn off through a fine strainer into casks and is ready to be bottled and sent to market."

"Isn't it possible that the red noses of many wine-drinkers are caused by the logwood in the wine?" was the next query of Mrs. Bassett when the Doctor paused.

"That is a scientific question I will not attempt to answer," was the reply, "any more than to explain why a great quantity of American cider is imported into Havre and Rouen every year, although Normandy is famous for the large quantity and fine quality of the cider it produces. My French friend who told me about the logwood in wine coloring says the American cider can be made into champagne better than can the Normandy cider, and the most of the imported article is sent back to America in the shape of champagne wine."

When our friends had exhausted their curiosity respecting Havre and its vicinity, they went to Trouville by the steamboat that runs twice daily each way, the departures being fixed for the time of high tide. They had a pleasant run of about two hours, crossing the mouth of the Seine, which is here enlarged into a bay, and having a view of Hontfleur, which was once an important port, but is now little better than a fishing town. It has a few factories and ship-yards, but its

foreign trade has diminished to the shipment of eggs and other farming products to the nearest ports of Great Britain. It was for a long time in the hands of the English, and holds a prominent place in the history of the wars of England and France in past centuries. Some of the founders of Quebec in Canada were from Honfleur, and at one time its mariners were to be found on all the oceans and seas of the globe.



MENDING NETS AT LOW TIDE.

Mention of Honfleur and its history led to some questions relative to the French settlement of the New World.

Doctor Bronson recalled the circumstance that in 1493 the Pope



LANDING OF A FRENCH EXPEDITION IN THE NEW WORLD. [From an old print.]

issued an edict under which Spain and Portugal undertook to divide between them all the unexplored portions of the world. According to Bernal Diaz, the Spanish historian, "the King of France sent word to our great Emperor that as he and the King of Portugal had divided the earth between themselves without giving him a share of it, he should like them to show him our father Adam's will in order to know if he had made them his sole heirs." The King of France intimated that he should feel quite free to possess himself of all he could upon the ocean in all parts of the globe.

"Not only did the French king claim what he could find on the water," said Doctor Bronson, "but he proceeded to annex the land to his dominions without troubling himself about the views of anybody else. Some of the maps and globes of the sixteenth century contain the name 'New France' on a large part of the American Continent.

and there is one map (by Ortelius, in 1572) on which New France includes the whole of North and South America.

"One of the earliest explorers of the American Continent," he continued, "was Jacques Cartier, who was the first white man to navigate the St. Lawrence River, which he ascended to where Montreal now stands just below the Lachine Rapids."

"Any one who visits Montreal is sure to be reminded of him," Mrs. Bassett remarked. "They have street, square, landing-place, and I don't know what else named after him; and as if those were not enough, they call their cabmen 'carters,' probably an abbreviation of 'Cartiers.'"

A laugh followed her effort at punning. When it subsided, the Doctor made some further remarks about the colonization of America by the French, and the subsequent loss by France of nearly all her possessions on the western shores of the Atlantic. Then, as the boat was nearing Trouville, the past was dropped for the present, and the *voyageurs* of the sixteenth century gave place to the more modern *voyageurs*, whose steps ordinarily go no farther than Trouville or to her fashionable resorts along the French coast.

With a glass Mary scanned the slope just back of Trouville, and presently made out a group of people lounging there and contemplating the approaching boat. They were too far off for personal identification, but she looked closely at the group, thinking it possible that the party might be some acquaintances of theirs



JACQUES CARTIER.

from Havre, who had gone to Trouville the day before and promised to meet them there. "They said they would look out for us," said Mary to her brother, "and they are the only people I can see who are literally 'looking out.'"



ON THE LOOKOUT AT TROUVILLE.

But she was wrong, as there is always a crowd more or less numerous at the landing-place of the steamboat when it arrives from Havre. Trouville is not unlike other watering-places the world over, in the circumstance that many of the visitors have a great deal of idle time on their hands, and are glad of an excuse to use it up. They go to meet the boats, although not expecting any friends to arrive by them, and welcome any distraction, however trivial.

The courier from the hotel our friends had chosen was put in charge of their baggage, and the Doctor suggested that the distance was so short and the day so pleasant that it would be more agreeable to walk than to ride. So our friends strolled along in the direction of the hotel, no guide being needed, as the Doctor had been there before.

That Trouville is a pleasure resort was apparent at the first glance. There is an old town with venerable edifices, but it is completely eclipsed by the new town, which has grown up since the place became a fashionable resort. Great hotels, and small ones, too, with numerous boarding-houses and private residences, have sprung up, and to their number must be added the Casino, with its varied facilities for amusing the visitors.

Carriages of all grades and kinds roll along the streets and roads, and for those who prefer the saddle in taking their exercise there are horses and donkeys. Mrs. Bassett remarked later on that all the donkeys at Trouville were not quadrupedal, her observation being called out by the assemblage in the gaming-rooms at the Casino and the manner in which the money of the visitors went with unfailing certainty into the hands of the keepers of the game.

To Fred was assigned the duty of keeping the journal of what they saw and did at Trouville, and we are permitted to make a few extracts from his notes. It is proper to remark that he was assisted by Frank and Mary, who called attention to various matters which he might have omitted without their aid.

“Geographically,” wrote Fred, “Trouville is in the department of Calvados. I don’t know that any one of us has yet made note of the fact that France is divided into *départements* which are the equivalent of counties in England or the United States, though considerably larger than counties are with us. There are 87 departments altogether, and they are subdivided into 362 *arrondissements*, 2865 cantons, and 35,989 communes. I’ll tell you more on this subject later on. Let us stick to Trouville for the present and leave other matters alone.

“Like a great many other watering-places, Trouville came into notice rather suddenly, and its prominence was brought about by some French artists and men of letters who came here to spend the summer, paint the scenery, and describe it in books. When its attractions became known other artists and writers came along, and very soon the general public followed. The story of Trouville has been repeated on our side of the water by the stories of Bar Harbor, Long Branch, Atlantic City, and other well-known and popular resorts. Everybody comes to Trouville because everybody else does.

“There are many English people here, and we are told that they come early in the season and stay late. The season at Trouville begins about the middle of June and closes soon after October 1st. French people of fashion would not be seen here before the opening or after the close, as they would consider their characters ruined by doing anything so much out of the common course of things. A considerable number of visitors are those who travel with the *billet-circulaire*, or circular ticket, which enables the traveller to visit several cities and points on the coast within a certain specified time. As the holder of a circular ticket wants to see as many places as possible, he can only afford a day or two to each point where he stops off from the railway train. The circular ticket is

by no means unknown in America; neither is the circular tourist and his ways, as every hotel-keeper can testify.

"The scene in general reminds me of much that we saw at Frascati's, which may be taken as a miniature edition of Trouville. But Frascati cannot compare with Trouville in its beach, which is of the softest sand that the bather could wish for to walk upon with his bare feet. There is no need of bathing-shoes here, but fashion prescribes them. The style of bathing-shoe worn at Trouville is a linen gaiter with the front cut away and lacing around the ankle. Every traveller is supposed to carry them in his baggage, but any one who comes here without them may find an abundance in the shops or at the bathing-houses.

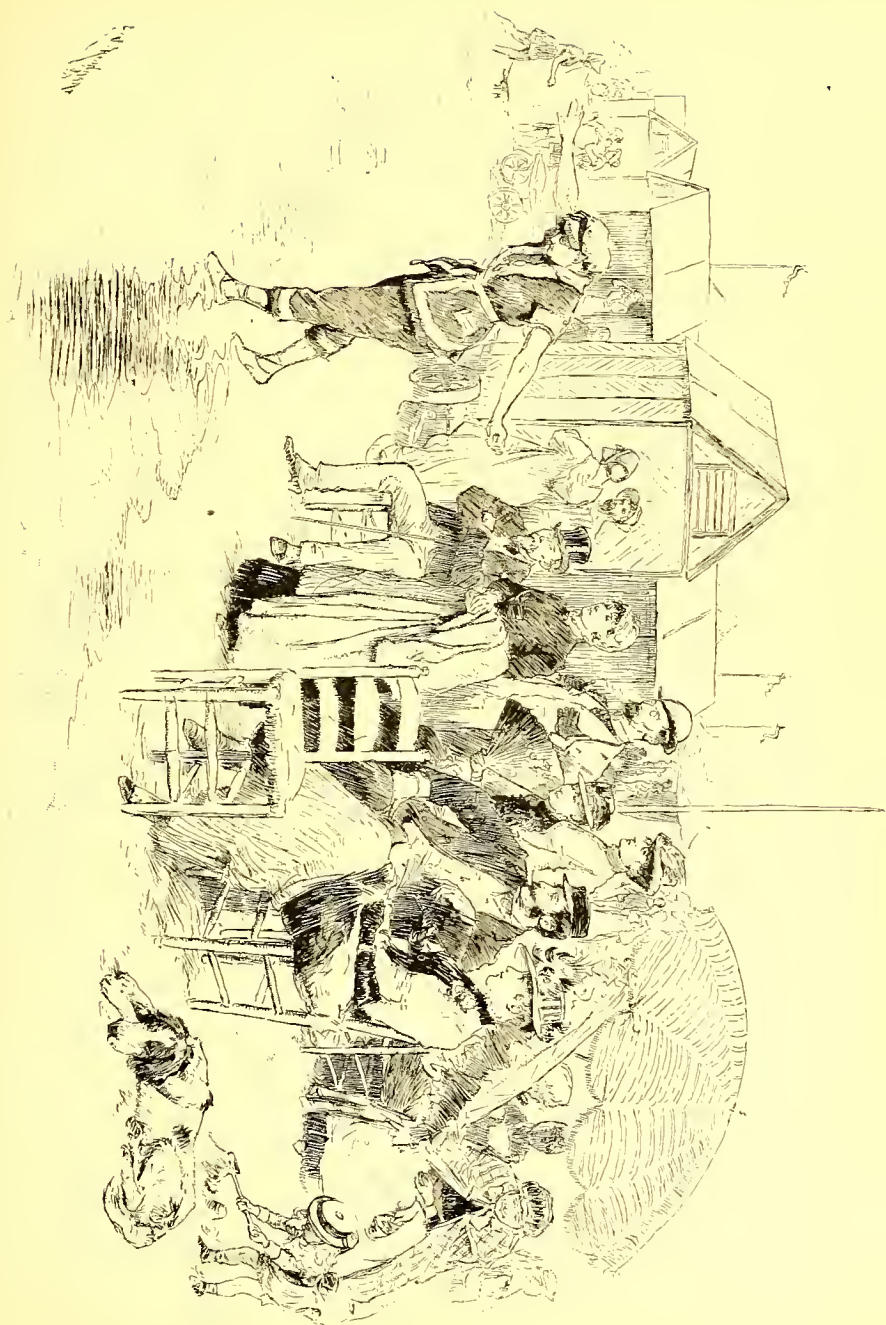
"Bathing may take place at any hour, but the proper time for it is at high tide, provided it does not interfere with dinner or some other entertainment of a practical character. Then everybody goes to the beach, either to bathe or gaze at the bathers, or upon other people who don't go into the water. The non-bathers are far more numerous than those who dip into the sea, and of those who venture upon bathing there is only a small proportion who can swim. And now a word as to the bathing-dresses which are the fashion here.

"Trousers and jacket, the latter gathered in at the waist, compose the feminine costume of Trouville, together with an oilskin cap to keep the hair dry, and Amelias (as the linen slippers, or gaiters, are called) for protection to the feet. (Mary says I must say 'basque' instead of jacket, and then it will be better understood by feminine readers. Well, then, here goes for basque.)

"Some of the bathing-dresses are elaborately ornamented, while others are plain enough to satisfy a Quaker of the time of Roger Williams. Occasionally you see an American woman with a dress of the style in vogue at Newport or Bar Harbor, and we are told that a few of the French visitors have copied it. But the fashion is not likely to change, as the company that owns the bathing-houses has a large stock on hand of the old pattern, and you can readily understand that the views of the managers will be conservative.

"Everything is done by rule here, and if you want to do as you please your only course will be to please to do as the regulations require. The 'bureau' looks after everything, and when you want a bath you must begin at the bureau by buying the needed tickets. I say tickets, because there are several things for which you must pay, and each payment requires a ticket. There is the simple bath, the bath with a cabin, and the *bain de luxe*; then there is the costume (the *peignoir*), towels,

THE BATHING HOUR.



head-dress, slippers, the *baigneur* (whose occupations were described at Havre), the master or mistress of the baths, together with a variety of extras and supplementary things. Doctor Bronson says he is reminded of the hotel somewhere along the Missouri River which required the traveller to pay three dollars a day, with meals and lodging extra. The bathing-cabins are on wheels, so that they can be moved to suit the tide; and though you pay by ticket for the cabin, the driver of the horse that moves your cabin expects a gratuity for the service. If the horse had been educated up to the ability to demand a gratuity, you may be sure he would have exacted it before we left him.

"The part of the beach allotted to bathers is divided into three parts by means of cables that run far out into the water. The middle section is for families, and on either side of it are the sections for women or men exclusively. Out in front of each section is a boat securely anchored, and each boat has steps which hang over the stern a

foot or more into the water. The swimmers go out to these boats, which are in charge of skilful *baigneurs*, and they may have instruction in the art of swimming if they desire it, though necessarily the lessons will be short.

"We have had our share of fun, sitting on the beach and watching the bathers. There are fewer swimmers among them than you will see in the bathing assemblages at an



AMATEUR SHRIMPERS.

American sea-side resort, and many of those who are able to swim do so very awkwardly. They flounder around like porpoises—no, not like porpoises, because those denizens of the deep are graceful and know how to take care of themselves, and such is not the case with the people we are considering.

“Yesterday two women who wanted to display their abilities in bathing created a scene by losing control of themselves, screaming loudly, swallowing a quantity of salt-water, and running quite a risk of being strangled. The *baigneurs* seized them and brought them up to the shore as soon as possible. One of the women fainted, and the other became hysterical and kept on screaming after she had been stretched on the sand. Both were liberally drenched with water from buckets, which stopped the shrieks of the hysterical one and brought the other to her senses. Then they were hurried off to their cabins, where the attendants bathed their feet in hot water and helped them assume their ordinary apparel. As Byron says, ‘Both were young, and one was beautiful.’ Fortunately they were light in weight, or they would have been somewhat difficult for the *baigneurs* to manage.

“There is a delightful stretch of beach for walking, and for children and dogs to play upon when the tide is out. When the beach happens to be uncovered on a warm afternoon all the visiting population of Trouville seems to be gathered there. The older ones saunter about, young people and middle-aged ones play at croquet, children romp and have a thoroughly ‘good time,’ and the dogs accompany them in their romps, unless they happen to belong to adult and dignified persons, whom they are obliged to follow demurely. Some of the young people are in their bathing-dresses, and wander about in the pools armed with nets and baskets for the purpose of catching shrimps. ‘We don’t get many shrimps,’ said an English girl to Mary yesterday, ‘but there’s a great deal of fun in trying to catch them.’

“Mrs. Bassett and Mary were anxious to see the fashionable promenade where people come to see and be seen, especially the latter. Most of the women are well dressed—better, Mary says, than the men, whose clothes do not seem to fit well. Many of the costumes are such as the owners would hardly be likely to wear in Paris on account of their ‘loudness,’ but there is a freedom of taste here as at the majority of sea-side resorts the world over. The varieties of color displayed in the dresses and hats and ribbons of the women might almost rouse the envy of a kaleidoscope; but while there is great variety, everything is harmonious and shows the good taste of the French.



THE PROMENADE.

“ We have strolled about with the promenaders, and we have sat on the benches and looked at them as they drifted by. Doetor Bronson says it is like looking at the throng on the Boulevard des Italiens, in front of the Café de la Paix, on a pleasant afternoon. All Paris seems to have come here for amusement; and an American whom we met here, and who has lived in Paris for several years, has pointed out to us a good many of the people whose names are more or less familiar to us. There are statesmen, politieians, editors, authors, artists, aetresses, men and women with titles—some with aneestry running back for eenturies, and others whose nobility is very recent — merehants, bankers, and so on

through a long list. Then there are people from all parts of France and from other countries of Europe. As I said at the beginning, there are many English who spend the summer here, and we are never many minutes without hearing the language of the kingdom across the Channel."

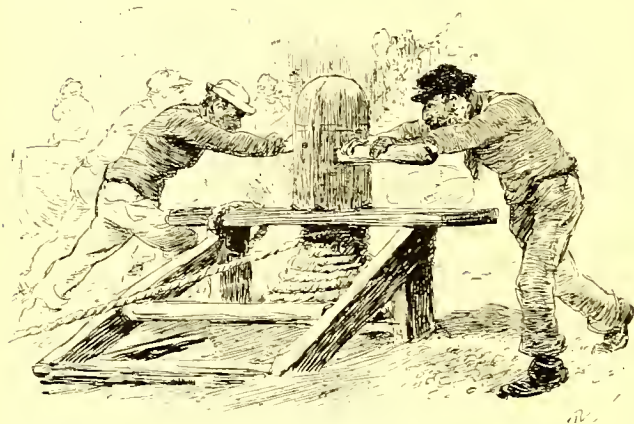


SUNDAY MORNING IN NORMANDY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHILDREN'S BALL AT THE CASINO OF TROUVILLE.—ADVANTAGES OF EARLY TRAINING IN POLITENESS.—GAMING AT THE CASINO.—*COURRIERS* AND *LES PETITS CHEVAUX*.—SCENES IN THE GAMING-ROOMS.—DEAUVILLE; ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.—DUKE DE MORNAY.—TROUVILLE RACES.—VIEWS OF THE RACING-GROUNDS AND INCIDENTS OF THE RACES.—COSTUMES OF THE BELLES.—ENGLISH VISITORS AND THEIR WAGERS.—POOL-SELLING.—VISIT TO THE CASTLE OF BONNEVILLE.—REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.—HOW HE INVADED ENGLAND.—BATTLE OF HASTINGS AND DEATH OF HAROLD.—DIVES AND CAEN.—A NORMAN FUNERAL.—ROUEN.—THE CATHEDRAL.—MRS. BASSETT'S MISTAKE.—RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED.—MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES AND WHAT WAS SEEN THERE.

"TROUVILLE does not go to bed early," continued Fred, "as you would readily understand by visiting the Casino. It is a spacious building, and Trouville without the Casino would be like "Hamlet" without Hamlet.



THE WINDLASS.

"One of the most interesting sights of the Casino is the *Bal d'Enfants* (Children's Ball), which takes place between eight and nine o'clock every evening. Some of the children are

dressed in all the finery their mothers can place upon them, while others are in the flannel suits they have worn all day, and which they cannot injure at all by rolling in the sand or getting an occasional wetting. But whether plainly or gayly dressed, they conduct themselves with

much more propriety than would the same number of American children under similar circumstances. The rules of the ball-room are carefully observed, and the boys bow to the girls and the girls to the boys as though they were members of the court of a kingly palace. Doctor Bronson says that a great deal of the French polish of manner comes from the early training they receive, and one can realize this very forcibly as he looks on at the *Bal d'Enfants* at Trouville."

Mrs. Bassett was delighted with the Children's Ball, and thought it would be an excellent feature of American watering-places. But her opinion was quite the reverse as to the scenes in the Salle de Petit Jeux, where chances were sold on the races which are run by miniature horses and miniature couriers. She observed, with considerable shock to her sense of propriety, that the attendance was large, and also that the sport was very exciting to all concerned.

The game of *courriers* and *petits chevaux* may be thus described :

Little figures representing runners, and mounted on wheels which follow channels or grooves especially made for them, are set in motion along a large table, and the figure, or *courrier*, that comes nearest to a goal near the farther end of the table wins the sum total of the bets, after deducting a certain amount for the keeper of the game. Of course every one must make a wager, and the money is handed over to the keeper before the *courriers* are set in motion. All sorts and conditions of men and women indulge in the game, and a considerable amount of money changes hands every evening.

The *course des petits chevaux* is more exciting, and consequently more popular than the one just described, and the crowd at the end of the room devoted to it is much larger and far more noisy than the one around the table of the *courriers*. We will let Frank describe the table and the scene.

"The table is circular," wrote Frank, "and is covered with concentric circles of strips of brass or other material two or three inches apart. On each of these strips a miniature horse runs with a jockey upon his back. The coats of the jockeys are in different colors, so as to facilitate the process of betting. It is a circular race-track in miniature. Before each race the horses are placed in line in front of the starting-point, and when all is ready a lever is pulled to set them in motion.

"There are rows of raised benches where the players sit, and there is standing-room behind them for spectators, who very often become players and pass their money over the heads of the more fortunate ones in front. The keepers of the game sell chances for one or two francs

each on the horses, and the management always reserves one horse for itself. When all is ready, the lever is pulled and the horses are started; round and round they go at high speed, then the speed slackens, one horse stops, then another and another until all have come to a halt. The horse that stops nearest the goal wins the race, and as soon as the result



TABLE OF THE "COURRIERS."

is decided the money is distributed. The majority of the people present are more or less excited, and there is a great deal of shouting and gesticulating. The most exciting time of the race is when the speed of the horses slackens and a decision of the momentous question is close at hand. There are quite as many women as men in the crowd, and not a few of the women are accompanied by children, who are allowed to wager their money on the game.

"There are races of real horses at Trouville on certain days of the season, and they attract great numbers of people. To reach the race-track it is necessary to go to Deauville, which may be regarded as an extension of Trouville along the sea-shore. Deauville was the result of a speculation which was started by the Duke de Morny when at the height of his power, and he had no difficulty in securing the capital needed for his enterprise. His idea was to create an aristocratic resort, where those who wished to pass the hot months at the sea-side could avoid the contagion of the crowd at Trouville, and at the same time have suitable society around them. Handsome houses were built in goodly number, streets and avenues were laid out, and for a while Deauville prospered. But the death of the duke in 1865, and the fall of the empire a few years later, brought grief to the new city, and since then it has had a struggle for existence.

"We saw the pedestal on which once stood the statue of the duke. The pedestal with nothing upon it is a symbol of the changes of the times: the republic caused the statue to be removed, and if it has not been destroyed it is stored away somewhere to await the possible day when the Napoleonic dynasty shall again take part in the affairs of the nation."

"What did the Duke de Morny have to do with the Napoleons?" Mrs. Bassett asked, when Frank made the above remark.

"He was the half-brother of Louis Napoleon, the last emperor of France," Frank replied; "and while Napoleon III. occupied the throne the duke was in high favor. Consequently, it was easy for him to found a town like this in the prosperous times of the empire."

"I understand now," said Mrs. Bassett, "and I can understand how the fall of the empire was pretty certain to ruin the speculation by ruining the speculators."

When they reached the race-ground Mrs. Bassett was surprised to find that there was no track at all, and she did not understand the situation until Frank explained that the running was done on the turf, which many horsemen prefer to a dirt road. The racing-ground is a level area, and at one side there is a fine grove of trees, where the *pesage* or weighing-stand is placed. The *pesage* contains several handsome buildings, and evidently the men who designed the racing-ground were not lacking in good taste nor in the money necessary to carry out their designs.

Frank secured places for his party in the grand-stand, which is so situated that the occupants have the sun at their backs in the afternoon, the time when all the races come off. The stand is on a small elevation

of ground, so that the whole sweep of the plain is in full view, together with the cliffs beyond it and a church, which presents a fine outline against the sky.

Our friends were on the ground early, as they wished to study the crowds of visitors much more than to see the horses run. They had an abundant opportunity, as the assemblage seemed to include



AT THE RACES OF TROUVILLE.

everybody in Trouville and all the country around for a considerable distance. Mrs. Bassett remarked that it was a happy, well-behaved crowd, and everybody seemed to have a regard for the rights of others while enjoying himself thoroughly.

Mary had a sharp eye for feminine costume, and she made note of some that were certainly quite eccentric, both in the material employed and the manner in which it was cut and made. Some dresses had an astonishing amount of embroidery upon them, and some were in glaring colors. One dress which she specially noted had a series of rainbows, which ran downward diagonally from the right shoulder of the wearer, and suggested at a little distance a barber's pole endowed with animation and locomotion. Another was embroidered all over with figures of animals of various kinds, and Mrs. Bassett suggested that the woman who wore it might be the perambulating advertisement of a menagerie.

Everybody seemed to bet on the races, and the women were just as active as the men in placing their money on the different horses and in demonstrating their knowledge of the animals on the list. Many of them showed that they knew of what they were talking, and when their favorites were defeated they vented their anger quite as energetically as did the sterner sex, and became just as excited over the events of the races, especially when not on the winning side.

Some English people who were seated near our friends wagered their money after the general custom; at the end of each race they speedily disappeared from their places to "go to the pools," as they expressed it. Mrs. Bassett wondered where these bodies of water were, and she asked Frank if there were boat-races on the pools between the equine trials of speed, or if they only went there to quench their thirst.

Frank explained that the name was applied to a system of betting or wagering money on the races, and that the temporary absence of their English neighbors was in order to collect their winnings, if any, and to make wagers on the next race to follow.

"The pools are what they call the Paris-mutuals, are they not?" Mary asked. "I suppose they were invented in Paris; at any rate, that is what the name indicates."

"That is what a great many people in America believe," said Frank, "but the name is, in a certain sense, misleading. It is true that the system was imported into America from Paris, but the real name of it is *pari-mutuels* (mutual bets). The French word *pari* means a bet or wager; *mutuel* and mutual have the same meaning in the languages to which they respectively belong."



COSTUMES OF THE NATIVES.

At each of the races there was a shout as the horses started, and a great deal of excitement all through to the finish. Those who had money wagered upon the result were in a quiver of anxiety, the demonstration of it being in proportion to the amount depending upon the race. Our friends were probably the least excited individuals in all the assemblage, and Mrs. Bassett said it was because they were probably the only visitors who had not bathed in the pools. A gentleman in front of them had placed several napoleons on the horse *Moufflon*, and as the

race ended Moufflon appeared to be at the head of the group. The man danced about with joy; but his joy was changed to sorrow when the signal from the judges' stand showed that the race was "off," and must be run over again. When the second run was made Moufflon was left behind, and the unhappy Frenchman had to bite his lip to prevent its revealing his grief by drooping to his chin.

The day after the races the party took a drive into the interior to visit several points and places of interest. The roads are delightful, and at every step presented the attractions of Normandy, in the shape of venerated churches, thatched cottages, old châteaux—some in ruins and others carefully kept and cared for—well-tilled fields, luxuriant pastures, patches and stretches of forest, sleek cattle and horses, and everywhere the peasants in the costume which has been unchanged for a very long time and shows no sign of changing.

The place of greatest historical interest visited on this excursion was



READY FOR THE RACE.

the Château of Bonneville. Learning the evening before that they were to see it, Mary took pains to acquaint herself with its history; consequently, when Frank asked her about it, she was ready with her answer.

"It was the eastle of Duke Robert of Normandy, the father of William the Conqueror," said Mary, "and therefore must be at least a thousand years old."

"It certainly looks it," said Mrs. Bassett, as she regarded the ivy-grown walls where the history of England under the rule of the Normans may be said to have begun.

"William the Conqueror was born in the year 1025," continued Mary, "and succeeded his father in 1035. The historians say that he gained the favor of his kinsman, Edward the Confessor, King of England, and as Edward had no children, he secretly agreed to make William his heir. The people of England preferred Harold, a Saxon prince, and on the death of Edward, in 1066, Harold ascended the throne without opposition on the part of anybody."

"A very good account of the situation as it existed before the invasion," said Frank. "And now tell us what William did when he heard Harold was on the throne."

"William was angry, as he had not only the promise of Edward that he should succeed him, but it seems that Harold had visited William not long before, and promised not to stand in his way, and even to help him to what he wanted. When he was afterwards reminded of his promise, he said it was forced from him when he was in William's power, and he did not therefore regard it as binding."

"I think he was right," said Mrs. Bassett. "But he was a simpleton to venture into William's dominions, and so place himself where he would be forced to swear to such a promise or lose his liberty and life."

"So I thought," Mary responded, "and probably Harold thought so when it was too late."

"William determined to have his way," she continued. "He assembled a fleet of three thousand vessels, and an army of sixty thousand men at Dives. Are we going to Dives? I want to see the place where the army assembled for the invasion of England."

"Yes," replied Frank, "we are going there, but you will not find a great deal to interest you. The harbor has been filled up by the drifting sand, and the business of the place from a marine point of view has been transferred to Cobourg close by."

We may remark that our friends found Dives a curious old town, with a hotel bearing the high-sounding name of William the Conqueror,

and an old church in which are inscribed the names of the Norman barons and other noblemen of distinction, who accompanied William on his voyage to England. There is a monument near the town to commemorate the invasion, but it is of modern construction, and therefore has no great interest to the student of history.

“The voyage of William the Conqueror across the Channel,” con-



SHIPS OF THE TIME OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

tinued Mary, “was by no means a pleasant one. When he set out from Dives a storm arose, and he was forced to put into Saint-Valery, which he reached with a part of his fleet. Many of his ships were wrecked, and the coast is said to have been strewn with drowned men. Some of the soldiers became discouraged, but William managed to keep his army from breaking up, and set sail once more. His second attempt was successful; he landed on the coast of Sussex, defeated the English at Hastings, killed his rival, Harold, and on Christmas Day of the same year he was crowned King of England.”

“Thank you very much,” said Mrs. Bassett, as Mary paused at the end of her story. “I don’t believe there are many American girls in

school or out of it who can tell as much about the Norman conquest of England," she added, with a glance of pride at her daughter.

"I couldn't have told as much two days ago," Mary answered, "and it was only the circumstance that we were to visit the Château of Bonneville that made me look it up. The most interesting way to study history is at the scene of the events that it records."

No one is likely to dispute the correctness of this assertion, nor did any one of the party do so on that occasion. Mary added that if any one wished to read about the effect of the Norman conquest upon England and what happened afterwards, she would advise a perusal of *The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland*.

From Trouville our friends went in the direction of Paris. At first it was proposed to ascend the Seine by steamboat, so as to study the scenery of the river; but it was ascertained on investigation that the journey was likely to be tedious, owing to the sameness of the sights on the banks of the Seine, and the long time required for the journey.

Mrs. Bassett heard that William the Conqueror was buried at Caen, about twenty-five miles from Trouville, and she suggested that it might be worth their while to visit the place of his sepulture. Frank explained to her that the grave of the famous warrior was indeed at Caen, but it had long been empty.

"Three hundred and odd years ago," said Frank, "the Huguenots destroyed the monument that had been erected by William Rufus, and then tore open the grave and scattered the bones. Only one of them was recovered: it was restored to the grave, where it lay two hundred and fifty years, when the tomb was again violated by the Revolutionists of 1793, and the last relic disappeared."

So it was concluded not to visit Caen and its ancient churches, but to take the train for Rouen from the station at Trouville.

A final drive before saying farewell to the coast was taken along the Villersville road and back into the country. While our friends were passing a church they saw a funeral procession coming out of it, and moving in the direction of the cemetery. Frank ordered the driver to halt the carriage, in order that they might witness the ceremony of interment as performed in Normandy.

The Norman peasants are Catholics, and the service witnessed by the party was that of the Catholic Church. The sobbing of the mourners was so loud that it almost drowned the voice of the priest as he read from the open book before him the ritual for the burial of the dead. Candles and tapers were carried in accordance with long estab-



A FISHERMAN OF COBOURG.

lished custom; and the sexton stood near by leaning on his spade, and waiting for the departure of the little cortege to allow him to complete his work by filling the grave he had made.

The railway train whirled them rapidly to Rouen, and came to a halt in the underground station with which many travellers are familiar. The line of the railway near Rouen and in the city is a work of great engineering skill. Rouen is on and among hills, and the railway line is tunnelled for a considerable distance through these hills. The station lies between two tunnels, and in a deep cutting which was made at no small expense. The railway is one of the oldest in France, having been completed in 1843; it was built by a combination of French and English capitalists, and the engineers and many of the workmen were English.

"I'm ever so glad you arranged to stop at Rouen," said Mrs. Bassett just before they reached the station. "I wanted very much to see the city, but was afraid we might miss it."

"And why should we miss it?" queried Frank. "It lies directly on the route between Havre and Paris, is a convenient stopping-place, and is one of the oldest and most interesting cities of France. It has been prominent in history for many centuries, and is certainly one of the last places in the world to be neglected. Besides being an old city, it is an active and well-populated one. Nearly all the old cities of the world have seen their best days, and are now in a state of decline; but no one can say this of Rouen. It is a great seat of manufactures; in fact, it is the leading place of France in the cotton industry, and has been called 'The Manchester of the Republic.' It is the head of navigation for sailing-vessels on the Seine, and you will see a great number of ships at the quays.

"The Romans had a city and fort here," continued Frank, "and they called it Rotomagus. Traces of the Roman occupation may still be seen, and are interesting to antiquarians, but to the ordinary traveller they are of less consequence than the churches and the monument that marks the spot where Joan of Arc was burned to death."

"Shall we go there before we see anything else?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"We will include it in our round of sight-seeing," was the reply: "and when we get to the Place de la Pucelle, where the monument stands, Mary will tell us something about the girl whose name is famous in the history of France.

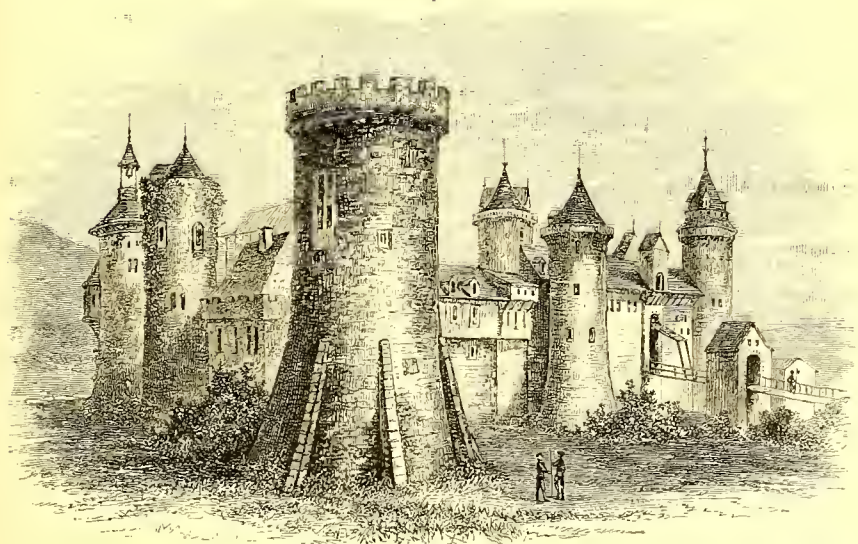
"The traveller's steps are usually turned first in the direction of the cathedral," continued Frank, "and it is well worth seeing, as it is one of the finest in all Europe, though not the largest. Rouen is justly

proud of it, partly on account of its grandeur and age, and partly in consequence of the many historical associations connected with it."

Mrs. Bassett fell into a singular mistake concerning one of the towers of the cathedral, which the driver pointed out as they approached it, and said it was La Tour de Beurre, or Butter Tower. She looked intently at the tower in question, and said it appeared to her to be made of stone and not of butter. She insisted that butter is not a good material for the construction of towers on account of its tendency to soften in warm weather, of which there must certainly be some in Rouen.

Frank explained that the name did not come from the material used in the construction of the tower, but from the fact that it was built with the money obtained from the sale of indulgences to eat butter during Lent. The tower was begun in A.D. 1485 and completed in 1507, and has been restored quite recently.

Mrs. Bassett asked how old the cathedral was. Frank answered that the date of the earliest structure erected on the spot was uncertain, but the present edifice was begun in the twelfth century. The work was not completed for three hundred years from the time of its commencement, and some parts of the interior belong to the present century. The central spire is of iron and quite modern, as it replaces a wooden one



THE CASTLE OF ROUEN IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

that was destroyed by lightning in 1822. The top of it is 485 feet from the ground, and the spire forms a conspicuous mark for miles around.

The party spent an hour or more in the cathedral, examining the monuments and ornamentation, and lamenting the havoc wrought in the building by the Huguenots in 1562 and by the Revolutionists in 1793. Mrs. Bassett paused at the marble tablets in the pavement of the choir which mark the spots where the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion (Richard the Lion-hearted) and the body of his brother Henry were buried. The monument to Richard's memory, like most of the other monuments in the cathedral, was mutilated by the Huguenots and afterwards removed. No trace of them was found until nearly three hundred years later. The heart of Richard was found quite perfect in shape but shrunk in size, and it is now in the Museum of Antiquities at Rouen. It was enveloped in a piece of greenish cloth and enclosed in a case of lead.

"How did he get the name of 'The Lion-hearted?'" queried Mrs. Bassett.

"From his bravery in battle and his readiness to engage in war whenever the occasion offered," Frank replied. "He was crowned King of England in 1189; but from that time until his death, ten years later, the most of his time was passed in France and in a crusade to the Holy Land. He commanded the English half of the army of 100,000 men in the third crusade, the other half being French. He was absent about four years on this crusade, and after his return he was almost constantly engaged in wars upon French soil. He died in

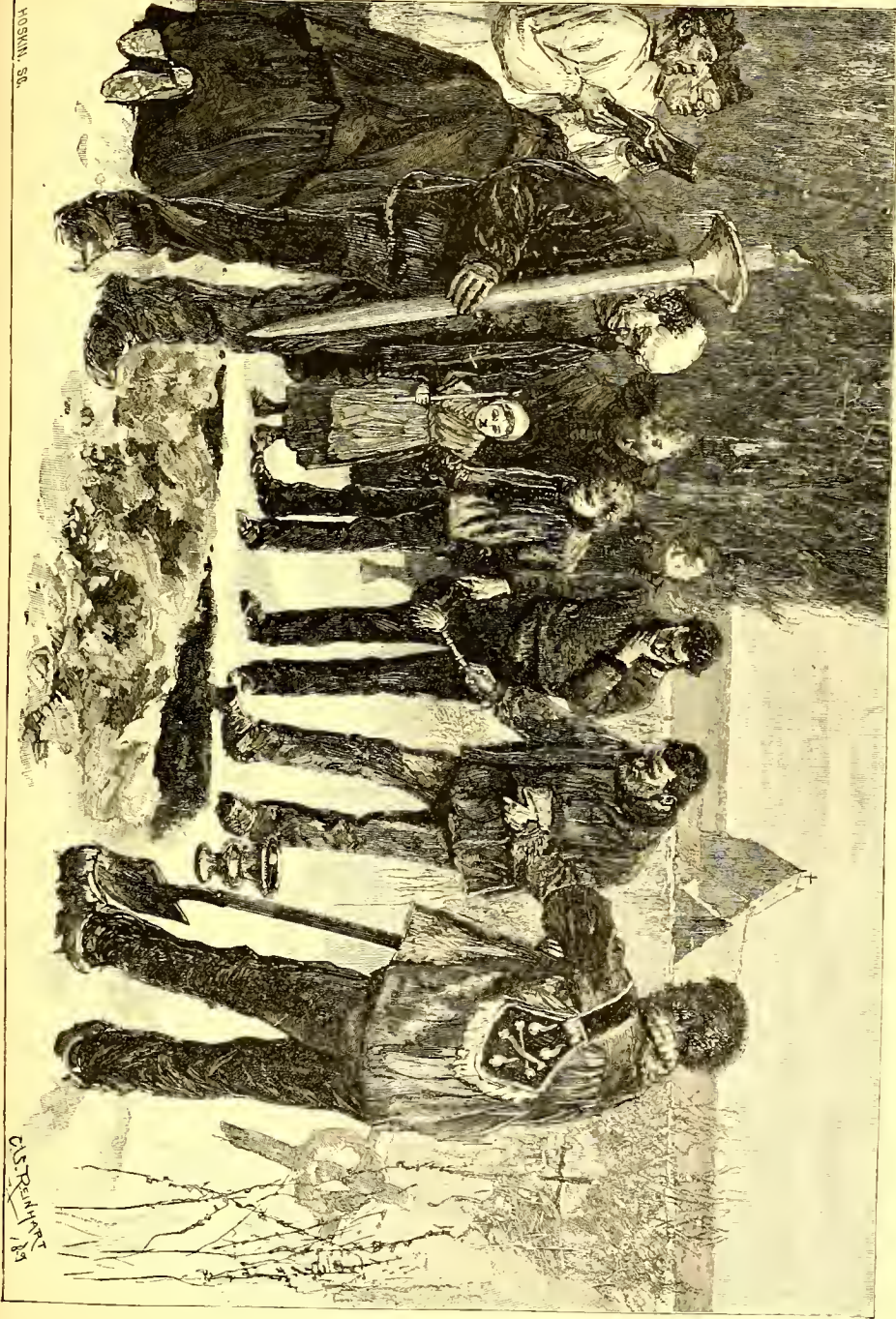
1199 from the effects of a wound received in a siege of the Castle of Chalus near Limoges. His wife was never in Great Britain, and he left no legitimate children to succeed him on the throne of England."

Our friends visited several other churches on their way to the museum, which was founded in 1833 and occupies a building which was once a convent. It contains many objects of interest, including Roman



EFFIGY OF RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED.

HOSWILL, SO.



G. S. RENNARD
1894

A FUNERAL IN NORMANDY.

relics that have been exhumed in Rouen and its vicinity. There are fifteen windows in the principal gallery, all made of painted glass from suppressed convents and churches, and forming a chronological series from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, of great interest to the student and by no means devoid of it for the ordinary traveller. It is said that there is no collection of glass painting equal to this in France, England, or anywhere else in Europe.

The eyes of Mrs. Bassett and Mary were specially attracted to the glazed frames on the walls, which enclosed charters and other official documents bearing the autographs of celebrated personages. Mrs. Bassett's astonishment was great when she saw a charter granted by William the Conqueror and signed with a cross, and learned that the great invader of England was unable to write! Then there were documents with the signatures of Richard the Lion-hearted, Henry I., and other rulers, and in a glass case lay the royal heart which has already been mentioned in connection with the cathedral.

The sun was setting when the party came out of the museum, and it was decided to postpone further sight-seeing until the following day. In the evening Mary refreshed her memory concerning the Maid of Orleans, and prepared to tell the story which Frank had assigned to her concerning that famous and remarkable girl whose life had an important bearing upon the France of five centuries ago.

Fred recorded in his note-book that among the curiosities in the museum was the door of the house in which Corneille, the great dramatist, was born. The French regard Corneille as the founder of the French drama and the writer who has done more than any other to make the French stage what it is to-day. He was a native of Rouen, where he was born in 1806, and spent the earlier part of his life there. He studied law and practised it for a few years, but did not succeed, and his failure in the law led him to literature. One biographer says that the French call him "the grand Corneille," not only to distinguish him from his brother Thomas, who was also a dramatist, but from the rest of mankind.

Mary wished to see the Castle of Rouen, but found on investigation that there was very little remaining of the old fortress where Joan of Arc and other celebrated personages were kept in captivity and in many cases were subjected to torture. There is not enough of the castle remaining to repay a visit. The walls of Rouen that resisted Henry V. of England and Henri IV. of France have been removed, and the ground they occupied has been laid out into a boulevard, which extends around the city in a semicircle and rests on the Seine at its ends.

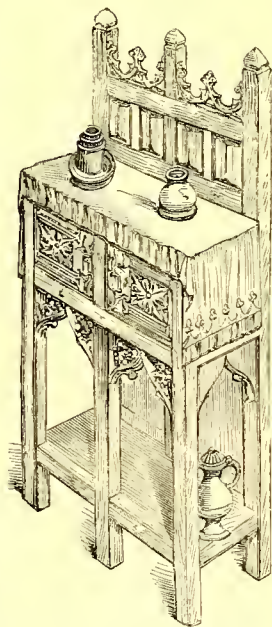
CHAPTER V.

SOMETHING ABOUT JOAN OF ARC; HER BIRTHPLACE AND EARLY LIFE; THE SUPERNATURAL VOICES; HER VISIT TO THE GOVERNOR; PRESENTATION TO THE KING; SHE LEADS THE ARMY TO BATTLE; DEFEATS THE ENGLISH; HER WONDERFUL MILITARY CAREER; PERSONAL INFLUENCE WITH COURT AND ARMY; CAPTURE, TRIAL FOR SORCERY, CONDEMNATION, AND DEATH; THE PLACE WHERE SHE WAS BURNED.—FROM ROUEN TO PARIS.—CHÂTEAU GAILLARD AND ITS HISTORY.—HENRY OF NAVARRE.—ARRIVAL AT PARIS.—REMINISCENCE OF THE DOCTOR.—FRANK'S OBSERVATIONS ON THEIR FIRST DAY IN PARIS.—THE STREETS AND CAFÉS.—CAFÉ TORTONL.—CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, BOIS DE BOULOGNE, AND CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME.

IN the morning the party proceeded to the Place de la Pucelle, to see the spot where the Maid of Orleans was burned to death, after being convicted of sorcery.

Mary was ready with her story of the life of the woman who is generally known as Joan of Arc to English-speaking people, while by the French she is called Jeanne Darc.

"The French name is more nearly correct than the English one," said Mary. "She was the daughter of Jacques Darc, or D'Arc, of the village of Domremy, in Lorraine; on her trial she said that her name was Jehannette, or Jehannette, and that in her part of the country girls bore the surname of their mothers. Her mother's maiden name was Rommée, and consequently her real name, according to the Lorraine custom, would have been Jehannette Rommée. She could not read or write; her father was a farm-laborer, and all the education she ever received was such as was given by her mother and by the priests to children of her time, in the repetition of prayers, and the lessons of the Church. She is said to have been very religious, and



CREDENCE OF JEANNE DARC'S TIME.

when the sexton forgot to ring the bell for prayers she reminded him of his duty, and sometimes bribed him to its performance by small gifts of money or other things."

"You haven't told us when she was born," Mrs. Bassett remarked, as Mary paused for a moment in her recital.

"The date of her birth is not exactly known," Mary replied, "but it was probably some time in the year 1411. She lived the ordinary life of a peasant girl, working in the house and out-of-doors, going regularly and punctually to church, and devoting (so the histories say) a great deal of her spare time to meditating upon religion and on the state of the country, which was principally under the rule of the English. King Henry V. had won the battle of Agincourt; Paris was in the hands of the English, and so was more than half of the kingdom. The people of her neighborhood were attached to the cause of the defeated King, and sympathized with him in his misfortunes.

"From the time when Jeanne Darc was thirteen years old she fancied that she heard voices in the air and saw visions; she frequently told her friends about them, and when she was sixteen years old she declared that the supernatural voices told her she must go and rid France of its enemies, the hated English."

"Do you suppose she really heard them?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"She certainly believed so," Mary answered, diplomatically, "and went to the Governor of the province to ask him to send her to the King. He refused at first, but afterwards consented, and she went to Chinon, where the King, Charles VII., was holding his court. Though she had never seen him, she singled him out in a group of courtiers, where he was standing dressed like all the others. She told him of the voices she had heard and what they said, and she impressed every one with her earnestness and her firm belief that she was destined to free her beloved France from the enemies that held possession of the country.

"The King consented that she should lead the armies to battle, and she did so. She wore a suit of armor such as was worn by soldiers at that time, took command of ten thousand men, attacked the English who were besieging Orleans, and in a week defeated them and forced them to retreat to avoid capture."

"That is why they call her the Maid of Orleans, is it not?" queried Mrs. Bassett, as Mary paused.

"Yes," was the reply. "Again and again she defeated the English armies, and in less than three months Charles was crowned King at Rheims, and Jeanne Darc stood at his side during the ceremony, dressed



JEANNE DARC HEARING "THE VOICES."

in a man's armor. She declared that her work was done, and she wished to go back to Domremy; but the King and his ministers persuaded her to stay with the army, and she did so."

"Did she have any more victories over the English?"

"No; and, according to history, she did not expect any. She was wounded in an attack upon Paris, and a short time afterwards was captured by the English at Compiègne and taken to Rouen. The French allies of the English demanded her trial for sorcery; she was tried, condemned, and here is the spot where, on the morning of Wednesday, May 30, 1431, she was tied to a stake and burned to death."

"Why, she was only twenty years old at the time of her death!" Mrs. Bassett exclaimed, in astonishment. "Only twenty years old!"

"She was not yet twenty," said Mary, "according to the account that has come down to us. She was a prisoner for a year and a few days, and the time she was with the army was about fifteen months in all."

Mary paused, and Frank took up the narrative in a comment upon the character of the Maid of Orleans:

"The accounts of her life say that she impressed all with whom she came in contact with her extreme piety. No soldier would swear in her presence, and she made the army which she commanded one of the most moral and orderly armies that was ever known, whereas it had before been one of the most disorderly and dissolute. In the early part of her career she seemed to have a great deal of military knowledge, but in the latter part of it she was rash and uncontrollable, and made many mistakes. To one of these mistakes her capture was due—a capture which resulted in her death at the stake."

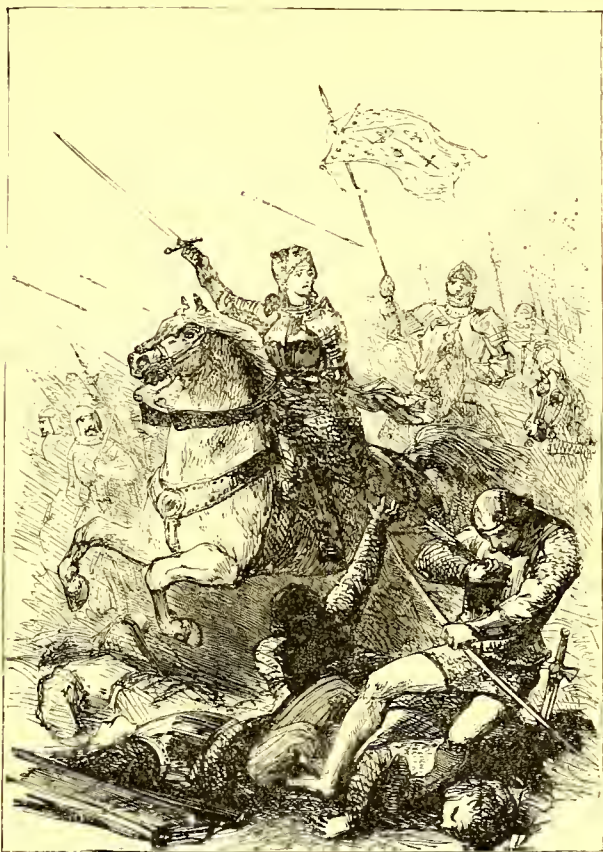


JEANNE DARC.—[Statue by M. Chapu.]

The monument to the memory of Jeanne Darc in the market-place of Rouen is an insignificant affair, and is practically a fountain which supplies a trough with water. There is a rude figure of the maid upon the top of the monument, but the insignificance of the structure is such as to greatly disappoint every visitor who goes there without knowing beforehand its real character. A fine statue of her was unveiled in Paris in 1873. The house where she was born is still standing between two buildings which were founded as a monument to her memory, and it contains a statue of Jeanne Dare which was made by

the daughter of Louis Philippe, once King of France.

From Rouen to Paris is a ride of two hours and a little more by express train, the distance being eighty-four miles. The railway follows the general course of the Seine, crossing it two or three times, and passing through tunnels beneath the hills that interfered somewhat with the work of the engineers when they laid out the line. Here and there the views from the windows of the railway carriages are quite pretty. Mary and



JOAN OF ARC IN BATTLE.

Frank were constantly exchanging observations and places from the windows of the compartment in which they were seated, and when the journey was concluded there was a good-natured contention between them as to which of the twain had been most fortunately situated. Mrs. Bassett was charmed with the appearance of the fields and gardens that rolled by them like a swift-moving panorama, and she pronounced the Seine one of the prettiest rivers she had seen since she left home.

As the train rolled along Frank pointed out the towers of several châteaux that had been the residences of men famous in the history of France, or the scenes of siege and battle in the days that were more stormy than the present. One of the most interesting is the Château

Gaillard, or "Sauey Castle," which is now in ruins. It occupies a conspicuous place on a hill overlooking the Seine, and was built by King Richard the Lion-hearted in defiance of a treaty he had made with his rival, Philippe Augustus.



CHÂTEAU GAILLARD.

"King Richard is said to have built it in a single year," Frank remarked, "and by means of it he was able to intercept the navigation of the Seine between Paris and the capital of Normandy, separate the forts of Vernon and Gisors, that belonged to the

French King, and overrun the country with the plundering bands that he sent out from the castle at irregular intervals."

"Isn't that the castle where Marguerite de Bourgogne was imprisoned?" Mary asked, as she contemplated the ruins.

"Yes, that is the castle, and she was strangled there by order of her husband, Louis X., King of France."

"It was evident that husband and wife were not on pleasant terms in that particular instance," Mrs. Bassett remarked, in a low tone, to Fred, who was at her side, and nodded assent.

"That was nearly six hundred years ago," said Fred. "They would get along better at the present time, or, at all events, the strangling would not be in fashion in any civilized land."

"The castle was besieged and taken several times," continued Frank. "It resisted Henry V. for sixteen months with a small garrison of only 120 men, and only surrendered in consequence of being cut off from a supply of water by the wearing out of the ropes by which the buckets were lowered into the only well that the place contained."

Another château which attracted the attention of the travellers is that where Sully, the friend and confidant of King Henri IV. (Henry of Navarre), was born, and where much of his life was passed. Frank directed the eyes of his companions towards it, whereupon Fred remarked that

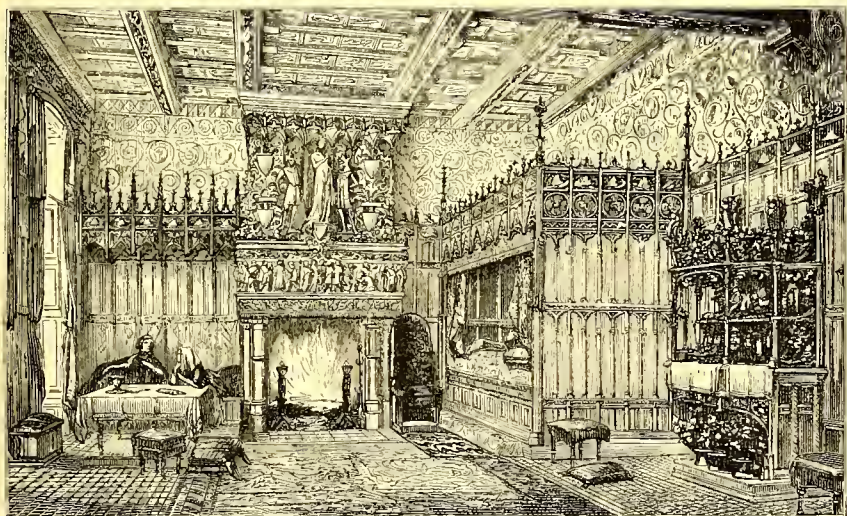
it reminded him of the stirring lines of Macaulay, entitled "The Battle of Ivry." "You know," said he, "that there are few school-boys who have not used 'The Battle of Ivry' as a piece of declamation, and an excellent one it is for that purpose."

Mary thought she had heard or read it, but couldn't recall the lines at that moment; whereupon Fred repeated the first stanza, ending with the words,

"Hurrah! hurrah! a single field has turned the tide of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!"

"I remember it now," exclaimed Mary. "But what has that to do with this château of the famous Sully?"

"The battle of Ivry was the turning-point in the career of Henry of Navarre; and Sully, who was born here, was at the side of the King throughout the battle, and was wounded several times during the engagement. Henry of Navarre was the founder of the royal House of



CASTLE CHAMBER OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Bourbon. After several victories over his enemies he entered Paris without resistance, and, in 1598, proclaimed liberty of conscience to all his subjects through the famous Edict of Nantes. It remained in force until 1685, when it was revoked by Louis XIV."

By this time the château they had been discussing was far behind

them and new objects claimed their attention. By general consent a truce was given to historical matters, and the conversation was confined to things and events of the present time.

They passed Poissy and Asnières, the latter a famous pleasure resort



MEDAL OF THE DUKE OF SULLY.

of Parisians in summer, and especially of those who are fond of boating. Already some of the domes of Paris had been seen through the trees, and every moment the signs of their near approach to the capital grew more numerous. At length the outer gates were passed and the train entered the limits of the city. On and on it went, passing through tunnels under Les Batignolles and the Place de l'Europe, and rolling through a deep cutting into the Gare Saint-Lazare, or Saint-Lazare station of the Western Railway of France.

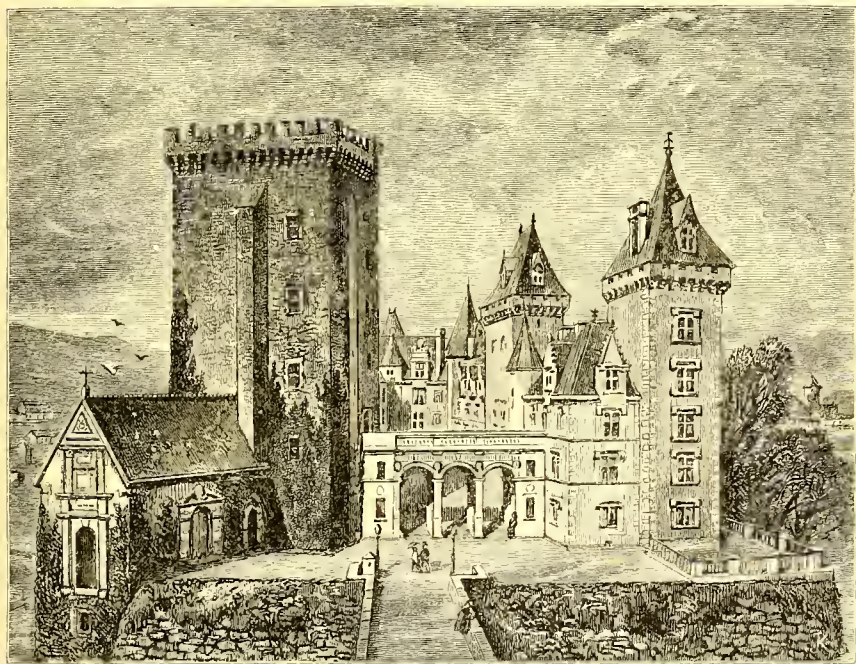
And now behold them in the capital of the country which has been republic, kingdom, empire, and again republic, all during the space of a great deal less than a single century.

Apropos of the changes that have come over France in her form of government, Doctor Bronson told a little story :

"Soon after the close of the war in 1870-71 I had occasion to visit Algeria. Travelling through the interior, I came, on one occasion, to a village where the most conspicuous building was the one occupied by the military guards or *gendarmes*. Over the door of the building there had been a sign bearing the words 'Gendarmerie Imperiale.' The sign was in large letters painted on the wall of the house, and therefore could not be taken down in the ordinary way. The establishment of the republic had necessitated the change of the word 'Imperiale' to 'Nationale.' The change had been made economically, and with a view

to possible contingencies in the future. The word 'Nation' was rudely painted on a strip of canvas, and this had been fastened with a few carpet-tacks so as to hide the first six letters of 'Imperiale.'

"The great steamship company which has its starting-point at Marseilles, whence its lines extend to all eastern waters, and as far as Australia, was chartered during the time of the empire under the title of 'Messageries Imperiales.' When the republic was established the name of the company was changed to 'Messageries Maritimes,' so as



CHÂTEAU OF HENRY IV.

to cover the needs of the present and also any future possibilities. In the event of the return of France to royal or imperial rule, there would be no necessity of changing the word 'Maritimes,' which would be satisfactory enough under any form of government."

We will let Frank tell the story of what was seen by himself and companions during their first day in Paris:

"We have seen so much to-day," wrote Frank in his journal, "that I hardly know where to begin, and, once beginning, I shall not know

when to stop. Paris has been described so many times that I fear there is little to be said that will be altogether new; but, on the other hand, the picture is always changing, and every day presents something that has not been seen before and possibly not heard of.

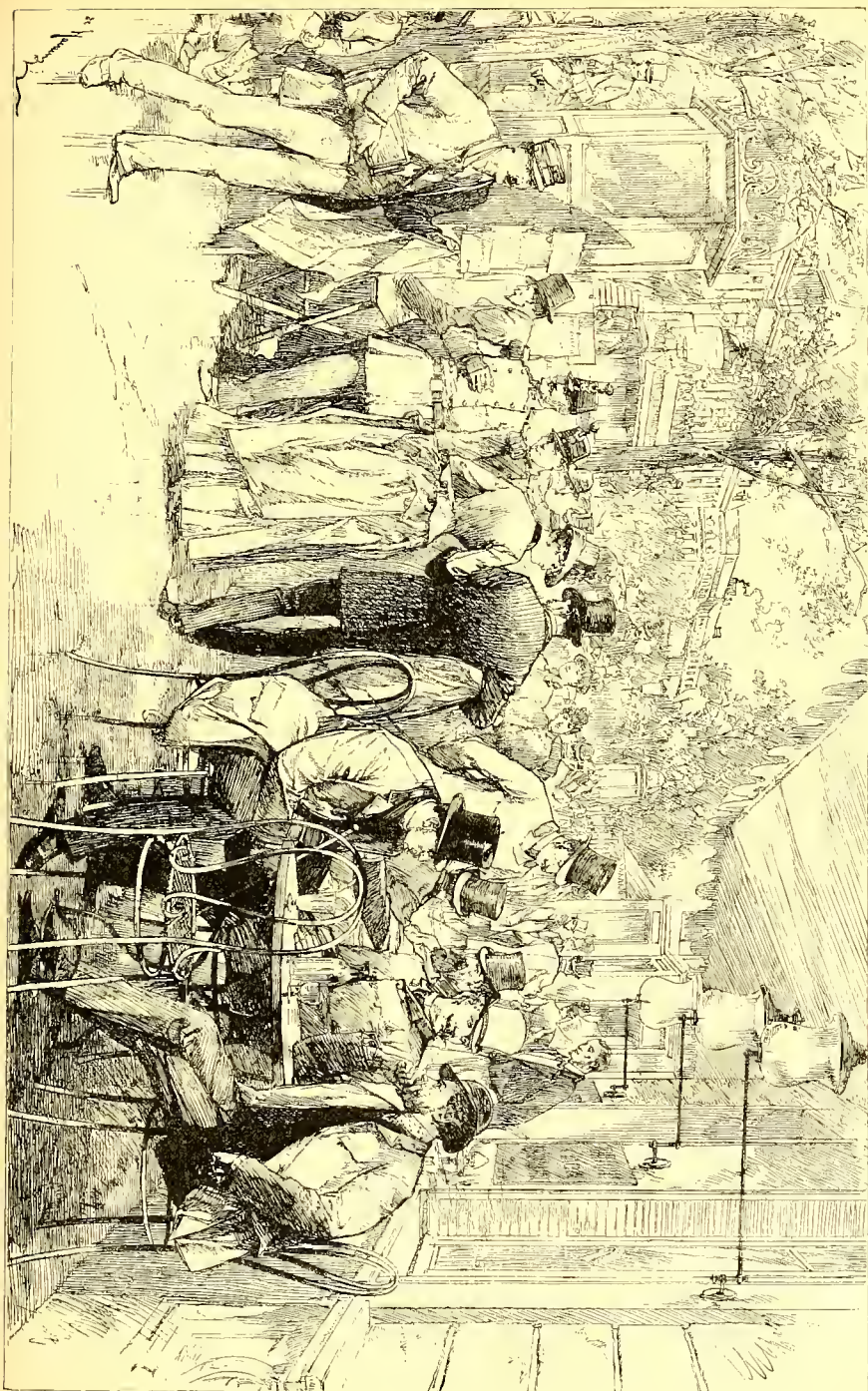
"It is no wonder that the French are proud of their capital city. It is so bright, so clean, so full of gayety, so versatile, and contains so much to interest everybody whose taste is in any way refined, that we find ourselves lost in admiration at almost every step. Happily for us, the skies are clear and the weather is all that the most fastidious could wish. We have walked along the boulevards, sipped lemonade at the cafés, gazed into the windows of shops without number, contemplated the exterior of many magnificent buildings, watched the never-ending throng that passes along the broad sidewalks, and the picture everywhere presented is so attractive that we shall be unwilling to leave it. We have seen very much in this first day, and feel certain that there is a vast deal more for us to see in the days that are to follow.

"Mamma and Mary are sure they will find everything that they want in the shops, and they are already planning excursions in which sight-seeing and shopping shall be skilfully combined. Well, we will probably be able to meet the individual tastes of all with very little difficulty. Fred and I have a little shopping on our own account; and as for Doctor Bronson, he says he must run over to London for a few days, and will leave us to plod along without him. Fred thinks that if there is any place in the world where we can plod without assistance, Paris is that place.

"One of the first things to catch the attention of visitors is the cafés, partly for the reason that much of the life of the genuine Parisian centres in those establishments, and partly because they are thrust upon our sight, whether we want to see them or not. Not only are their doors wide open for our reception, but the tables and chairs are spread on the sidewalks and constantly invite the pedestrian to pause and rest. If he pauses to rest and sit at table, he must order some kind of refreshment, as the proprietors of the establishments do not maintain their service for the gratuitous accommodation of the public. But the refreshments may be of the most harmless character; we have not found it necessary to drink anything stronger than lemonade and coffee, or certain innocuous syrups that are served with mineral waters from sputtering siphons in the hands of the waiters.

"But when we drank temperance beverages we did not follow the example of those about us so far as we could observe. Out of curiosity

Café Tortoni, Paris.



we watched those who took places near us, and found that the majority of them were satisfied with nothing more mild than brandy, which they drink in little glasses the size of a thimble, or but very little larger, or with absinthe, *amer Picon*, or some other stimulant. While we were sitting at one of the cafés two Americans, at least we judged them to be Americans by their language and accent, sauntered along and sat down. One of them called for 'cognac' (brandy), and when the waiter appeared with a small carafe or decanter and the accompanying glasses, there was a scene that ought to have been sketched by an artist.

"One of the twain was a corpulent man with a rubicund face, and evidently accustomed to take his beverages in liberal doses. He glanced with contempt at the diminutive glass as he took it between his fingers; he held the glass till it was filled, and then tossed the contents into his capacious mouth. With the same motion he brought the glass down to be refilled, and six times in succession he emptied it into his mouth the instant the filling was completed. Then he paused and his

friend followed his example.

The whole performance did not take five minutes, and the waiter stood in an attitude of surprise, though he did not for an instant lose control of the muscles of his face. One of the strangers remarked that it took at least half a dozen of those glasses to make a respectable drink, to which the other nodded assent as he paid for their *consommations* and the twain prepared to move on.



AN OLD CUSTOMER.

"Some one has wittily remarked that Americans and English go to saloons and cafés because they want to drink, but Frenchmen drink because they want to go to the café. The French are not a drinking people when we compare them with the English, and probably four-fifths of the people we see at the cafés would not order any beverages were it not for the rule that compels them to do so if they want to sit at the tables, read the newspapers, watch the people who pass along the street, and talk with their acquaintances or with any stranger who is willing to talk with them. Mr. Theodore Child, in an article on this

subject for *Harper's Magazine*, says that cafés and newspapers came into fashion almost simultaneously about a century ago, when Louis XVI. was King. Newspapers increased in number as the times became more interesting, and the ordinary topics of the day were dropped for politics, in which the discussions often grew very warm. Certain cafés became the resort of men of one way of thinking, the Jacobins frequenting the Café Corazza, while the Royalists gathered at the Café de Foy. Many of the revolutionary clubs were formed in the cafés, and even at the present time some of the well-known cafés or restaurants have a certain distinctive political character.

"The same gentleman says that the rule was established in those days that a man may sit for six hours in a café, reading the newspapers and discussing politics or anything else, on a single order of a cup of coffee or a glass of cognac. The rule has come down to the present time, and you may see a man sit a long time over a glass of brandy, which he sips a few drops at a time at long intervals. Customers of this sort are not particularly profitable, as the proprietor is obliged to supply the daily newspapers free of charge to all who wish to read them; and very often a man goes to a café because he reads the papers there for less than it would cost to buy them, and he can have a drink and the free use of chair and table in addition.

"One café where we stopped a short time is known as the Tortoni, probably from the name of the man who established it, but he must have been dead for a good many years. This café is said to be fully a hundred years old, and it was a famous place as far back as the time of the first Napoleon. According to tradition it was and is the meeting-place of the fashionable wits of Paris, and of course they include the men who write funny or sarcastic things in the newspapers. As we are strangers in the city we do not know the faces of any of the fashionables, and therefore I am unable to say whether we saw any of the men who are prominent in Parisian life.

"When we were tired of walking, looking into shop-windows, or sitting at the cafés, we hired a carriage and drove in the direction of the Bois de Boulogne. When we reached the Place de la Concorde mamma wanted the carriage stopped, so that she could look around and take in the view without missing anything.

"We called a halt, and stepped from the carriage in order to be better able to see what was around us. We agreed that it was the prettiest public square we had ever seen; and as this is the opinion of everybody I ever heard say anything on the subject, we think we are

not out of the way. With the fountains and statues that adorn it, and the buildings that surround it or are in full view, it is a grand spot: with all these, and the obelisk of Luxor in addition, it is magnificent.

“‘What is the meaning of *Place de la Concorde*?’ mamma asked. ‘What does the word *concorde* mean?’

“‘*Concorde* is the French for peace or concord,’ Fred answered.

“‘Then this must be the Place or Square of Peace,’ mamma answered. ‘Has it always been as peaceful as it is now?’

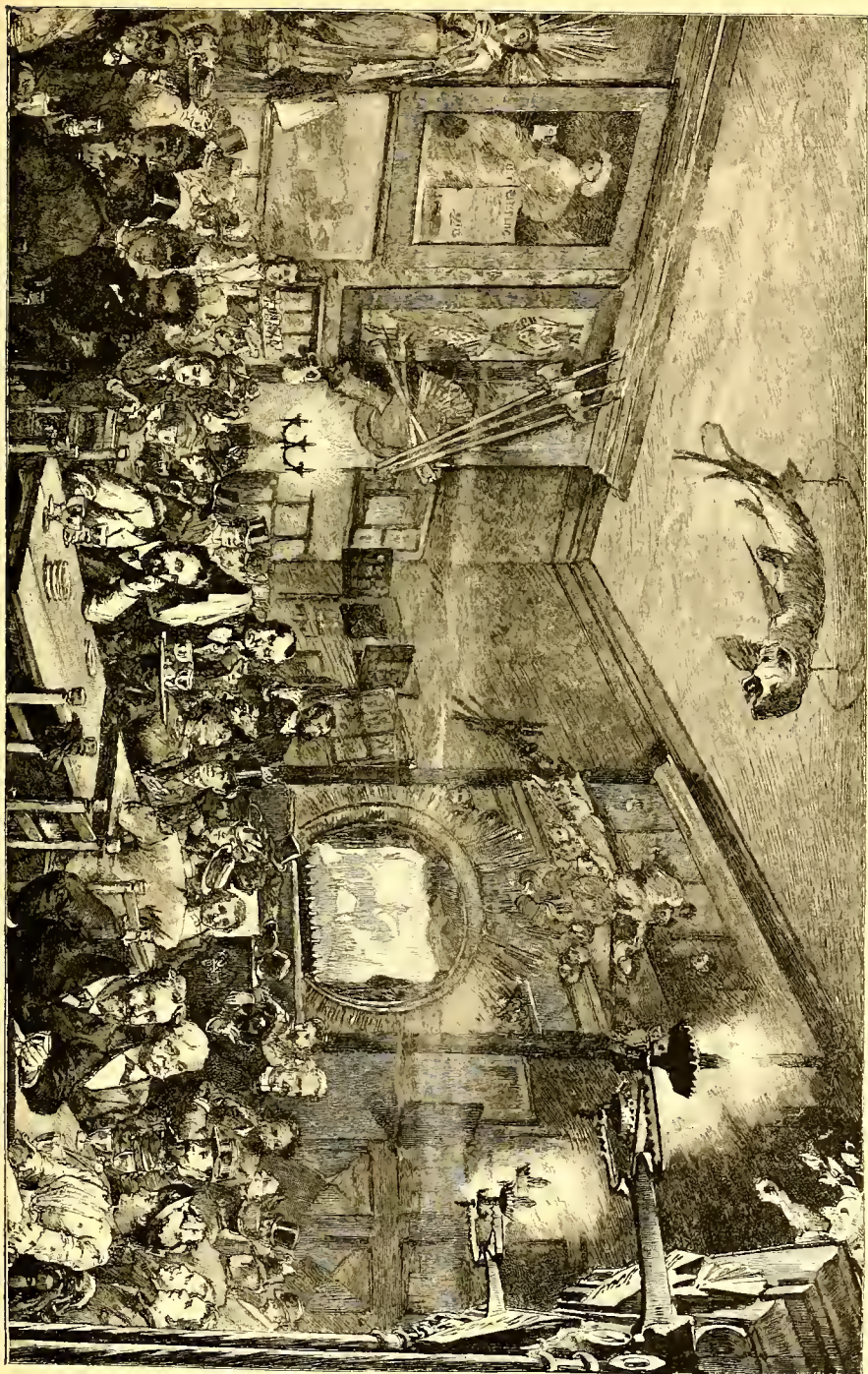
“Fred explained that the history of the *Place de la Concorde* was anything but peaceful. ‘In 1763,’ said he, ‘it was named *Place Louis XV.*, in honor of that ruler. Seven years later, during a celebration, the accidental discharge of some rockets caused a panic, in which twelve thousand people were crushed to death, and as many more severely hurt; in 1793 the guillotine began its work here, and in little more than two years not fewer than three thousand persons were beheaded in this square. Among them were King Louis XVI., Queen Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, the Duke of Orleans, Danton, Robespierre, and other persons of note.’

“‘It ought rather to be called *Place de la Discorde*,’ said Mrs. Bassett, as Fred paused a moment in his narrative. We all nodded assent, and then Fred continued, as follows:

“‘The next bloodshed of consequence was in 1871, when the regular troops of the Government were resisted by the Communists. The Communists had erected a barricade in the *Rue Royale*, and they fought desperately to hold possession of it. Several houses in the *Rue Royale* and neighboring streets were set on fire, and the tanks of the engines that came to pretend to extinguish the flames were filled with petroleum in place of water. The more they played upon the fire the fiercer it became, as you might suppose.’

“From the *Place de la Concorde* we drove through the *Champs-Élysées* (*Elysian Fields*), past the *Arc de Triomphe*, and out to the *Bois de Boulogne*. It was a drive full of interest at every step. It was the hour when people were promenading in the *Champs-Élysées*: we had wondered where all the people came from whom we saw on the boulevards, and now we wondered again at the crowds in this part of the city. It was the same sort of life that we had already seen, everybody enjoying himself without interfering with others, and everybody doing whatever he pleased within proper limitations. Mary suggested that we stop a while and stroll among the trees, or sit in the chairs or on the benches, but Fred and I advised her to postpone that enjoyment

CABARET DU CHAT NOIR.



until some day when we did not have a carriage engaged by the hour at the regulation tariff.

“The carriages were as numerous on the avenue of the Champs-Élysées as the pedestrians were upon the sidewalks or among the trees—not literally as numerous, but in proportion. It was the time of the daily promenade, and the great majority of the carriages were driving in the direction of the Bois de Boulogne, or the ‘Bois,’ as it is usually called. There was a goodly number of gentlemen on horseback; some of them were good riders, while others acted as though they had never mounted a horse before that day. On the whole, I think we saw fewer riders than in Berlin, when we took our drive in the Thiergarten at the fashionable hour, and so I conclude that horseback exercise is not as popular with the French as with the Germans.

“The Bois de Boulogne is a very pretty park, but I don’t think it as fine as our own Central Park in New York, though it is nearly three times as large. It has suffered a good deal by war, nearly all the large trees having been cut down in 1814–15; those that grew up after that time were doing very well until the war of 1870–71, when all trees near the fortifications were destroyed in order to give a clear sweep to the French cannoneers who defended the city.

“They have lakes in the Bois just as we have in Central Park; and they have something of which we cannot boast: a cascade forty feet high which comes out of a grotto, and looks for all the world as though it was a natural cascade which had never been touched by human hands. But they tell us that the lakes are artificial, and so is the cascade, just as much as are the roads and the gravelled walks. They must have spent a great deal of money on the Bois de Boulogne to make it what it is. According to history, it used to be a haunt of robbers and a favorite resort for men who wanted to fight duels or commit suicide. Duels are very rare now, but suicides are by no means infrequent, so we are told by a gentleman whom we met here.

“We dined at the restaurant near the cascade, and had a very good and also a very dear dinner. Visitors complain a great deal about the charges at this restaurant, but in spite of their complaints the place is very popular, if we may judge by the number of people we saw there. Probably the managers would say that those who do not like to pay their prices can go somewhere else, and that is what we shall probably do in future. But in this instance we wanted to dine there, so as to drive back to the city in the evening and see how the streets appeared under the light of gas and electricity. We were well paid



RIDING FOR HIS HEALTH.

for our outlay, and advise every one who visits Paris to drive along the Champs-Élysées in the evening and observe the effect of the light, especially as he looks along the avenue from the Arc de Triomphe. No street or avenue in any American city can possibly compare with it; at any rate, none that we have ever seen.

"Well, I'm tired and sleepy, and think I have said all I can for this evening. There's more to tell you, lots and lots, but I'll put it off till some other time. Good-night."

Mrs. Bassett's desire was to see some of the famous churches of which she had heard and read, and so the youths engaged to visit the principal ones on their way about the city. On their way to the Bois de Boulogne they had passed the Madeleine, which the good woman

could hardly believe was a church, as it looked so unlike any religious edifice that she had ever before seen. Frank explained that it is modelled after a Greek temple, and was begun near the middle of the last century, but not finished until 1842. Napoleon I. ordered that it should be converted into a "Hall of Glory," but when Louis XVIII. ascended the throne the plans of Napoleon were dropped, and the work proceeded upon the original intention of making it a church.

The most famous of all the churches of Paris is that of Notre Dame, and Frank arranged the excursion of their second day in Paris so that they might visit it. On arriving near it they spent some time contemplating the exterior, and especially in looking at the magnificent façade, which has been taken as the model of many other church façades in various parts of France. It was begun in the early part of the thirteenth century, Frank explained, but a long time was required for its completion in its present shape.

"Then the church must be six hundred years old!" Mrs. Bassett exclaimed, as she contemplated the edifice.

"Some parts of it are older," replied Frank. "There was a church here as early as the fourth century, and the present one was founded in the year 1163, on the original site. The building has been altered several times, and parts of it that were destroyed by time or by violence have been restored in the past fifty years. Do you happen to know that at one time it was doomed to be torn down?"

"I know," said Mary. "In the Revolution of 1793 order was issued for pulling down the church, but only the sculptures were destroyed. The revolutionists converted it into a 'Temple of Reason,' and removed all the religious sculptures, which they replaced by some of their own. After the Revolution it was again used as a church until 1871, when the Communists converted it into a military storehouse, plundered the treasury, and destroyed many of the statues and decorations. They actually set fire to the church, but it was not seriously damaged."

"What a pity it would have been," said Mrs. Bassett, "if this magnificent church had been destroyed! Everybody who knows anything about Paris knows about this building, and is sure to want to see it."

"This is the oldest part of Paris," Frank continued—"this little island, called Ile de la Cité, where we now are."

"Isn't this where Lutetia was?" Mary asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "When Gaul was conquered by Julius Cæsar there was a tribe called Parisii living on the banks of the Sequana, or

Seine. Their chief town was Lutetia, and it was on this very island. It was a collection of huts, and the inhabitants fought against the invaders and burned their town rather than see it fall into the hands of the Romans who came to conquer them."

"How long ago was that?" queried Mrs. Bassett.

"In the year 52 B.C.," replied Frank. "The Gauls submitted because they were defeated, but they rebelled two or three times, though without success. The Emperor Julian lived here in the year 360, and changed the name from Lutetia to Parisii, or Paris, and it has kept the name ever since, unless history is at fault."

"I wonder what New York and Chicago will be when they are as old as Paris?" said Mrs. Bassett, as she turned to contemplate the objects of interest in the venerable church in which they stood. Nobody ventured to answer her query, and so her contemplation was not interrupted.



PART OF ANCIENT CHURCH WINDOW, PARIS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BASTILE; WHAT REMAINS OF IT TO-DAY; ITS HISTORY AND USES; CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION.—*LETTRES DE CACHET*.—LAFAYETTE AND THE KEY OF THE BASTILE.—THE LOUVRE; ITS HISTORY.—CATHERINE DE MEDICIS AND THE PALACE OF THE TUILERIES; BURNING OF THE PALACE IN 1871.—A CHAT ABOUT THE COMMUNISTS.—COMMUNES OF 1789 AND 1871.—THE CORPS LEGISLATIF.—CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN SESSION.—GAMBETTA.—AN OLD SENATOR.—HOW THE FRENCH PRESIDENT IS CHOSEN—THE VENDÔME COLUMN AND SOMETHING ABOUT IT.—THE FATAL PHOTOGRAPH.—THE INVALIDES AND THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.—A BIT OF MORALIZING.

AS the party came out of the Church of Notre Dame, Mrs. Bassett asked if they were going to see the Louvre and the Tuileries at any time during the day. She wanted to see those buildings and also the Bastile—or, rather, the place where it was.

"You have already seen a part of the Bastile," said Frank, in response.

"I wasn't aware of it," was the reply. "When and where did we see it?"

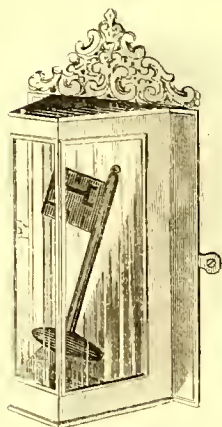
"When we were in the Place de la Concorde," said Frank. "You remember the bridge that crosses the Seine from the square to the Chamber of Deputies on the other bank, do you not?"

"Certainly I remember a bridge. Mary, what was the name of it?"

"The Pont de la Concorde, mamma," the girl answered.

"Very well," Frank explained; "that bridge was built in 1789–90, and the greater part of the material for it—at least, the upper portion—was taken from the Bastile."

"Perhaps it was a sentimental idea of somebody to put the stones of the Bastile, the prison where the tyrants sent so many of their victims, in a place where they could be walked upon by the whole population," Mary remarked. "At any rate, it was an excellent use to make of that ma-

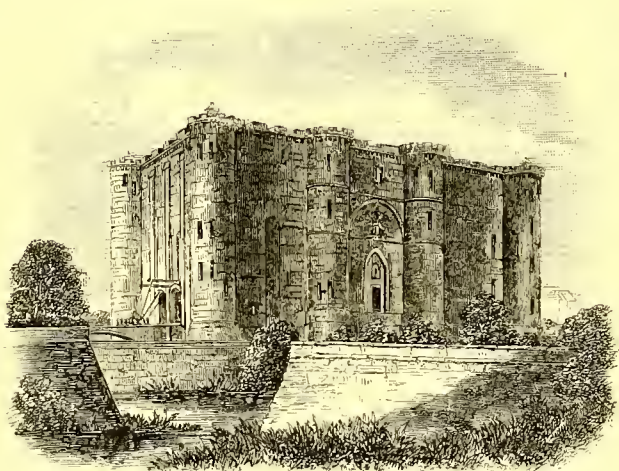


KEY OF THE BASTILE.

terial—to put it where it could benefit everybody, rather than be a terror to all except a very few.”

It is only a short distance to the site of the Bastille from where they entered the earriage, and so Frank instructed the driver to take them thither. In a few minutes the column that marks the spot where the prison once stood was in full view, and our friends halted in front of it. Mrs. Bassett intimated that she would like to know something of the history of the famous prison, and her desire was gratified by Fred.

“Bastille was a common name for a strong fortress with towers or bastions throughout France,” said Fred; “but in course of time it became applied to this particular prison, which was built by order of Charles V., some time between 1370 and 1383, as a defence against the English. The Bastille was converted into



THE BASTILLE.—[From an old print.]

a political prison in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but, according to history, it could only accommodate less than one hundred prisoners at one time.”

“Why, I thought they had thousands of them here all the while!” Mrs. Bassett exclaimed, as Fred paused.

“That is the popular belief,” was the reply; “but, according to history, it is a mistaken one. We must bear in mind that the persons confined here were not ordinary prisoners, but men and women of high rank whom it was desired to get out of the way without the formality of a trial. They were generally sent here by *lettre de cachet* and—”

“What is a *lettre de cachet*? I must plead ignorance about it.”

“A *lettre de cachet* is a sealed letter. All royal letters were either *patentes* or *cachets*. The *patentes*, or open letters, were signed by the King, countersigned by a Minister of State, and stamped with the great

seal of State, while the *cachet* letters were folded up and sealed with the king's little seal, and did not pass through the hands of any of the royal ministers. They were very common in the time of Louis XIV., who found them exceedingly convenient for his purposes. Persons arrested under these letters were sent to the Bastile or some other State prison, and they stayed there all their lives for the sole reason that they had been forgotten."

"No wonder the people destroyed the Bastile, if that was the use the King made of it. Was it full of prisoners at the time it was captured?"

"No," answered Fred; "there were only seven prisoners in the Bastile when the people took it on July 14, 1789, and three of them were unknown. One had been there thirty years. When he was liberated he was like a man just aroused from sleep, and his intellect was practically gone. Another prisoner had been there since he was eleven years old, and another had been twenty years inside the walls of the Bastile.

"The prisoners in the Bastile were not allowed to see any one but their guards, and many of their cells were so arranged that their food was passed to them through a small wicket; and though they could be seen by the guards, they could not themselves see anything. They were poorly fed and very badly treated, and altogether it is a wonder that any of them lived as long as they did. Many persons of prominence were confined here at different times; among them were Voltaire, Marshal Richelieu, and the Man in the Iron Mask."

Then the conversation turned to the events connected with the fall of the Bastile in the early part of the French Revolution. Mrs. Bassett was under the impression that there was always a very large garrison in charge of the prison. She was somewhat surprised to learn that at the time of its capture the Governor had under his command a garrison of thirty-two Swiss soldiers and thirty-two invalids. At the demand of the mob he removed some of the cannon from the towers and roof; this did not satisfy the populace, and they brought artillery to bear upon the building, after a fight in which 150 of the besiegers were killed or wounded and one of the garrison was killed.

"I have seen the key of the Bastile," said Mrs. Bassett. "It is at Mount Vernon, the home of General Washington, and hangs in a glass-case in the hall-way."

"Yes," said Mary; "I remember reading in my school history that Lafayette sent the key of the Bastile to his old commander-in-chief a short time after the destruction of the prison."

"General Lafayette was the commander of the French National



DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILLE.—[From an old print.]

Guard in 1789," said Fred, "and it was by his orders that the prison was destroyed after the surrender of the garrison."

From the Place de la Bastille the party drove to the Louvre, where they remained only a short time. Frank said the day was too pleasant to be passed in-doors, and they would leave the art sights of the Louvre until a rainy day, when they would go there and take things leisurely.

"What an immense building it is!" said Mrs. Bassett, as they passed slowly along its front.

"Yes," replied Frank, "it is one of the finest and most interesting

buildings in Paris, and a great deal of the history of France is connected with it. There was once a forest here which was infested with wolves, and was consequently called the *Lupera*, or *Louverie*. A castle was built here in the thirteenth century, and afterwards fitted up as a royal residence, but no part of it is now in existence. The oldest parts of the present edifice date from the middle of the sixteenth century. Francis I. caused the removal of the old *château* and began the present palace, and it was enlarged by subsequent rulers. Under Catherine de Medicis, the widow of Henri II., the Louvre was extended to the westward, and the erection of the palace of the Tuileries was begun."

Mrs. Bassett was practical, and wanted to know how much ground was occupied by the Louvre and the Tuileries.

"Altogether they occupy an area of forty-eight acres," Frank answered, "and in this area are included the three court-yards which are enclosed by the buildings. Regarded as one structure, the Louvre and Tuileries may be considered one of the finest palaces in the world. For nearly a hundred years the Louvre has been used as an art gallery and museum, and it contains enough to occupy the attention of a visitor for days and weeks together."

From the Louvre our friends drove along the Rue de Rivoli, in front of the Tuileries. As they went along, Frank explained to his mother that the palace, which owed its commencement to Catherine de Medicis and its completion to Napoleon III., was no longer in existence, with the exception of the wings which connected it with the Louvre.

"I remember," said Mrs. Bassett, "that the palace was burned by the Communists in 1871. The wonder is that all the buildings here were not destroyed."

"It is not to the credit of the Communists that any portion of them is standing to-day. When the Communists found that the troops from Versailles were entering the city, they set fire to many of the public buildings, and among them the Palace of the Tuileries. By the time the Versailles troops were in possession of the city the flames had made such havoc that it was impossible to save the palace. All of the west side was destroyed, including the apartments occupied by Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie. No attempt was made to save anything; in fact, the policy of the Communists was to destroy everything that could be a reminder of the imperial regime."

"I don't know that I understand exactly who the Communists were," said Mrs. Bassett.

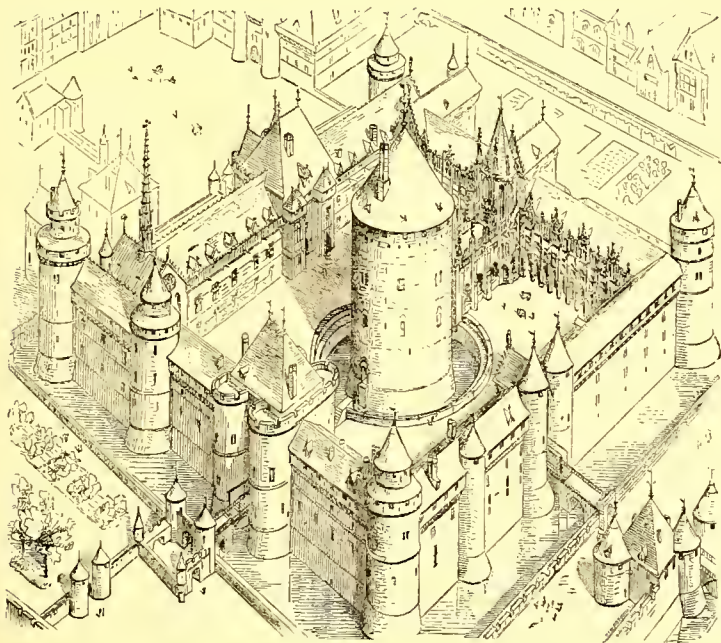
"That is the case with a great many others," Frank replied, "and it

is possible that many of those who called themselves Communists would be unable to explain their views. The principle of Communism is very old, and may be explained in a general way as a system by which all property is held in common. Socialism and Communism run very closely together, and the former may be fairly included in the latter."

"But what I particularly refer to now," said Mrs. Bassett, "is the Commune of Paris of which we were just now talking."

"The Paris Commune was political rather than social," was the reply. "The commune is the name of the village or municipal administration all over France, and is very much like our town or township administration in America. The idea of the Paris Communists was that every commune should be an independent government by itself, and the country of France nothing more than a confederation of such governments. They wanted to make the city of Paris a republic by itself, and do away with everything like a central government for the country, with power over the city.

"The Commune of 1871 was not by any means the first in Paris," Frank continued. "There was a Commune of Paris in 1789. It was



THE LOUVRE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES V.

organized on the day the Bastille was taken, and remained in existence for a few days more than four years. Under it were committed many of the excesses that disgraced the revolution, and the moderate men of France saw very early that the country would be ruined and utterly broken up if the revolutionary committee, called 'The Commune,' was

allowed to continue. It was under this Commune that so many men and women were sent to the scaffold for no other offence than their unwillingness to subscribe to the new doctrines. The commune of 1871 was formed on the same general lines as that of 1789, and if it had been allowed to last as long would no doubt have been just as extreme in its measures. It lasted little more than two months—from March 18th to May 28th—but in that short time it destroyed a great deal of property, and put to death many prominent men who had fallen into the insurgent hands."



MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

"They killed the Archbishop of Paris, did they not?" Mary asked.

"Yes, the Archbishop of Paris, Generals Lecointe and Thomas, and a good many other prominent men whom they had put in prison. An order was issued on May 24th that all the prisoners then in the hands of the Communists should be taken out and shot, and it was carried out that very evening. The fires that destroyed the public and private buildings were burning for five or six days, and it was afterwards ascertained that the Communists had determined to destroy the entire city, so that the victory of the Government would be a useless one."

"Then I'm to understand," said Mrs. Bassett, "that if the Commu-

nists could have carried out their plans there would have been only a heap of ruins where the city now is."

"Yes, that is exactly what they determined to leave behind them in case they were defeated. Even after the Government troops were in possession a great number of fires were set in all parts of the city. Women were very active in setting these fires and in scattering petroleum around so as to make the flames more fierce. The national troops shot down women as well as men who were charged with setting fires, and there is no doubt that a great number of those who were thus killed were entirely innocent of the crime charged against them. If men or women were pointed out as *petroleurs* or *petroleuses*, they were shot down without any inquiry. Many of the leaders were captured and afterwards regularly tried; some were executed, and others sent to prison for life or long terms of years."

"How many buildings were burned at that time?" Mary asked.

"I can't say exactly," replied Frank, "but there were hundreds of private houses set on fire during the week which may well be called the terrible one. Then there were the Tuileries Palace, as you know, the Hôtel de Ville, or City Hall, the Palace of Justice, Préfecture of Police, Palace of the Legion of Honor, the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin, *grenier d'abondance*, several churches, and some large mercantile establishments, besides smaller public buildings. Many of these buildings have been replaced, but the Palace of the Tuileries has not, nor is it likely to be, as the Government has at present no use for an imperial palace either in Paris or elsewhere."

"Of course not," said Mary, "as it is a republic. Do they choose their President every four years, as we do in the United States?"

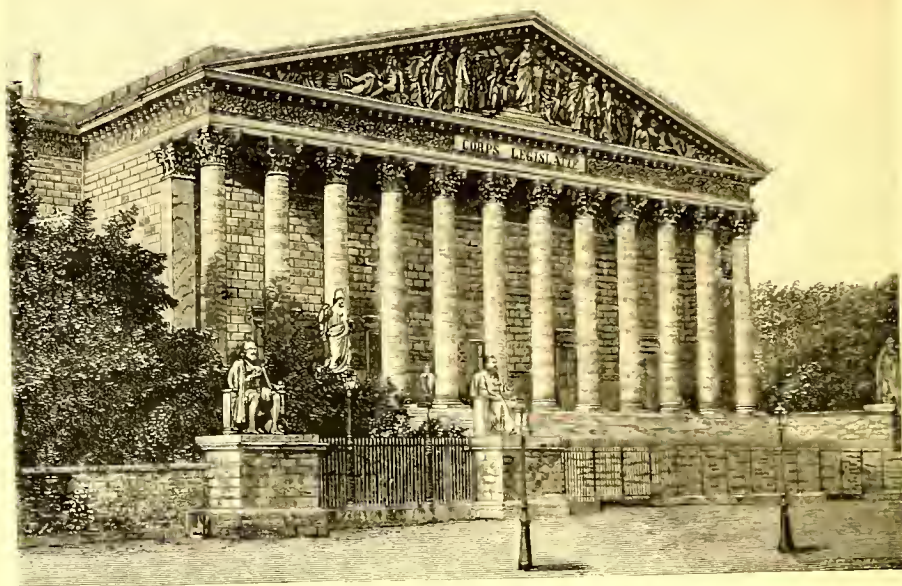
"No; he is elected once in seven years, but not by the people directly, as our President is. France has a Congress like ours, which consists of a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies, and when a President is to be chosen, the two Houses come together into a national assembly, or congress, and ballot for a choice. The voting is continued until a choice is made by a majority, and sometimes the scenes at the election of a President have been anything but orderly."

"How many members are there in the two Houses or the Corps Legislatif, as they call it?"

"The Chamber consists of five hundred and eighty-four Deputies, who are elected for four years directly by the people, as our members of Congress are chosen. There are three hundred Senators, who are elected for nine years, one-third of them retiring every three years.

They are not elected by the people directly, but by an electoral body composed of delegates chosen by the municipal council of each commune in proportion to its population, and of the Deputies and certain other officers of each department."

"I suppose the Senators and Deputies make laws, very much as our



MEETING-PLACE OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

Congress and the Parliament of England do, and the President executes them after they are made."

"Yes; the methods are so nearly like our own and the English that it is unnecessary to describe them. The President has a ministry appointed by himself, and there is also an institution peculiar to France which is called 'Conseil d'État' (Council of State). It was established by Napoleon I., and has kept up ever since through all the changes of this very changeable Government."

"How is it composed and what does it do?"

"It consists of Councillors and other officials, all of them owing their appointments to the President, and is presided over by the Minister of Justice. It may be regarded as an advisory board, as its

duty is to give opinions upon questions that the Government may submit to it; it does not originate anything, nor suggest laws to be passed by the legislative body.

"I suppose the Chamber of Deputies looks very much like the American House of Representatives, does it not?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"It resembles it in many ways," was the reply, "and the differences are mainly those of differences of French and American character. It is a great deal more turbulent than the American Congress, and very often the presiding officer finds it impossible to preserve anything like order. A dozen, or perhaps fifty, members will be on their feet all at once and shouting at the top of their voices; the din and confusion remind the visitor of a boiler-factory in full operation. Time and time again the president rings his bell and pounds the desk with his gavel or a paper-cutter, but to no effect; then he calls out, '*Un peu de silence, messieurs! Un peu de silence!*' He calls it repeatedly; and if he has a voice stronger than that of any one else, he may manage to make himself heard. If he cannot, he sends the sergeants-at-arms around among the members, and between their commands and the weariness of those who have been vainly trying to catch the president's attention something like silence is eventually secured.

"One of the best presiding officers that ever stood over the Chamber of Deputies was M. Gambetta, who was prominent in the organization of the Government after the downfall of the Second Empire. His voice generally rang out clear and distinct above the confusion of the Chamber; and though he sometimes lost his temper, he generally managed to bring order out of chaos through his skill and patience."

"Do both Houses meet in the building of the Corps Legislatif?" Mary asked, as her brother paused.

"Oh no," answered Frank. "The Senate meets in the Palace of the Luxembourg, a mile away from the Pont de la Concorde. The Senate is a much more orderly body than the Chamber of Deputies; the members average a good deal older, and they have naturally much more dignity, as the majority of them belong to old families or have won distinction for themselves in military, literary, or professional life. There was formerly one member of the Senate, M. Dufaure, who had sat in that illustrious body under five different Governments, and occupied the same identical seat through all the changes. He died in 1881, and was eighty-three years of age at the time of his death. There are other members who have served under two or three Governments, but he was the only one who could count five on his list.



M. GAMBETTA PRESIDING OVER THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

“In one feature the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies are unlike our American Congress. With us, when a member makes a speech he stands at or near his own desk. The French custom is for a member to go to the tribune, a stand which is directly in front of the presiding officer and a little lower down. To mount the tribune is equivalent to ‘having the floor’ with us.”

While this conversation was going on, our friends were strolling through the Garden of the Tuileries (we forgot to mention that they had descended from their carriage), and were looking at the groups of nursemaids and children under the trees and along the gravelled walks. Frank told the driver to meet them at the gate opposite the Rue Castiglione, and when they reached that point they found him waiting

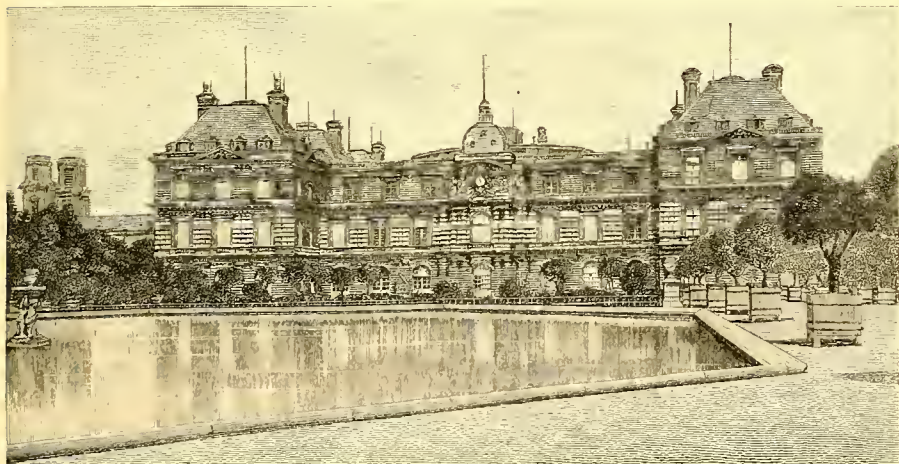
for them. They entered the carriage and drove to the Place Vendôme, where Mrs. Bassett's attention was drawn to the bronze column which stands in the centre of the square.

"I know it by the pictures I've seen," said she. "I can't be mistaken; it's the Vendôme Column. But I thought it was destroyed by the Communists in 1871."

"So it was," said Fred; "or, rather, it was thrown down by them, but the pieces were carefully preserved. It was erected in 1806, by Napoleon I., and is an imitation of Trajan's Column at Rome. Napoleon wanted to commemorate his victories over the Austrians and Russians in 1805, and the bronze on the outside was made by melting down a thousand and more cannon, which had been captured in that campaign."

"It suggests a corkscrew," said Mrs. Bassett, "with that spiral arrangement running from the bottom to the top. What does it represent?"

"The pictures are scenes from the battles in 1805, between the French army and the troops to which it was opposed. If the plates of



THE PALACE OF LUXEMBOURG.

bronze were stretched out in a single line they would make a length of about nine hundred feet. Many of the figures on the plates are portraits. The column is a little more than one hundred and forty feet

high, and the statue on the top of the structure represents Napoleon I. in his imperial robes."

"How did the Communists throw it down?"

"They cut through the masonry at the bottom and then attached ropes to the upper part of the monument, after placing a bed of straw and soft earth along the line where they intended it to fall. This was not with any view of saving the plates from injury, but to do as little damage as possible to the surrounding buildings by the shock of such an immense mass striking the ground. When all was ready the ropes were pulled and the column toppled over."

"The history of the column is interesting. The statue of Napoleon was taken down in 1814, and a huge fleur-de-lis took its place. In 1830 Louis Philippe caused a statue of Napoleon in a cocked hat to be placed there, but this was taken down by Louis Napoleon in 1863, and the one that is now there was put up. This remained undisturbed until 1871, when the Communists did as you have seen, and the column was restored in 1875 in the same condition as before."

"Wait a bit," said Fred, "and I'll tell you a little story about the Communists, and how they came to grief."

Of course all were willing to hear the story, whereupon Fred narrated the following incident of the Commune:

"When the column was thrown down, there was a photographer on the spot to take a view of the scene. The principal Communists grouped themselves on or near the fallen column, so as to be included in the picture, and they were evidently very proud of the performance. After the city had fallen into the hands of the regular Government a copy of this photograph was used to trace the men who had overthrown the column, and it was of great aid in securing their capture and conviction. Each figure on the photograph was enlarged to life size or something very near it, and it was very difficult for a man to deny his likeness when it was placed before him on his trial. Several would have escaped were it not for the telltale picture."

"Not the first time that a photograph taken in a moment of security has led to a man's conviction," Frank remarked. "And now," he continued, turning to his mother, "where would you like to go next?"

"If we are near the tomb of Napoleon," said Mrs. Bassett, "I would like to see it. I've become specially interested in him since we've seen so many things to remind us of the empire he founded."

"It isn't far away," said Frank, "and we'll go to it by way of the Pont de la Concorde, which will give us an opportunity to cross that

bridge and look at the outside of the building where the Chamber of Deputies holds its sessions. Then in a few minutes we shall be at the Hôtel des Invalides, and there is the tomb which you wish to see."

Mrs. Bassett asked if the hotel was a popular one, and patronized by Americans and other foreigners. Frank explained that it was not a



VENDÔME COLUMN IN 1840.—[From an old print.]

hotel in the American and English sense, but a home or hospital for old soldiers; it was founded more than two hundred years ago by Louis XIV., to afford a home to soldiers who had given long and faithful service to their country. Soldiers who have served thirty years, or who have been disabled by wounds received in battle, are entitled to be supported at the Invalides for the rest of their days.

As our friends left their carriage and walked through the handsome esplanade in front of the buildings, they took note of the cannon and statues with which the grounds were adorned. Mrs. Bassett's attention was attracted towards several of the old soldiers who were wandering about the grounds or sitting on the benches under the trees. Frank explained that all the cannon in sight were trophies of war, and that every nation with which France had come in conflict in the past two hundred years was represented. There were cannon from Algeria, cannon from China, and cannon from Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England, together with other countries.

"But I'm sure there are none from the United States, as we have never been at war with France," said Mrs. Bassett, as she paused before a cannon which bore an inscription in Arabic, and was one of the trophies of the conquest of Algeria.

"No, I don't think you will find any American cannon here," was the reply. "France and the United States have never been at war—at any rate, not in a war that amounted to anything—and are very unlikely ever to be. The two countries had a bond of sympathy from the foundation of our Government, and you know that France sent a fleet and an army to help us in winning our independence. France was at war with England, and consequently her sympathies were with us, and she demonstrated them in a very practical way. She furnished us with arms and ammunition at the very beginning of our revolution; and after the surrender of General Burgoyne's army she entered into a treaty of alliance, commerce, and amity with us, and sent a fleet and an army to help us along. A medal commemorative of the alliance of the two countries was struck at the time, and we will look for it when we are next where there is a good collection of coins and medals."

The visitors were shown through the building, which was intended for the accommodation of five thousand soldiers, but has not been fully occupied for a long time. Only a few hundred *invalides* are now there; they are well-fed and lodged, and on Sundays they have a parade and review which must be attended by all who are able to be present.

After looking through the refectories, kitchens, and other belongings of the establishment, our friends visited the Artillery Museum, which is located in the western wing of the building.

Mrs. Bassett and Mary were not specially interested in weapons, but they accompanied Frank and Fred in their walk through the museum, and saw a goodly number of things that attracted their attention. Among them were the suits of armor worn by Marshal Turenne, the

Duke de Guise, and other men known to fame and history, the flags carried in battle by French soldiers, and those captured from the enemy in time of war. Especially interesting to Mary was the white standard of Joan of Arc, the banner under which the Maid of Orleans led her followers to the victories that broke the English power.

Frank and Fred made a careful survey of the suits of armor worn by the kings of France, from Francis I. to Louis XIV., and of other armor kept in the same room. Then

they lingered over the collection of weapons of all countries and many ages, and would have remained longer were it not for the knowledge that Mrs. Bassett and Mary were grow-



MEDAL COMMEMORATING ALLIANCE OF FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

ing impatient to reach the tomb of Napoleon, the great object of interest.

So they went from the museum to the Church of the Invalides, pausing briefly as they passed the collection of torn and weather-beaten flags, and giving hasty glances at the monuments and memorial tablets bearing the names of officers who were distinguished in war, and are thus commemorated for their patriotism and bravery.

Very soon they reached the dome beneath which the remains of the great warrior are at rest. As every visitor to Paris is aware, the dome is a conspicuous object from nearly all parts of the city; it rises to a height of 340 feet, and has a diameter of 86 feet; the dome is gilded, and the gilding serves to make it more noticeable even than its great height, no matter whence it is viewed.

Under the dome is the crypt of Napoleon, 20 feet in depth and 36 feet in diameter, and with walls of solid granite, on which there are figures in bold relief. In this crypt is the coffin or sarcophagus, a single block of Finland granite weighing nearly seventy tons, and reminding Frank and Fred of the huge coffins in the tombs of the sacred bulls in Egypt.

Our friends spent a busy half-hour in their inspection of the tomb of Napoleon, and the elaborate works of the sculptor's art which surrounded it in every direction. Mrs. Bassett asked when the remains of

the Emperor were deposited in the tomb, whereupon Frank spoke as follows concerning the great warrior:

“Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo in 1815, captured by the British, and sent to the island of St. Helena, where he was kept a prisoner till his death in 1821. He was buried on the island, and in 1840



NAPOLÉON AS FIRST CONSUL.

his remains were brought to Paris with a great deal of ceremony, and deposited in this crypt under the dome of the Church of the Invalides.”

“Who was King of France in 1840?” Mrs. Bassett asked.

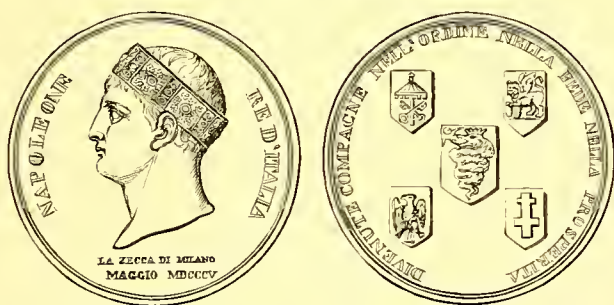
“Louis Philippe.”

"Did he approve and favor the transfer of Napoleon's bones from the island of St. Helena to Paris?"

"I cannot say what his private views were upon the subject. The French people demanded it through their representatives in the Corps Legislatif, and the Government carried out their wishes. A million people, including one hundred thousand soldiers, took part in the reception of the remains and the interment in the church, and the royal family and all the high dignitaries of the kingdom were present. No relatives of the dead Emperor were there, as they were all in prison or in exile."

"Well, it seems to me," said Mrs. Bassett, after a pause, "that the ashes of the dead Emperor deprived the living King of his crown."

"Yes," said Fred, "and helped to place Louis Napoleon on the throne, and keep him upon it until he and the throne fell together on the day of Sedan."



MEDAL OF NAPOLEON, AS KING OF ITALY.

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO THE BOIS DE VINCENNES. — A MILITARY REVIEW. — HISTORIC INTEREST OF THE CHÂTEAU OF VINCENNES. — THE FRENCH ARMY; ITS STRENGTH AND COMPOSITION; THE ACTIVE ARMY AND THE VARIOUS CLASSES OF RESERVES; EVOLUTIONS ON THE FIELD; THE GRAND MANŒUVRES; HOW THEY ARE CONDUCTED; A SHAM BATTLE; AN IMPOLITIC GENERAL, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM. — THE FRENCH NAVY; THE FIRST ARMORED SHIPS OF WAR, AND WHO MADE THEM; HOW THE NAVY IS MANNED. — CEMETERY OF PÈRE LA CHAISE; TOMBS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE; STORY OF ABELARD AND HELOISE; A WALK THROUGH THE CEMETERY. — THE GUILLOTINE AND ITS INVENTOR. — PRISON OF LA ROQUETTE. — PLACE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE. — MARKET OF THE TEMPLE. — MARKETS OF PARIS IN GENERAL.

THE morning after the visits and studies recorded in the previous chapter, Frank announced that there was to be a review of troops at Vincennes, and said he had made arrangements for a carriage to take them thither and get a good view of the scene.

"We shall have a pleasant drive through a part of Paris we have not yet seen," said Frank, "as the Bois de Vincennes lies on the opposite side of the city from the Bois de Boulogne. There is a very pretty forest at Vincennes, and an old castle which was founded in the twelfth century, and has been a prison, porcelain manufactory, military school, arsenal, and depot of artillery, besides several other things."

"If we are going to a military review we sha'n't have much time to see the castle," said Fred; "and besides, I am told the public is not often admitted."

"So I understand," was the reply, "and it certainly will not be worth our while to ask the authorities for special permission to enter the building. The chief historical interest attaching to the place is that the un-



THE BUGLE CALL.

fortunate Duke d'Enghien was shot there by order of Napoleon I., on the suspicion that he was concerned in a conspiracy against the Emperor. In the contest between the regular troops and the insurgents, in 1871, the château was the scene of the last fight of consequence."

Soon after breakfast the carriage was driven to the door of the hotel and our friends proceeded on their way. Mrs. Bassett thought the drive to Vincennes was more picturesque than that to the Bois de Boulogne, for the reason that the locality through which they passed was less fashionable than the other. Of course it lacked the attractions of the Place de la Concorde and the Champs-Élysées; but, on the other hand, it afforded a better insight into the ways of the working-people of Paris than did the more fashionable part of the city.

"As we are going to a military parade or review," said Mary, "please tell us something about the French Army."

"I was expecting that question," replied Frank, "and so I looked up the subject while dressing this morning. If you want more than I can tell, I will refer you to my authority, the *Statesman's Year Book*."

Mary thought her brother would be able to tell her quite as much as she could remember, and she would certainly try to remember it all.

"Well, then," said Frank, "the military forces of France are organized on the principle of requiring every able-bodied man to bear arms. In its general features the French system is like that of Germany, which you learned about when we were in the dominions of the German Emperor, and especially at Berlin."

"Does every man have to go into the army, whether he wants to or not?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"That is the requirement of the law," was the reply; "and it says distinctly that every Frenchman between the ages of twenty and forty-five is liable to be called up for military duty either in the active army or the reserves, unless excused for medical reasons. Every Frenchman is not actually compelled to serve in the army, but he is liable to be called to service. The service is divided into the active army and the reserves. When a man has performed a year's service in the active army, learned his duties, and is able to read and write, he may be sent on furlough for an indefinite time; he may go home and engage in any business he chooses, but he is enrolled in the reserves and may be called upon at any time. In case of war he is pretty sure to be called on, and in time of peace it is considered advisable to give the reserves a certain amount of training at regular intervals, to keep them reminded of their duties and in good physical condition."

"How many men capable of bearing arms does France possess?" - Fred inquired, as Frank paused.

"Counting all the various classes of reserves," said Frank, "along with the active army, there are 2,500,000 men; and then there is another million, who have served their time but might be called to de-



MARCHING IN THE RAIN.

fend forts and camps in case of war. The active army contains nearly 600,000 men; the actual figures are 573,277, and this number includes 27,677 officers of various ranks."

"How does that compare with the army of the United States?" Mary asked, in her usual practical way.

"France has a population of about 40,000,000," was the reply. "The strength of the active army being 600,000, it follows that there are six soldiers to every forty inhabitants, or one in seven under arms.

In the United States there are 63,000,000 of inhabitants and a standing army of 25,000 men; this gives us more than 2500 inhabitants for every soldier in the army."

"What an enormous difference!" exclaimed Mrs. Bassett. "We have reason to be very thankful that we can get along with so small a military force as we do. The French Army must cost the Government a great deal of money."

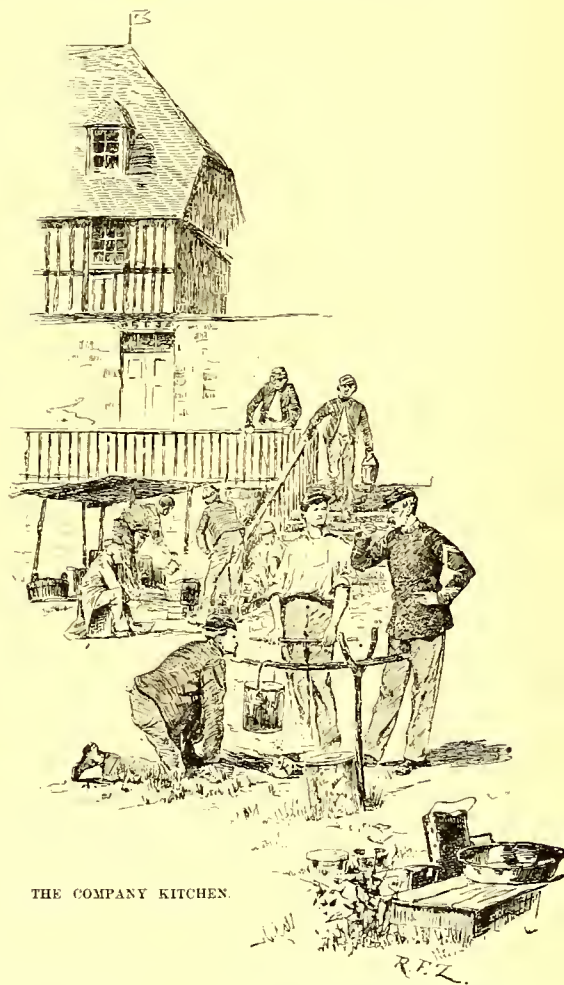
"Yes, it does. For the year 1891 the estimates for the ordinary military expenses were 578,000,000 francs, or more than \$140,000,000. This does not include the navy, which requires \$46,000,000 more.

"Every year the expense of the army and navy is greater than in the preceding year, and this in a time of peace. If France should be at war with a European nation, the expense would increase enormously over the figures I have given you."

"Why do the French need such a great army? Couldn't they get along with 50,000 or 100,000 men under arms?"

"Probably not, and certainly they do not think they can. France has dangerous neighbors, or certainly one dangerous neighbor—Germany. Each is compelled to have a large army, and keep it in readiness for active service; because it knows that a war is liable to occur at any time, and

a pretext would be found for it by the stronger nation if the other allowed itself to grow perceptibly weaker. France and Germany have been enemies for a very long time; each has grievances against the other, and would embrace the first opportunity to wipe them out.



THE COMPANY KITCHEN.

"The French Army is said to be in excellent condition to take the field," Frank continued, "but it can only keep in this condition by constant drill and exercise. If it had been as thoroughly organized in 1870 as it is now, the nation would not have been so humiliated as it was by Germany. If Louis Napoleon had known the actual condition of the army, he would not have been in the haste that he was to declare war. He was grossly deceived by his high officers, who told him everything was in readiness, down to the last button on the soldiers' gaiters."

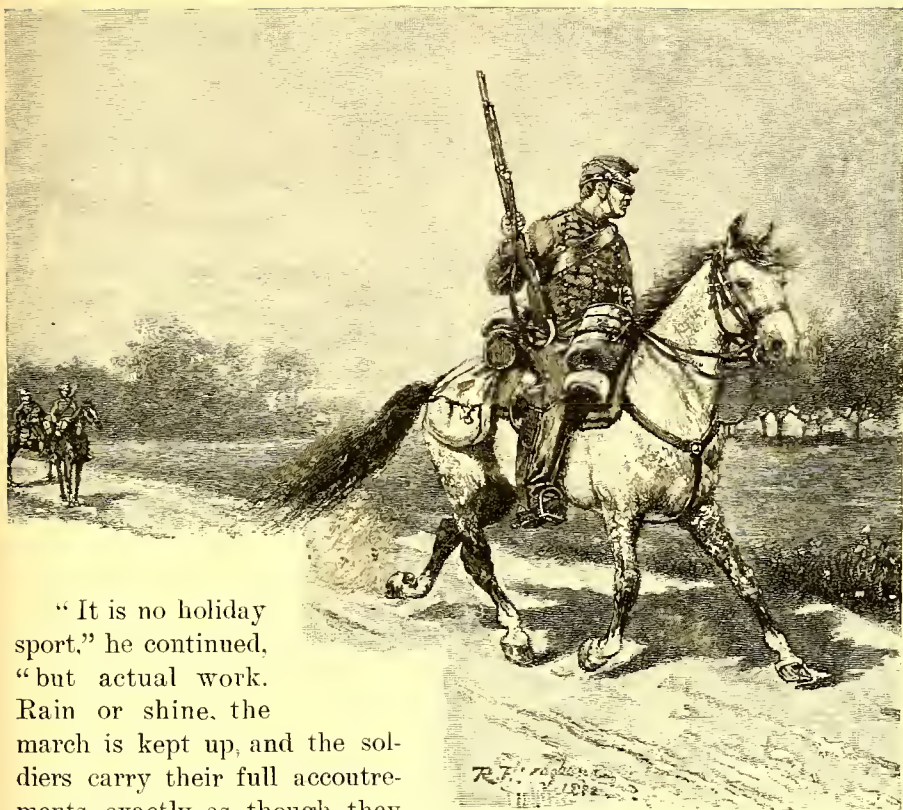
While this conversation took place the carriage was rolling the party in the direction of Vincennes, and in due course of time they arrived at the field where the manoeuvres were to take place. They obtained a good position from which to witness the movements of the different arms of the service; and as there were no fewer than thirty thousand men on parade, the display was an imposing one.

Infantry, cavalry, and artillery performed various evolutions, which were so numerous that no one tried to keep a record of them. The ground was an open plain entirely free from trees, and there was plenty of space for the troops to move in.

Mrs. Bassett said that the grandest of all the displays was when the infantry, and afterwards the cavalry, drawn up in a long line, charged directly towards the fence that separated them from the spectators. On they came at full speed straight towards the fence. It seemed as though they would pass it and sweep down everything before them; but just at the critical moment the officers gave the proper orders, and the line came to a halt only a few yards from the fence, and in almost as perfect array as when it started. She thought they must have practised the movement for a long time to attain such perfection.

"Undoubtedly they have," said Frank. "It has taken months of drill to accomplish this movement or any other that you have witnessed to-day. The perfection of army discipline is to convert thousands of men into as many parts of a machine—the more perfect the machine, the more effective it is as an army."

"A part of the drilling of an army consists in having sham campaigns and battles. The force is divided into two nearly equal parts, and each endeavors to capture the other. No blood is shed, but a great deal of powder is expended, and the movements of the different bodies opposed to each other are exactly like those of actual warfare, with the single exception (and a very important one it is) that life and limb are not in jeopardy. Sometimes a manoeuvre lasts for several days, and the abilities of officers and soldiers are taxed to their utmost."



THE SCOUT.

“It is no holiday sport,” he continued, “but actual work. Rain or shine, the march is kept up, and the soldiers carry their full accoutrements, exactly as though they were on a campaign against their traditional enemy — Germany. The camps are formed at night in the places least exposed to the foe; defences are thrown up here and there, and scouts are kept in advance to discover the enemy’s position and report it to the commanding officers; stragglers are captured and brought in as prisoners of war, and are not allowed to rejoin their commands until they can do so without giving information of any consequence. Hospitals are established, not only for imaginary wounds, but for real cases of illness that are sure to occur while an army is on the march. The Red Cross men are trained in the work of removing the wounded from the field, wounds are dressed, and sometimes there are real wounds, from accidental causes or in consequence of quarrels among the men, though the latter are rare, owing to the severe discipline which punishes both parties to a quarrel, in order to make sure of punishing the right one, and discouraging him for the future.

"In the villages the troops are quartered upon the inhabitants, the capacity of each house being ascertained beforehand. The proper number of men for each house is sent there with a *billet de logement*, or ticket for lodgings, and in this way the soldiers are comfortably located for the night, though sometimes closely crowded."

"It must be a heavy burden upon the inhabitants, and a great disturbance to them to have their houses filled with soldiers," said Mrs. Bassett, as Frank paused in his story.

"Sometimes it is," he answered: "but in most cases the soldiers are welcome, and are treated hospitably by the people. Bear in mind that, in consequence of the universal requirement of the service, nearly every family has one or more of its members in the army, and the people treat those who are quartered upon them as they hope their own kith and kin are treated wherever they may be.

"The soldiers for whom no quarters can be obtained in a village go into camp at convenient spots, either in the public square or in the open ground outside the village, and make themselves as comfortable as possible. Rations are distributed, and the cooking for the camps is done over an open fire, which is sometimes a good deal disturbed by the falling rain. In the evening the guards are set, and there is a patrol whose duty it is to gather in every straggler after a certain hour. Bright and early in the morning the camp is all alive with movement, and the march is begun as soon as each man has swallowed a cup of coffee and eaten a bit of bread for his early breakfast."

"I wonder how they manage to make bread when they are marching in the way you describe," said Mary. "Perhaps they have it sent to them from a central station like this great one at Vincennes."

"That is sometimes the case," Frank explained: "but usually the bread is prepared on the march. It is baked in iron ovens, mounted on wheels like large wagons, and the baking can go on while the wagon is going on, too. The cooking arrangements of the French army are very complete; their commissariat is a distinct organization, with special officers, and when an army is in the field its affairs must be very badly managed if it is not fed fairly well. A great deal of study has been devoted to the work of feeding soldiers in the field: every general of experience recognizes the force of the old saying that an army marches on its stomach, and if the stomach is not cared for the march will come to an end very quickly and disastrously."

Frank told of other matters in connection with the mimic war of the annual manœuvres, but we have space only for what has been recorded.

Fred related a little anecdote about a mimic campaign—he believed it was in Austria or Russia—where the Emperor commanded in person on one side, and a general of high rank was on the other. The general was more zealous than discreet, as he managed to capture the Emperor and his entire staff while they were breakfasting at a farm-house and had neglected to surround themselves with an appropriate guard. The Emperor commended the general for the skill he had displayed, but the next day deprived him of his command, without assigning any reason for so doing, and never afterwards gave him any position of consequence.

“He ought to have known better,” said Mary. “Certainly I wouldn’t have done as he did if I had been in his place. When I was at Mrs. ——’s school, one of the teachers was very fond of playing checkers with the older girls; she couldn’t play very well, but it was always considered the proper thing to allow her to win, as it made her much more amiable.”



THE "BILLET DE LOGEMENT."

"Human nature is the same the world over," said Frank. And with this trite saying the discussion of army movements in France and other countries was brought to an end.



THE PATROL

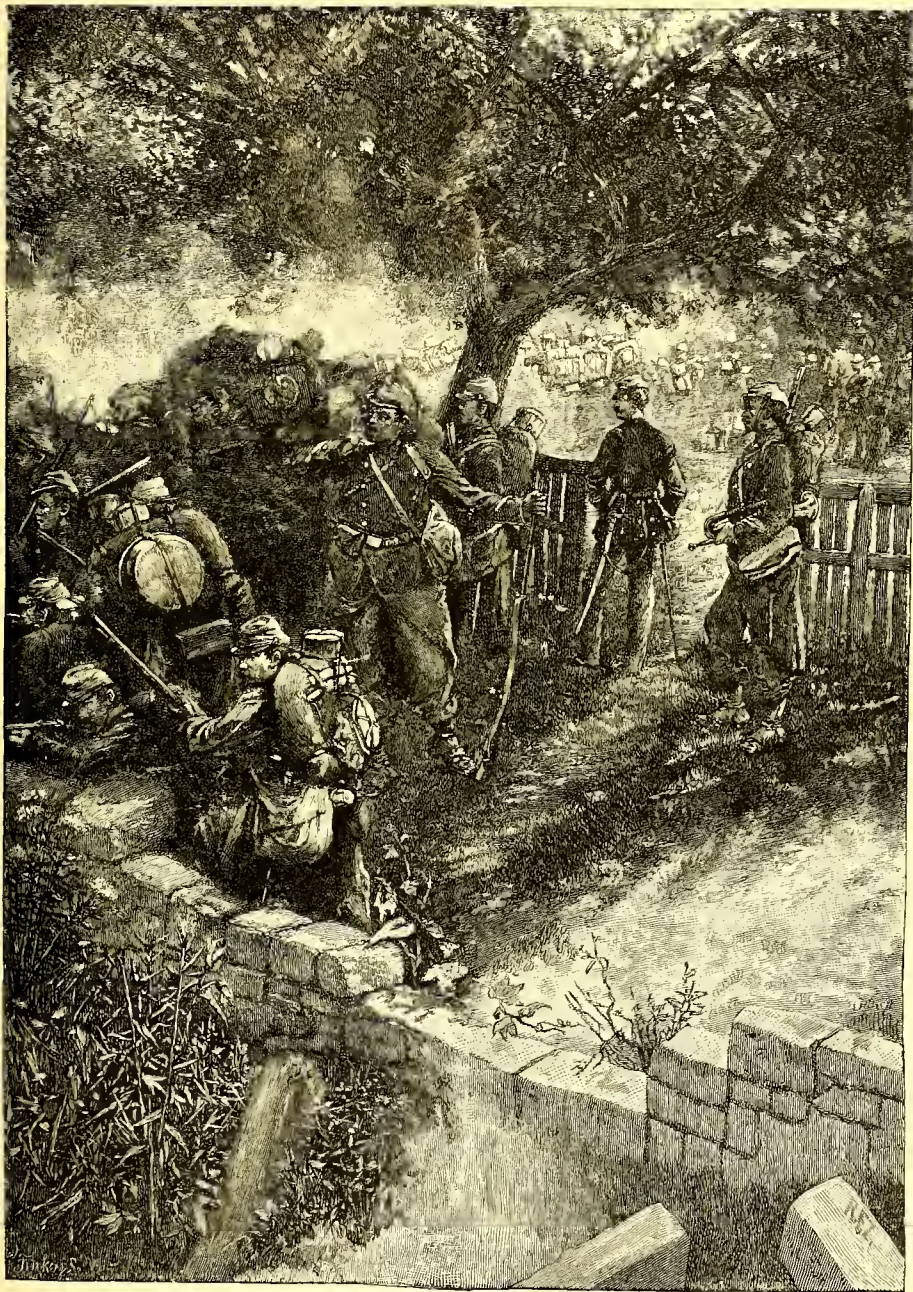
From the army the attention of our friends was naturally turned to the navy, and on this subject Fred has kindly supplied the following notes:

"The navy of France is one of the great navies of the world, as it contains a goodly number of large ships with thick armor, and mounting guns of the largest calibre. It has nearly forty sea-going armored ships—some of steel, others of iron and steel, and others of iron and wood; and in addition to these it has twenty armored ships for coast defence, and a hundred and more torpedo-boats of different sizes and kinds. Altogether there are four hundred and thirty-two vessels in the French navy, and if they were stretched out in a single line they would reach a very long distance.

"You may not be aware that France was the first country in the world to build iron-clad ships, but that is the case. She had some constructed

during the Crimean War, and sent them against the Russian forts near St. Petersburg; and though they didn't capture the forts, they showed that they were much better than ships built entirely of wood."

Frank interrupted the reading of Fred's story to make a correction, to the effect that an iron-clad ship was begun in the United States in 1854, and that the proposals for its construction were laid before Congress in 1842, which was a long time before the beginning of the Crimean War.



THE ATTACK.

"When you come to that," said Fred, "we will go back to the Normans, who put belts of iron around their fighting boats as early as the twelfth century. The Crusaders protected their boats in the same way, and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Pedro of Aragon and Andrea Doria protected their boats with rawhide or leather, or with bulwarks composed of cordage, old sails, and beams of wood. But I adhere to what I said, that the French were the first to build regular ships of war with armor-plating, and they launched no fewer than five of them in the spring of 1855. In 1858 they built *La Gloire*, a wooden frigate, two hundred and fifty feet long, and having her sides plated with iron four and a half inches thick. That vessel was the pioneer of the armor-plated frigates and other great armored and belted ships of the present time."

"You seem to know all about your subject," said Frank, "and I won't interrupt you again—unless I see a good chance."

"That's all right," retorted Fred, "and I don't want you to miss a single chance to throw more light on the subject."

Then he continued his comments on the French navy.

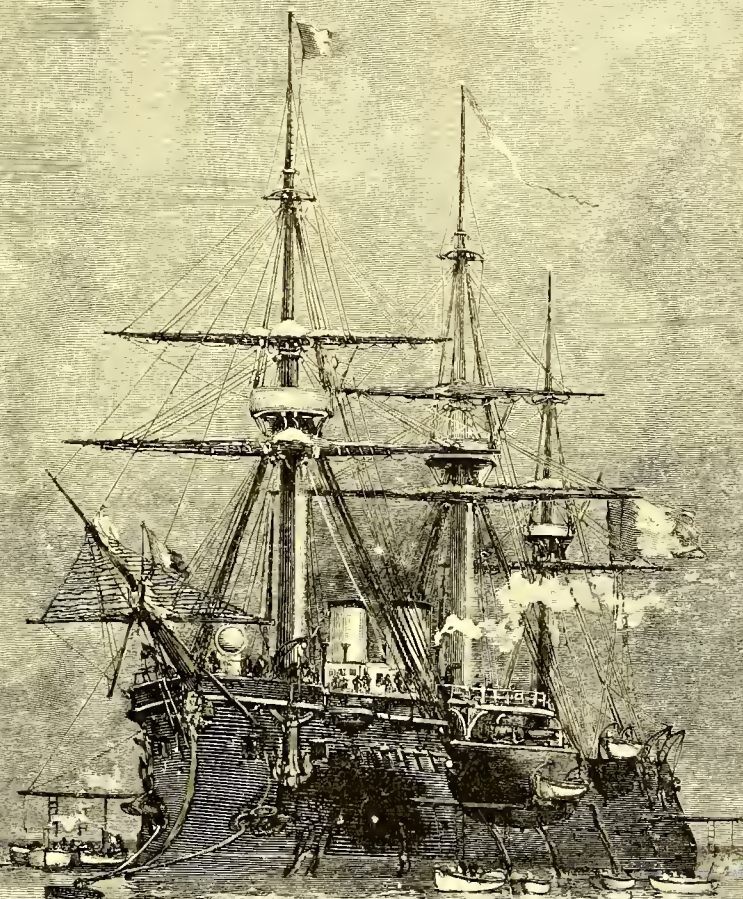
"The four-and-a-half-inch plating of *La Gloire* would be of little account with the French war-ships of to-day. One of them has a steel plating twenty-two inches thick, and there are six ships each with plating more than eighteen inches thick. Then in the smaller ships there are other thicknesses of plating—sixteen, fourteen, twelve, ten, nine, and eight inches, and in no case do they call a vessel armored if it has less than eight inches of plating. The vessels that made such a sensation thirty years ago have been broken up as of no further use."

"Such a large number of ships must require a great number of men to manage them," Mrs. Bassett remarked, as Fred paused to take breath.

"Of course they do," was the reply, "and the men for the navy are secured by conscription in the same way as those for the army, though there are some voluntary enlistments. Altogether, including officers, engineers, sailors, and persons connected with the service in one way or another, the French navy requires an equipment of forty thousand men. Nearly two thousand of these are officers of the various grades, from cadets and ensigns up to admirals, and there are many more cadets and ensigns than admirals, as in all navies."

"Didn't you tell me that the commanders of some of the steamships of the French mail line between New York and Havre belong to the navy of the French republic?"

"I think I did, for such is the case. The Government gives leave



THE "DEVASTATION."—[French armored ship of the first class.]

of absence in time of peace to any officer who wishes to enter the service of one of the steamship companies under the French flag. He receives one-half of the full pay of his grade in the naval service, and in addition to this he has the salary which is paid by the steamship company. Furthermore, he is in active employment on the sea, and all ambitious officers prefer to enter the service of the mercantile companies rather than lie idle, though they may be under the full pay of their rank. Of course they are liable to be recalled at any time in case of war, when they would be needed in the naval service again."

"How much does the navy cost the country every year?"

"According to the latest published figures, the estimates for a year are two hundred and thirty millions of francs, or forty-six millions of dollars. The total value of the vessels in the French Navy was estimated in the same publication at one hundred millions of dollars. Add the forty-six millions for the navy to the one hundred and forty millions for the army, and we see what it costs France every year to keep 'in fighting trim,' as the phrase is. It is a high price, but it must be paid, or the country would quickly be in the hands of its traditional enemy, Germany, which would certainly pounce upon her."

On the return from Vincennes to the city Frank suggested that they had time to visit the famous cemetery of Paris known as Père la Chaise. "It will not be much out of our way," said he, "and I presume we will not care to remain there long."

Mary said she wanted to see the graves of Abelard and Heloise and some others that she had read or heard of, but neither she nor her mother desired to pay anything more than a hasty visit to the place, as they were not fond of cemeteries.

The mention of the cemetery caused Mrs. Bassett to remark upon the custom in France of every man on the street raising his hat when a funeral passes by. She thought it would be an excellent one to introduce into America, but feared that some of her countrymen might object to its adoption because it would take an instant or so of their valuable time. The rest of the party were of the same opinion. Frank said the custom had been adopted by a good many Americans who had lived in France, but of course they were very few in number when compared with the whole population of the United States.

As they approached the cemetery Frank pointed out two prisons on the opposite sides of the street. "The one on the right," said he, "is the Prison de la Roquette; that on the left is the Prison des Jeunes Détenus and not so well known as the other."

"Isn't the Prison de la Roquette the place," Mary asked, "where they put criminals to death?"

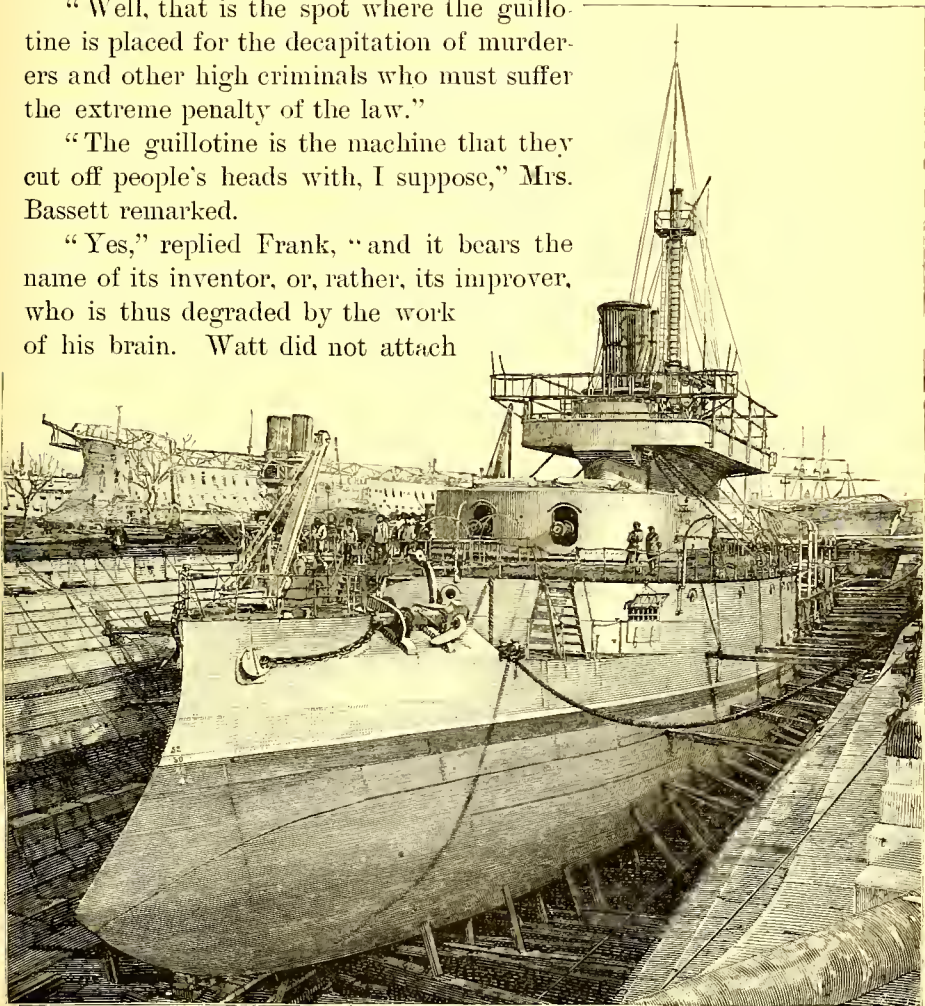
"Yes," replied Frank; "and do you not see that little square in the pavement made by some stones somewhat higher than the rest?"

"I see them," said Mary, as she looked in the direction indicated by her brother as he pointed with his finger.

"Well, that is the spot where the guillotine is placed for the decapitation of murderers and other high criminals who must suffer the extreme penalty of the law."

"The guillotine is the machine that they cut off people's heads with, I suppose," Mrs. Bassett remarked.

"Yes," replied Frank, "and it bears the name of its inventor, or, rather, its improver, who is thus degraded by the work of his brain. Watt did not attach



FRENCH IRON-CLAD SHIP IN DOCK.

his name to the steam-engine; the name of Morse has no connection with the electric telegraph, and the same and more may be said of

other inventors who have conferred great benefits upon the world, and even their names have been forgotten; but Dr. Guillotin lives in history, and his name is used to designate his means of reducing the human race by decapitation."

"Haven't I read somewhere that Dr. Guillotin was himself beheaded on one of his own machines?" Mary inquired.

"Quite likely you have read so, as it has been repeatedly stated, but such was not the case. He died peacefully in his bed in 1814. He suggested the use of the machine during the revolution of 1789, and made some improvements upon an apparatus for decapitation that was already in use. He was an improver rather than an inventor, and as such he ought to be known to the world."

Just beyond the prison our friends passed several establishments for the sale of monuments, wreaths, and flowers, and they knew by these signs that they were approaching the cemetery. Mrs. Bassett asked the meaning of *La Chaise*, the name of the famous burial-place.

"It belonged formerly to Père la Chaise, the confessor of the King, Louis XVI.," said Frank, "and he had a country-house on the ground now occupied by the cemetery. It was bought by the city for its present use early in this century, and latterly has been extended by other purchases. It covers an area of more than one hundred acres, and contains twenty thousand monuments. Many of these monuments are above the graves of persons known to fame, and as we walk about we shall come upon many names that we have often read in books or newspapers of present or past days.

"The place has not always been as peaceful as we find it to-day," Frank continued. "In 1814 there was a battle in the cemetery between French and Russian troops, in which the French were defeated, and in 1871 the Communists made a stand here against the regular troops that were advancing upon them. There are certain days in the year when large numbers of people come to visit the cemetery. The most noted of these is the *Jour des Morts*, on November 2d, when there are probably a hundred thousand people in the cemetery during the course of the day to honor their dead friends."

They left the carriage at the entrance of the cemetery and took a leisurely walk among the tombs that thickly cover the ground. To facilitate their visit a guide was secured at the gate to accompany them on their round, and he led them quite expeditiously. Frank mentioned the desire of Mary to see the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, and they quickly reached it, as it is not far from the entrance. It is on the first

lateral walk to the right, and consists of a Gothic canopy with a sarcophagus beneath it, on which are recumbent figures of the lovers whose fame has lived through seven centuries.

As they stood in front of the tomb Fred asked Mary to tell him about Abelard and Heloise, and why they were famous.

"I don't know much about them," was the reply, "but believe Abelard was a great scholar and theologian, who got into trouble with the religious authorities of his time on account of his writings and lectures. He fell in love with Heloise, the daughter of a canon of the Church, and Heloise loved him in return. They ran away and were married; afterwards he became a monk, and she entered a nunnery; she lived twenty



FUNERAL PROCESSION IN PARIS.

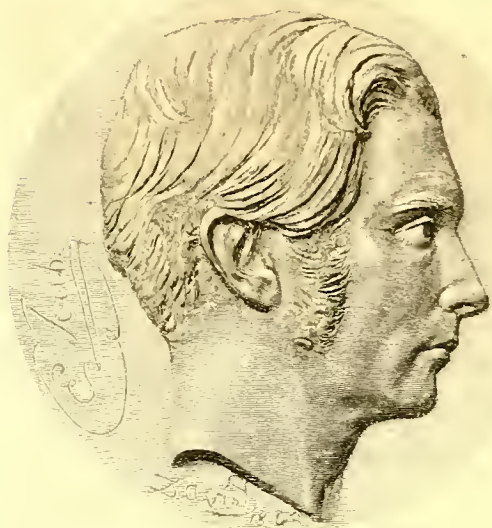
years after his death, and was buried at his side, and they rested peacefully till their ashes were brought to Père la Chaise and placed in one grave. And that is all I know about the romantic story of Abelard and Heloise, the famous lovers."

"And that is a great deal more than most people know," said Fred. "The popular estimation of this couple and reverence for their memory

is based entirely on the love-story of their lives, but the religious world is much more interested in their writings, particularly those of Abelard, which exerted a great influence upon the period in which he lived. They have been published several times, and show that Abelard was the Mar-

tin Luther of his day and the leader in the doctrine of rationalism. He was imprisoned for heresy, and but for the influence of powerful friends would have ended his days in captivity."

By this time they were ready to resume their walk, which we will not follow in its details. Mrs. Bassett was deeply impressed with the manner in which the chapels and tombs were crowded closely together.



EUGENE SCRIBE.

and said it was a pity that space in the cemetery was so very limited. At every few steps they stopped to look at the monuments of men known to fame or connected in some way with the history of France. Now it was the memorial to Nelaton, the famous surgeon of the time of the second empire; now that of Casimir Perier, an orator of renown and minister of Louis Philippe; and not far away was the tomb of Perrin, marshal under Napoleon I. Mary called attention to the tomb of Chopin, the composer of music, and Frank at the same time indicated the burial-place of Bettini, another composer.

Here was the grave of Champollion, the Egyptologist, and near it the resting-place of Kellermann, Duke of Valmy and Marshal of France, whose cavalry was the strong arm of the armies of the great Napoleon. Not far away is the tomb of the Thiers family, with the grave of the

famous statesman of France ; here rests Scribe the dramatist, and beyond him Béranger the poet, and Massena, another marshal of the first empire. The list can be extended to great length, and only including names known to fame. Hours may be devoted to Père la Chaise and the illustrious personages who found their resting-place within its walls and beneath its tombs.

As they came out of the cemetery and drove down the Rue de la Roquette, Mrs. Bassett asked how many cemeteries there are in Paris or near it.

"There are twenty-two in all," was the reply, "the most important being Père la Chaise, Montparnasse, and Montmartre ; but the one we have just seen is the most famous, as you already know. A burial-place in any of the cemeteries costs not less than seven hundred francs, and even this sum entitles the purchaser to a sufficient area for a grave, and no more. All funerals in the Department of the Seine, to which Paris belongs, are conducted by an association, or company, and they have a fixed rate of charges from twelve and a half francs up to seven thousand two hundred francs. There are from eighty to one hundred deaths daily in Paris, and sometimes the latter number is exceeded considerably, especially in times of epidemics."

From the Rue de la Roquette the carriage turned into the Boulevard Voltaire, and our friends soon found themselves in the handsome Place de la Republique, which appears on former maps of Paris as the Place du Château d'Eau. The attention of the strangers was drawn to the bronze statue of the republic, in the centre of the square. It is a fine work of art, and the reader will form an idea of its size by knowing that its height from the ground to the highest point of the top is thirty-two feet. Statues of "Liberty," "Equality," and "Fraternity" are the principal figures, and there are twelve bass-reliefs in bronze, representing as many epochs in the history of the republic, from the capture of the Bastille in 1789 to the overthrow of the empire in 1871.

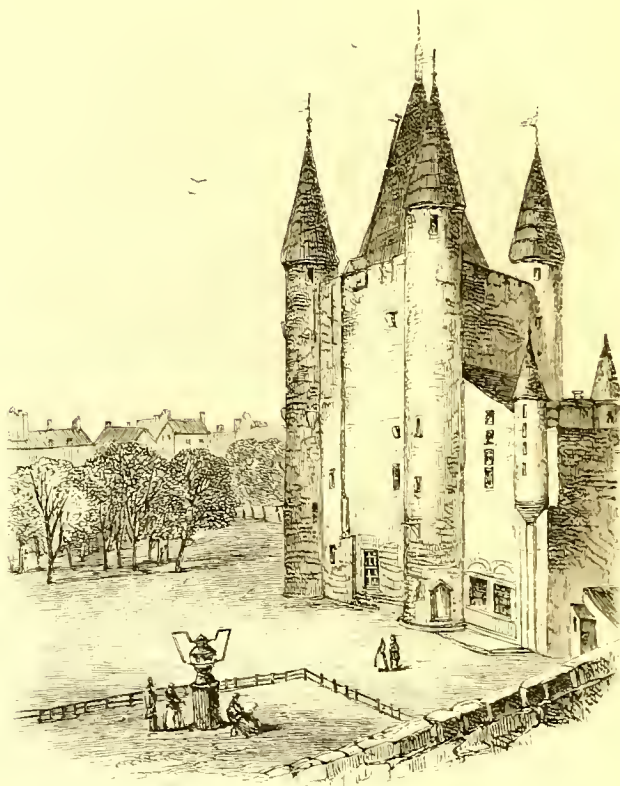
"We are not far from the site of the old temple," said Frank, "which has recently been devoted to the purposes of a market. In the thirteenth century the Knights Templars had a stronghold there, but they were suppressed and driven out, and the Government took possession of the place and used the building as a treasury and storehouse. In the revolution of 1789 it was the prison of the royal family, and from there the King and others were led to their death. On account of its notoriety it was removed a few years after the revolution and converted into a market, which bore the name of The Temple, as the present one does."

“That isn’t the principal market of Paris, is it?” queried Mrs. Bassett.

“Not by any means,” Frank answered. “The great market is called Les Halles Centrales, or usually Les Halles, and is well worth seeing. It is too late now, and, besides, the evening isn’t a good time to visit the market. We’ll go there in the morning some day, as early as we can get away from the hotel, and I think you will find it an interesting place for an hour or two, if no longer.”

“I’m sure I shall,” was the reply; “as I always like to look through a market. You can learn more from the market of a city than from any other one thing in it, and sometimes more than from all other things put together; that is my experience.”

We fully indorse Mrs. Bassett’s view on this point, and so, we are confident, will every intelligent reader of this volume.

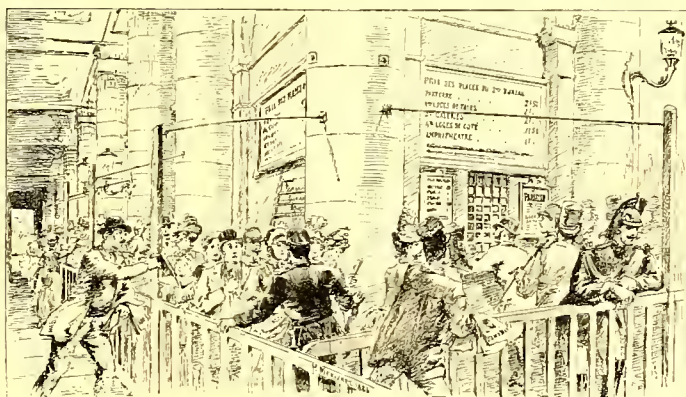


THE TEMPLE.—[From an old print.]

CHAPTER VIII.

LES HALLES CENTRALES, THE GREAT MARKET OF PARIS; ITS EXTENT AND CHARACTER; HOW IT IS MANAGED; WHAT THE VISITORS SAW.—DAILY CONSUMPTION OF FOOD.—THE *OCTROI*; ITS ORIGIN AND USES.—THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.—BUYING TICKETS.—ANTIQUITY OF THE THEATRE.—A REMINISCENCE OF LOUIS XIV.—ORGANIZATION OF THE COMPANY.—CURIOUS CUSTOMS.—“THE TRIPLE KNOCK.”—A VIEW OF THE GREENROOM AND FOYER.—THE GOVERNMENT SUBSIDY.—“HERNANI.”—AN AMERICAN’S MISTAKE.—GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF THE THEATRE.—FAMOUS FRENCH COMEDIANS.—THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE; MARY’S ACCOUNT OF WHAT THEY SAW THERE.—A WATER CIRCUS.

AT breakfast the next morning Mrs. Bassett referred to the talk about markets and market-places, and asked if they could visit the Halles Centrales on their excursion for the day.



TICKET-OFFICE OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

“I think we will see the great market at once,” said Frank. “It is a pleasant morning, and after breakfast we will drive directly to the Halles and see what is to be seen there.”

In accordance with this arrangement, our friends found themselves in front of the great pavilion of iron and zinc from which the central

part of Paris draws the principal portion of its daily subsistence. Mrs. Bassett was somewhat surprised at the vastness of the establishment, which covers an area of twenty-two acres, and all practically under a single roof. She did not remember to have seen anywhere a market that approached in vastness the great central one of Paris.

"You observe," said Fred, "that there are several pavilions, all joined to each other. There are ten of these pavilions, with covered streets between them, and these streets are intersected by a wide avenue, or boulevard, so that wagons may go all through the market and be sheltered from the rain, if any happens to be falling."

"I wonder how many stalls there are in the market," said Mary. "It seems to me there must be a great many."

"Each of the pavilions contains 250 stalls, so that there are 2500 stalls in all. This is for the retail department, which does not include the wholesale section, on the side opposite to where we now are."

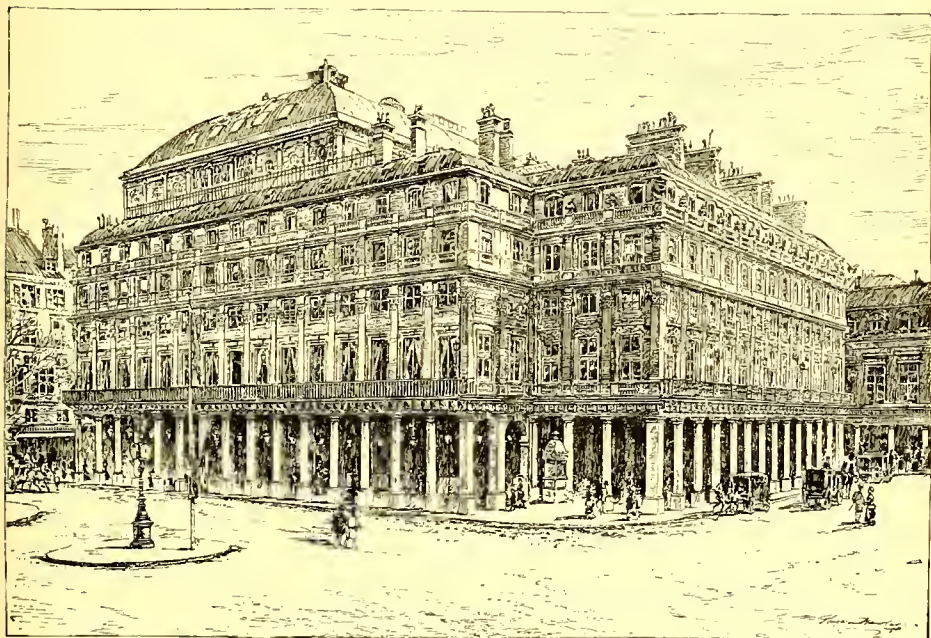
They strolled for a while among the stalls, stopping now and then to chat with some of the persons in charge of the place, and observing everywhere the order and cleanliness for which the French markets are famous. Meat, eggs, vegetables, poultry, fish, and all other kinds of edibles for the dinner-table were there in abundance, and Mrs. Bassett expressed a desire to know the extent of the traffic in articles of food in the *halles* in a single day.

Frank was statistical, and said that the daily expenditure in Paris for bread, meat, and wine amounted to about 3,000,000 francs, or \$600,000. "There are about 2,275,000 inhabitants in Paris," said he, "and the estimate is that each one consumes yearly on the average 175 pounds of meat, 360 pounds of bread, and 196 quarts of wine. This market handles only a part of the food consumed in the city, as there are several other *halles*, and a good many wholesale dealers and large consumers import their provisions directly to their establishments and are independent of the markets."

Frank spoke to one of the eustodians of the place, and the man called an assistant who accompanied the party to the cellars where the official inspection takes place. On the way Frank explained to his mother that the entire space under the market was honey-combed with cellars, some for storage and others for inspection.

The authorities are careful to see that nothing which is unfit for human food shall be sold in the markets. Consequently, everything must be examined by experts, and these men do their work thoroughly. Mrs. Bassett was particularly interested in the examination of eggs,

which was done with amazing rapidity. Everybody knows about holding an egg up to the light to determine its quality, but the most of us would hardly be able to examine eggs in this way with any sort of rapidity. The egg experts at the *halles* will examine the contents of a large basket, passing each egg in front of a burning gas-jet, in little



EXTERIOR OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

more than the time it takes to mention the feat. Mary thought that the man they looked at would examine a hundred eggs and settle decisively upon their character in the time that it would take her to dispose of a single one.

"They handle nearly 4,000,000 dozens of eggs every year," said Frank, "and other things in proportion. Here are the figures for the yearly business of the *halles*: Fish, 65,000,000 pounds; meat, 66,000,000 pounds; poultry and game, 55,000,000 pounds; butter, 27,000,000 pounds; and cheese, 15,000,000 pounds. Two hundred and fifty millions of oysters are sold here, and in some seasons the figures are nearly doubled. And do you know that everything sold here must pay a tax before it can be placed in the market?"

"I know," said Mary; "you refer to the *octroi* duty that is levied at the gates of Paris, and many other continental towns and cities."

"Yes, the *octroi*," replied Frank; "the *octroi* of Paris yields a revenue of 60,000,000 francs, or \$12,000,000 annually. It is levied upon food and drink, and upon coal, hay, grain, and everything else eaten by man or beast, or burned in grates or furnaces."

Mrs. Bassett asked when the *octroi* was established in France, and why we do not have it in the United States.

"I will answer your last question first," said Frank in reply. "The *octroi* tax is unpopular everywhere, and—"

"That is the case with most taxes, so far as I ever heard," remarked Mrs. Bassett, with a smile.

"Quite true; but the *octroi* tax is particularly so, as it bears directly upon everybody, and in some of its features is more severe upon the poor than upon the well-to-do or the rich. For example, everything is taxed by weight or measure without regard to quality; wine is taxed by the gallon or barrel, no matter whether it be the common wine costing a franc or less for a gallon, or the finest qualities of old wines worth a hundred times as much as the common sort. An *octroi* tax in any American city would be sure to drive from office every man concerned in levying it, and you know politicians are very much disinclined to do unpopular things that may throw them out of office.

"As to your second query, the *octroi* is a very old institution in France, and was first levied, I believe, by the Norman kings a thousand and more years ago. Originally it was levied 'in kind;' that is, it was paid in the articles on which it was imposed; but for the last two hundred years it has been collected in money. It was abolished in the revolution of 1789, but re-established in 1798."

On their way from their hotel to the markets our friends had passed the Comédie Française, better known as the Théâtre Français, or, to put it into English, "the French Theatre." Mrs. Bassett remarked that she had heard it was the best theatre in the world, and supposed it must be something wonderful if it was better than all the rest. She was inclined to doubt the truth of the statement, as the house, while handsome enough in external appearance, was very much inferior to other theatres that she had seen in Europe and America.

"It is not the magnificence of the building," said Frank, "to which people refer when they speak of its being the best theatre in the world, but the character of the acting and the severe rules by which it is governed."



VESTIBULE OF THE THEATRE.

"How does it excel other theatres of Paris in those respects?" was the very natural question which the remark evoked.

"To begin with," said Frank, "this theatre is a very old institution, as it has had an existence of nearly three centuries."

"It doesn't look as old as that, certainly."

"I don't mean the building, but the company of players," responded Frank. "The building was erected—this one, I mean—about a hundred years ago, and has recently been repaired and restored. But the company of players dates from the year 1600, and some historians are inclined to place its origin in 1548, when a company of players was established in Paris, which was afterwards united with two others into the Comédie Française. The real Comédie Française was the creation of Louis XIV., and it is said that he established and encouraged it to aid in spreading the French language, which he regarded as the language of the world."

"Perhaps that may account," said Mary, "for the tradition that the best French one can hear is that which is spoken on the stage of the Théâtre Français. That's what my teacher in New York used to tell me."

"Certainly I know of no place where you will hear better French than at this theatre, and you shall have the opportunity this evening. When we have seen the great market we will come back and get tickets for the performance, provided they can be had."

Thus it happened that when their visit to Les Halles Centrales was concluded they returned to the theatre. Fred took Mrs. Bassett and Mary for a stroll in the garden of the Palais Royal and a view of the shop-windows, while Frank went to the *bureau de location* of the theatre to secure tickets for the evening.

The purchase of tickets at the *bureau* is a performance that requires patience. The would-be purchasers form in line, and one at a time they are admitted in their turns to a little enclosure in front of the window where the tickets are sold. Nobody is ever in a hurry after he reaches the window, however much he may have been before getting there, and the waiting ones outside are treated to a display of the utmost deliberation on the part of the individual making a selection of seats. When Frank took his place on the line he was the twelfth from the window, and he thought he would be able to rejoin his friends in as many minutes, but it was half an hour before he had obtained his tickets and departed to find his party.

Mrs. Bassett asked how much less the tickets cost when taken in advance than when bought after the opening of the doors in the evening. She was surprised to learn that they cost two francs extra for each

ticket. "This is the custom of the country," said Frank, "and it insures the reservation of the seats. If we had bought at the door before going in we could not have reserved places, but would have to take whatever the attendants chose to give. There are numerous ticket-offices along the boulevards, but a higher price, sometimes five francs extra, is charged there for reserved seats; and very often, when you have bought seats in what appears to be a good location, you find on reaching the house that they are in a very bad position. This trick is not unknown to the ticket speculators of New York, as many a victim can testify."

"I hope you have seats in the orchestra," said Mrs. Bassett; "I would rather be there than anywhere else in the house."

"Ladies are not admitted to the orchestra seats in the Théâtre Français," replied Frank.

"And why not, I wonder?"

"It is the custom which has descended from the time when the theatre was first established," was the reply. "They are very conservative at the Français, and unwilling to do anything different from what was done in the time of Corneille and Molière. There are several theatres in Paris which exclude ladies from the orchestra."

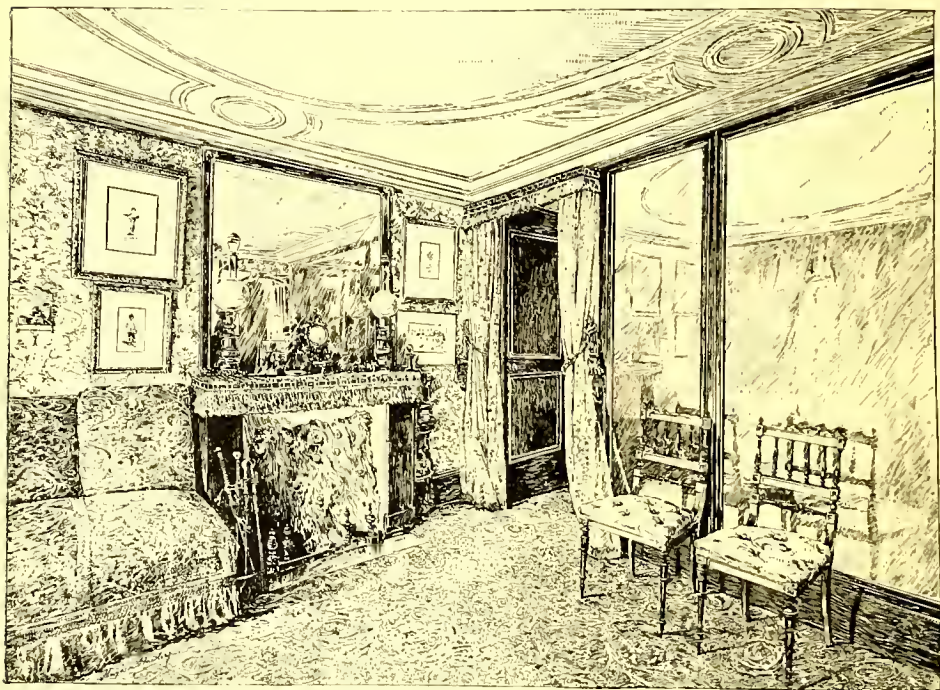
The seats of our friends were in the first gallery, and afforded an excellent view of the house, including both stage and audience. Mrs. Bassett and Mary were inclined to repel the attentions of the feminine



WAITING FOR HER CUE.

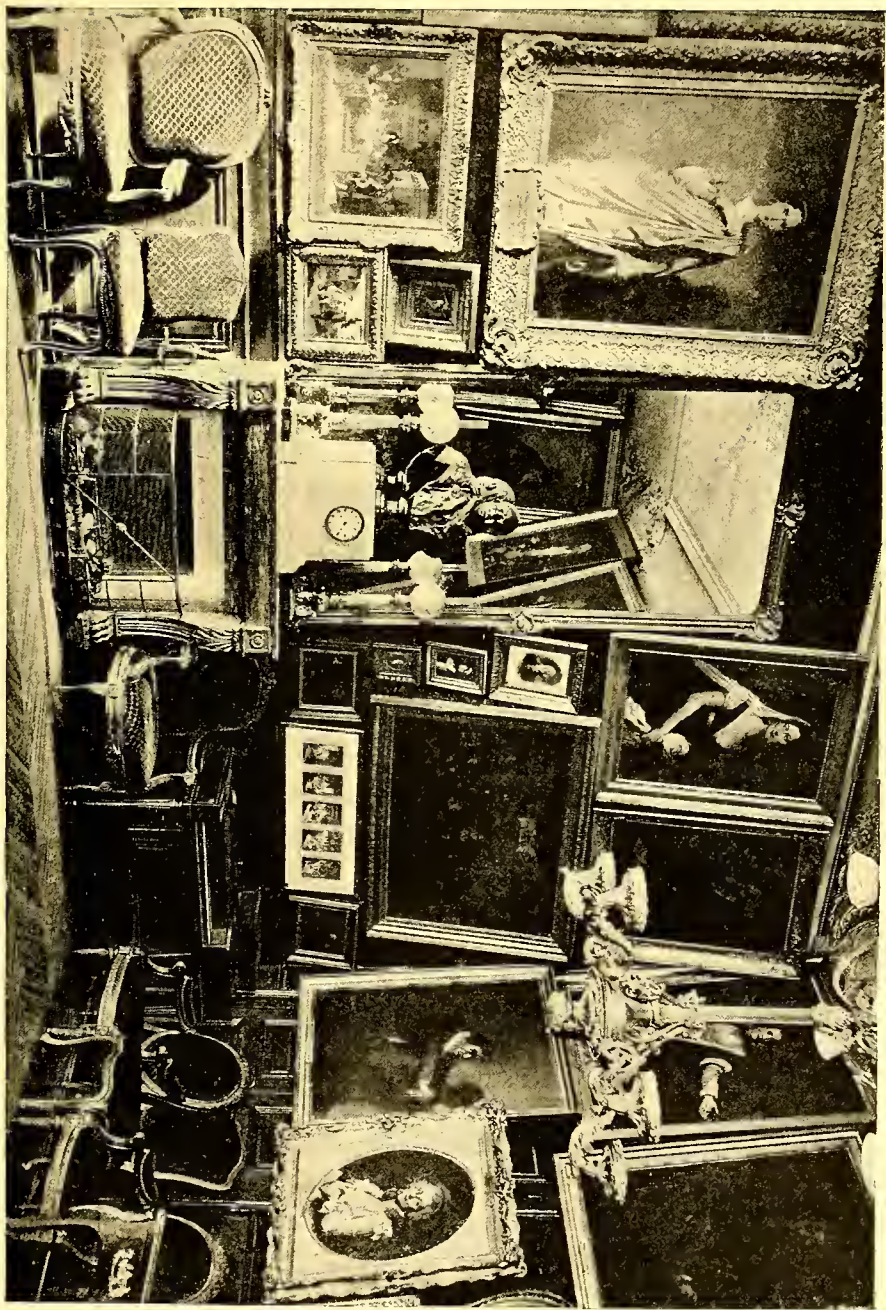
attendants of the cloak-room, who insisted upon taking charge of their wraps and supplying them with footstools. Frank whispered that they had better submit to the imposition, for it is nothing else, as it was one of the customs of the country.

Accordingly, they submitted and paid the fees, Mrs. Bassett remarking as she left the house that she wondered the French did not see the absurdity of compelling a woman to take care of her cloak for a part of the evening, but insisting upon taking it away for the rest of the time. It should be explained that the attendants bring the ladies' cloaks to them and collect the fees for their so-called "services" in the intermission preceding the last act. If a fair visitor be burdened with her wraps through the last act, she may just as well care for them through the preceding ones.



DRESSING-ROOM OF AN ACTRESS.

Before the raising of the curtain, Frank called attention to the ceiling of the interior, which represented France distributing laurels to her three great dramatists, Corneille, Molière, and Racine. Our



THE GREENROOM.

friends had not much time for contemplating these decorations, as the curtain rose in a very few minutes after their arrival. Though they went early to the house, they had used up a goodly amount of their time in an examination of the statues, busts, and other ornaments of the magnificent foyer, or public hallway, and in contemplating the great stairway which is the admiration and pride of every Parisian.

Mary remarked that she thought there was a very good history of the French stage in the statuary and paintings to be seen in the theatre. Frank said she would think so still more if she were admitted behind the scenes and into the greenroom, where the actors assemble previous to the performance, or when not wanted on the stage during its progress.

"The walls of the greenroom," said Frank, "are covered with portraits of famous actors and dramatists from the time of Corneille to the present, and so numerous are they that hardly a square inch of wall can be seen. In a frame and covered with glass is the decree of Louis XIV., signed by him and countersigned by his Minister of State, Colbert, which established the theatre and bestowed a pension of twelve thousand francs a year upon the comedians. There is an old clock of the last century, with a bust of Molière upon its top. The furniture is in the style of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., and the oaken floor has no carpet, but is waxed until it could almost serve as a mirror."

"You said that King Louis XIV. gave an annual present of twelve thousand francs to the comedians: do they get that amount of money every year at the present time?"

"Yes, and a great deal more. The annual subvention or allowance to the Théâtre Français is 240,000 francs, or \$48,000. The Grand Opéra-house has a subvention of 800,000 francs, the Opéra Comique 300,000 francs, and the Odéon Théâtre 100,000 francs. The other theatres of Paris are not subsidized, and consequently are not known as 'Government' theatres, like the ones I have mentioned."

"Has the Théâtre Français been subsidized ever since the time the subsidy was first granted by Louis XIV.?"

"Practically it has. For ten years after 1789 it had no subsidy, and for a part of that time the actors were imprisoned by order of the leaders of the revolution; the subsidy was also stopped for a short time during the war of 1871, but on that occasion the actors were not deprived of their liberty. The theatre is just as prosperous under the republic as it was under the empire; changes of government do not affect it; and no matter who may be their ruler, the French cling to the drama as an unfailing source of amusement."

When the curtain rose, Mrs. Bassett's attention was fixed upon the stage with an earnestness which showed her unfamiliarity with it. Not a word escaped her; and she declared, in the intermission, that though she had never studied French, and did not ordinarily comprehend it, she understood a great deal of the dialogue of the play she witnessed. She is by no means the first American who has made the same comment upon the French of the Comédie Française. Mary said she had never heard the Gallic tongue to such perfection, and she thought Louis XIV. had a wise head on his shoulders when he decided to establish this theatre in order to spread the knowledge of the French language, as stated in the history of the famous house.

Nothing escaped Mrs. Bassett's eyes or ears, and one of her first questions related to the three solemn knocks which precede the raising of the curtain. Frank explained that they were a part of the traditions of the theatre, and dated from the time of Molière, when the halberdiers of the King or other high personages used to strike the floor with their staffs as they walked in front of the great man, and thus announced his coming. The signal is given by the stage-manager with a heavy staff, and there is an interval of about a second between the knocks. The curtain of this theatre is never "rung up," for the reason that there is no bell to ring.

The play which our friends witnessed was "Hernani." The reader who is familiar with this drama will agree with Frank and Fred that it was not at all hilarious; and Mrs. Bassett was at a loss to understand where the fun came in, as she had heard there was a great deal of fun in the French theatres. "Hernani," it is proper to remark, is a very



STAGE-MANAGER MAKING "THE THREE KNOCKS."



HAT AND CLOAK ROOM.

solemn sort of tragedy in verse, its scene being laid in the time of Charlemagne. Apropos of this, Frank related an anecdote about a gentleman who shall be nameless.

"He was in Paris in the summer of 1867," said Frank, "when the performance of 'La Grand Duchesse de Gerolstein' by Mademoiselle Schneider was one of the theatrical sensations of the time. This gentleman went one evening to see the wonderful Schneider, who was performing at the Palais Royal Théâtre, not far

from the Français. Arriving at the theatre, he bought his ticket and entered, and just as he did so the curtain rose upon the performance. He had no programme; programmes are not distributed free in the Parisian as in the American theatres, but must be bought, and he had not taken the trouble to buy one before entering the house.

"The gentleman looked and listened, and listened and looked, through the first act, and wondered when the fun would begin—he had heard that the play was one of the most amusing that had been seen on the stage for a long while—but to his surprise there was nothing to raise the faintest semblance of a smile from the time the curtain went up till it fell at the end of the act. Then he went into the vestibule and bought a programme. He found that he was in the Théâtre

Français instead of the Palais Royal, and was listening to the stately and solemn verse of Victor Hugo in 'Hernani,' instead of the drolleries of 'La Grande Duchesse.' He laughed at his mistake, and remained to see the end of the performance, reserving the 'Grande Duchesse' for another evening, when he made no mistake."

After the laugh which followed the story was ended, Frank told his mother that the company of the Comédie Française was something more than the ordinary theatrical company which is engaged at the beginning of a season and discharged at the end of it, and very often before the season is closed, as in the United States.

"At the head of the management is an administrator, who is appointed by the Government, and is generally a literary man of distinction. Then there is a company of twenty-four stockholders, or *sociétaires*, who share the profits of the theatre after the expenses are paid; these *sociétaires* are chosen from among the oldest of the comedians, or those who have given the longest service, and they are elected for a period of twenty years, after which they retire upon a pension. The other members of the company are paid by salary, and the salaries are graded according to the importance of the individual. At the last annual report of the affairs of the company, fifty-one persons who had served their time and been placed on the retired list were receiving an aggregate of 126,000 francs annually."

Mrs. Bassett was much interested in Mounet-Sully, who rep-



MOUNET-SULLY AS HERNANI.

resented the title role in 'Hernani.' She thought he did his part admirably, and was as melancholy as one could wish, but she didn't believe he could be the clown of a circus if he tried ever so hard. Other patrons of the Français who have seen him will undoubtedly agree with her.

"He never plays in comedy," said Frank, in explanation of the inability of Mounet-Sully to be humorous. "You ought to see Coquelin Cadet, or Coquelin the younger, in a comedy part, and then I'm sure you would have a good laugh over his work. A famous comedian of this theatre was Frederick Lemaître, who died in 1876; he may be said to have created the character of Robert Macaire, and those who saw him say he kept the audience in a roar of laughter all the time he was on the stage. But he was also a great tragedian, and it was difficult for any one who had seen him in a tragic part to realize his powers as a comedian, or when seeing him as a comedian to believe that he could play in tragedy."

We will not attempt to record all that was said by our friends during their evening at the Comédie Française. Frank told his mother about Coquelin the elder—the two Coquelins are brothers—and

other gentlemen of the company, and he answered several questions which Mary asked concerning Madame Bernhardt, Mademoiselles Reichenberg and Croisette, and other actresses whose names have become famous on the French stage. Altogether, the evening was passed very agreeably, and Mrs. Bassett and her daughter found the curtain falling on the last act of the play at an hour much later than they supposed it was.

It may be said in this connection that Paris contains about twenty



F. LEMAÎTRE AS ROBERT MACAIRE.

large theatres, and as many smaller ones, and almost any kind of dramatic taste may be satisfied. Then there are concerts of various grades, and for the lovers of music on a grand scale there is the Opéra-house, which was begun under the second empire and completed under the republic, and is beyond question the finest opera-house in the world. Our friends visited it one evening, and here is Mary's account of what they saw and heard during their stay:

"We had seen the outside of the Opéra-house several times, and I knew that if the interior was at all in keeping with the exterior it must be very grand indeed. I tried to imagine what it was and read several descriptions, but in spite of imagination and descriptions the reality was more than I expected to find. It is no more possible to describe the interior of the Opéra-house than it is to tell in words the flavor of a fruit or the perfume of a flower, and I don't think I'll try. You may suppose that all the great adjectives in the language, and some borrowed from the French, are thrown in here together; then multiply by two or three, and you may possibly get an idea of the grandeur of the new Opéra-house of Paris as it is to-day.

"Frank says it is not the most capacious theatre in the world, though the largest in area, as it seats only 2156 persons, and therefore has a smaller capacity than several other theatres or opera-houses, especially those of Vienna, Naples, Milan, and Barcelona. Together with the three acres of ground on which it stands it cost very nearly ten millions of dollars, and the stone of which it is built came from half a dozen different countries. Red and green granite, red porphyry, and marbles of different construction were used in the exterior and interior of the building, and nearly all the prominent sculptors of France were employed in one way and another. The outside is very fine in its way, though it has been criticised a good deal—mostly by those who had nothing to do with the erection of the building. On the front there are groups of statuary or single statues, representing 'Poetry,' 'Drama,' 'Declamation,' 'The Dance,' and other subjects. Soon after the statuary was unveiled there was much discussion concerning it, and one night a quantity of ink was thrown over some of the figures. Of course there was more discussion than ever, and it was very broadly insinuated that the ink had been thrown by friends of the sculptor in order to attract public attention to the work.

"We went into an enormous vestibule, which seemed capable of containing half the audience at once. We had secured tickets in advance, and had no occasion to stop at the ticket-office, which is in the vestibule.

The grand staircase about which we had heard a great deal was right in front of us, and we followed the others who were ascending it.

"And what a staircase it is! All in solid marble—that is, the steps are

marble, but the balustrades are of *rosso antico*, and there is a hand-rail of onyx! Frank says the lower part of the staircase is thirty-two feet wide; about half-way up to the next floor it divides into two parts, which turn in opposite directions and are narrower at the lower portion.

"But if the staircase is grand, the great foyer or promenade hall is grander yet. It is 175 feet long by 42 feet wide, and it seemed to me that the ceiling was fully fifty feet above my head. Frank said I had guessed very well, as the actual height of the ceiling above



STAIRCASE OF THE NEW OPÉRA-HOUSE.

the floor is fifty-nine feet. All this grand hall is profusely decorated with painting and gilding, and adorned with sculpture which it would take me an hour to describe, and even then I shouldn't be half through

my description. And speaking of the foyer reminds me of an incident that made an American, a stranger to us, very angry.

“Between two of the acts we went out to promenade in the foyer. Gentlemen may put on their hats there if they choose, and the American I refer to followed the example of the rest. Unfortunately for him, his hat was a soft one, such as is worn in the Western States and Territories, and to a less extent around New York. One of the attendants of the foyer politely told him that he must remove the hat; the American pretended that he did not understand, and answered in very plain American language that he was ‘all right.’ The attendant then motioned to the hat, and indicated by signs that it could not be worn there; the American protested, and said many things uncomplimentary to the French; but the affair ended by his removing the hat, as he was made to understand that he would be excluded from the place if he did not comply with the rules of the management.

“Since this occurrence I have learned that there are many places where a man wearing a soft hat or cap is not allowed to enter, or if so allowed, he is liable to uncivil treatment. Frank says that the reason of it is that the cap and the soft hat are not considered the attributes of a gentleman; they belong exclusively to the working or middle classes, and are never worn by any one who makes a pretence of belonging among the aristocracy, which is very rigid in its rules.

“There are several saloons and rooms open to the public, and either connected with the foyer or with some of the galleries. Everywhere that we went we found paintings and statuary, and as for the ceilings, they were fairly covered with decorations wherever a figure could be placed. We had secured a box for our party, and were very comfortably placed; there are four tiers of boxes, and there is a gallery above the fourth tier, and as for the lower tier, it is just sufficiently above the orchestra or parterre to give a clear view of the stage even if the people there should happen to be standing up. Ladies are not admitted to the orchestra seats, and the rule is inflexible.

“Frank says the stage is 178 feet wide and 74 feet deep, and the arch above it is almost two hundred feet high. Of course they have all the paraphernalia they want for the production of the operas that are given here, as the house is heavily subsidized by the Government, in addition to the revenue from the sale of tickets and the subscriptions for boxes. There are about two hundred and fifty performers attached to the house, besides a small army of attendants, so that it takes a great deal of money to support the establishment. Opera is given here three times a week,

and in winter there is an extra performance on Saturday. Among the professional singers it is considered a piece of the highest good-fortune to be engaged to appear at the Grand Opéra-house, and there is always a great deal of strife for places. The leading singers are engaged by the year, and sometimes for longer terms, and their salaries are high, but not as high as is sometimes the case in New York.



CEILING OF AUDITORIUM—NEW OPÉRA-HOUSE.

“The opera they performed the night we went there was ‘Hamlet,’ by Ambroise Thomas. Mamma thought it was by Theodore Thomas, whom she had seen in New York, and she was greatly interested in it until she found out her mistake. She did not lose her interest altogether when we set her right, but remarked, with a sigh, that she was disappointed, as she had never seen or heard of the French composer before. I should have remarked that the opera given here is national, the composers and language being French, and the scenes laid in France, where they can be so laid without sacrificing too much of the truth of history.

“From our box we had a fine view of the stage, and could see and

hear to our complete satisfaction. I cannot say that I greatly admire the music of 'Hamlet,' but I'm not competent to criticise, and therefore will not endeavor to explain the reasons for my indifference. But this I must say, that everything was rendered to perfection, and the *mise en scène*, as they call the general setting of the stage, was the finest I ever saw. Mother rubbed her eyes two or three times, as though uncertain whether she was awake or dreaming, and I confess to an inclination to do the same thing occasionally.

"On the whole, I don't wonder that the Parisians are very proud of their Opéra-house, as they certainly have a right to be. Neither do I wonder that the representatives of the classes who cannot afford to go to the opera, but are obliged to pay their share of the taxes, look upon the heavy cost of the building and the annual expenditure for subsidies as a burden upon the people that ought to be removed."

During the rest of their stay in Paris our friends visited some of the minor theatres, but did not find any of them as interesting as the *Comédie Française*, of which we have had such a full description. They also visited the *Nouveau Cirque*, which is one of the institutions of the French capital. It is a circus, with the ring so arranged that it can be flooded for aquatic performances in a few minutes, and it was to see this change that the party went there.

"There were the usual performances of the circus," said Fred, "and then a great carpet of rough material which covered the flooring was rolled up. The flooring is of planks, bored full of holes, and it is arranged somehow so that the water rises through it, and flows around it in all directions. In a few minutes there was water enough in the ring for a boat-race and a race with water-bicycles. Frank said it was the tank drama of America on the largest scale he had ever seen."

CHAPTER IX.

A VISIT TO THE SALON.—SOMETHING ABOUT FRENCH ART.—COLLECTIONS OF THE LOUVRE AND THE LUXEMBOURG.—ART STUDENTS IN PARIS.—SCHOOLS OF ART.—MINISTER OF FINE ARTS AND HIS DUTIES.—PICTURES BOUGHT BY GOVERNMENT.—DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTICS OF FRENCH ART.—NOTED FRENCH ARTISTS OF TO-DAY.—A VISIT TO A FAMOUS STUDIO.—ÉCOUEN, AND THE ARTISTS THERE.—ÉDOUARD FRÈRE.—SCHOOL OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.—MARY'S ACCOUNT OF THEIR VISIT TO ÉCOUEN.—PEASANT LIFE.—EXCURSIONS IN THE COUNTRY.—EDUCATION IN FRANCE.—HOW THE SCHOOLS ARE CONDUCTED.—RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS AND THEIR ALLOWANCES FROM GOVERNMENT.—CHANGES AMONG THE PEASANTRY.

MRS. BASSETT suggested that she wished to see the Salon. She didn't know what it was, but she heard people talking about it, and thought she ought not to miss such an interesting sight as the Salon.

Frank said at once that they would see the Salon, and he explained that it was an exhibition of paintings which was held annually in Paris for the display of the work of the artists.

"Do they send all their pictures there—all that they are able to paint during the year?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Not by any means," was the reply. "Each artist sends a single picture, and he makes sure that it is one of the best specimens of what he can do. A great many pictures are refused a place on the walls of the Salon, because they do not come up to the standard fixed by the committee in charge of the exhibition. Sometimes their number is so great that an exhibition is made of the rejected paintings, and it requires



JEAN LOUIS MEISSONIER.

that an exhibition is made of the rejected paintings, and it requires

much more space than the regular one. Out of eight thousand paintings offered in one year, two thousand one hundred only were accepted."

"Why is this exhibition called 'the Salon?'" queried Mary.



"THE ADVANCE GUARD."—[A. de Neuville.]

"Because," said Frank, "the exhibition was originally held in a *salon*, or large parlor, of the Louvre. It was called 'the Salon' on that account, and, since the transfer of the exhibition to its present quarters in the Palais de l'Industrie, on the Champs-Élysées, the name has been retained, though its meaning is gone."

"We have seen that building, have we not?" was the next question for the youth to answer for his inquisitors.

"Yes, we have seen the outside of it only. To-day we will look at the interior. The building was erected in 1855 for the first World's Fair in Paris; it was a private enterprise at the time, but the structure was afterwards bought by Government. It contains a museum and some other exhibitions, and there is a large hall in the building which is used for various purposes on frequent occasions."

Further comments upon the Salon were postponed until our friends reached it, and were looking at the works of art which make the reputation of the annual display. They spent a short time among the sculptures on the ground-floor of the building, and then ascended the

staircase to the gallery of paintings. Mrs. Bassett was surprised at the great number on exhibition. The catalogue was a portly volume, containing several thousand references, and it was readily seen that a view of all the paintings in the time they had at their disposal was an utter impossibility.

"It's a pity they cannot do here as they do in many of the art galleries in various parts of the Continent," Frank remarked.

"How is that?"

"Why, they give a catalogue of all the pictures, marking the very famous ones with two stars, the ordinarily famous with one star, and the rest with no stars at all. When you enter one of these galleries you have only to look at the catalogue to know what it is proper to admire. The ordinary pictures you need not regard at all, and probably will not, even though they be very meritorious, as they must be to have a place there; you can just glance at those with a single star, and reserve your enthusiasm for the paintings with the double star."

"I observe that Baedeker's guide-books follow that system," Mary remarked, as Frank paused.

"Yes, they do; and it is of great assistance to travellers whose time as well as their knowledge of art is limited. It enables them to bestow their admiration where the critics say it belongs, and not to waste it upon paintings unknown to fame."

"Why can't they do the same with the paintings in the Salon?"

"Because these are all new pictures, and none of them have been exhibited at all, except in the studios of the artists who painted them. They have no fame as yet, no matter how much the painters may be famous nor how great their merit."

"What is done with all these pictures after the exhibition is over?"

"Some of the best are bought by the Government and sent to the Palace of the Luxembourg, where the works of famous living painters are displayed. Ten years after an artist's death his paintings, or such of them as belong to the Government, are sent to the gallery of the Louvre, which may be considered the national gallery of French art. The collection in the Louvre dates from the sixteenth century, when the kings began to gather the best works of the artists of that time, and place them on exhibition with a view to improving the public taste in art and everything relating to it."

"I have read that Napoleon I. endeavored to make the Louvre the finest art collection in the world," Mary remarked.

"So he did," said Fred. "and he succeeded in a great measure. As

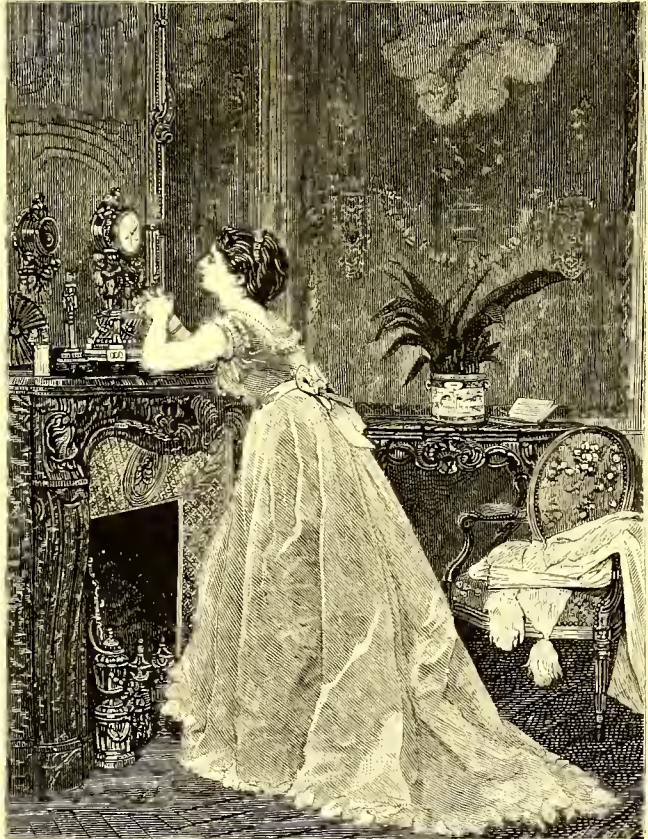
his armies overran Europe they took possession of all the famous paintings and sculpture in the cities that they captured, and all these prizes were sent to the Louvre. After the general peace of 1815 a great many of these things were sent back; but in spite of what was thus lost to the Louvre collection, it is still considered the finest in Europe. You will know how extensive it is when you have learned that it takes two hours to walk through all the rooms of the Louvre without stopping, and every yard of the way you are among paintings, sculpture, or other objects of interest."

"But we are losing sight of the Salon," said Frank, as soon as Fred paused, "and perhaps we may as well confine ourselves to what is before us."

The rest of the party agreed to his suggestion, and all eyes were turned to the walls, on which the pictures were spread so thickly that little if any of the wall could be seen anywhere.

What they saw and said we have no space to record, as we would

run the risk of filling this volume with an account of the Salon for the season of their visit, to the exclusion of other matters; but we are permitted to say that Mrs. Bassett's views upon French art were delivered



"EXPECTATION."—[Toulmouche.]

from an American point of view, and were not always complimentary to the French artists of the day. The pictures that pleased her most were like those which have come from the easels of Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, Jules Bréton, Chialiva, Édouard Frère, and others, who devote themselves to domestic, rural, and similar scenes; those whose works displeased her—well, we will not endeavor to give their names, as they were not recorded at the time, and may just as well be left to themselves.

Of course, the visit to the Salon stimulated the desire of our friends to see the collections of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and learn as much as they could, during their stay in Paris, of the art of which it is the centre. Mrs. Bassett learned that there was a considerable number of Americans studying art in Paris, the majority of them going rarely into the regions frequented by their countrymen, but associating almost entirely with French people when they associated with anybody. Frank said they had probably concluded that they could find Americans enough in the United States, and when visiting or living in foreign countries they preferred to embrace the opportunity to study the people of those countries and their ways of life.

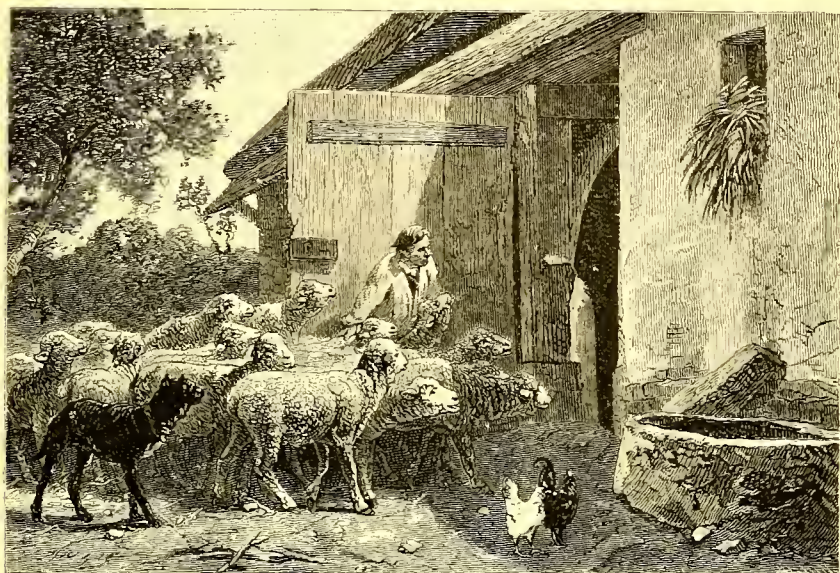
He added that the majority of the foreign art students in Paris were of limited means, and must practise rigid economy in their way of living in order to be able to live there at all. Some of the Americans had become more or less famous, and their pictures were admitted to the Salon, while others had been struggling for years without attaining that distinction, and with little prospect of it.

Mrs. Bassett asked why American students of art did not stay in their own country. She supposed there was a good reason for their coming abroad, and wanted to know what it was.

“There are many reasons in favor of their coming away from home,” said Frank, in reply to her question. “They can live here more cheaply, other things being equal, than in an American city; they are surrounded by the art of several centuries; have free access to all the galleries where the finest pictures and sculptures can be seen; can visit, under certain restrictions, the studios of famous artists, and become pupils of those artists on payment of the required fees; and have free use of the art schools which are supported by the Government.”

The last remark caused Mrs. Bassett to ask in what way the Government supported schools where people could go to study art. Frank explained that there is a Minister of Fine Arts, just as much as there is a Minister of War or of Marine. He superintends the whole business of art so far as the Government is concerned in it: he appoints the in-

structors in the Academy of Fine Arts, fixes their salaries, regulates the Salon and other exhibitions, decides upon the purchase of pictures on Government account, decides upon the placing of statuary in the public



"RETURN OF THE FLOCK."—[Jacques.]

squares of Paris and other cities, and attends to a good many other things of the same sort. Frank said the importance of the Department of Fine Arts was shown in the fact that the annual appropriation for it exceeds 10,000,000 francs, or \$2,000,000.

"No one can visit the art collections of Paris," said Frank, "without being impressed with the great number of paintings in which the glory of France in war is made prominent. The French artists follow the example of their brethren of other nations, in leaving out of consideration the battles in which their own armies were not victorious. The visitor may look in vain for a representation on canvas of the battle of Waterloo, just as he may search without satisfactory result in Berlin for the battle of Jena, or in Vienna for that of Austerlitz. But the battles in which the standards of France have floated triumphantly have been preserved by the artists of the nation, and one must ascribe to them the merit of being the greatest battle-painters of the world.

"In battle-painting the system of the French artists has changed

greatly since the beginning of the century; it is less the custom than of yore to paint pictures so large that no ordinary gallery can contain them. The famous artists like Meissonier, De Neuville, Détaillé, and others of the same school of art, usually confine themselves to the representations of scenes and incidents, rather than to an entire field of battle, and Meissonier was especially fond of making single figures or small groups of soldiers. His paintings are celebrated for their almost microscopic fineness, and they seem at times to have been done with the point of an engraving-tool rather than with a brush dipped in pigment. The other artists who have been mentioned fall but little behind him in the exactness of their work, and their reputation is of the highest class.

“A gentleman who visited Meissonier’s studio told me that the great artist devoted much time and study to laying out his picture before touching his brush upon the canvas. If he was about to paint a single figure, he procured every part of the dress down to the smallest detail, and he was known to spend hours in obtaining and arranging the proper shoestrings for his model. Take the painting representing a vedette, for example. The artist obtained the uniform and equipment from the proper authorities: rifle, sabre, coat, blanket, canteen, saddle-bag, all were collected and placed upon the lay-figure, which was built up to a proper fit for the garments. Then the lay-figure or model of the horse was brought into use, but not till the proper saddle and bridle had been obtained. The man was mounted on the horse, and then the positions for the hands of the man, and the heads, feet, and bodies of horse and rider, were carefully studied hour after hour and day after day. Not till everything was satisfactory did the artist begin his work; when it was completed it was a perfect reproduction of the model standing in his studio, with the ground and grasses and everything else drawn in their proper places.

“I asked my friend what the artist did in painting a group or a scene where there were figures behind one another. Here is his reply:

“He took the required number of models, and grouped them till they were in the positions he desired. The figures that he used for backgrounds were smaller than those for the front, and he had them graded in size so that he could form an actual group, whether there were few or many persons represented, by means of these little figures. I was one day in his studio, where he was busy with the composition of a picture representing a regiment on the march. By means of these little figures he constructed the picture exactly as he wanted to reproduce them. In this way he arranged all the details of the perspective, so that he would

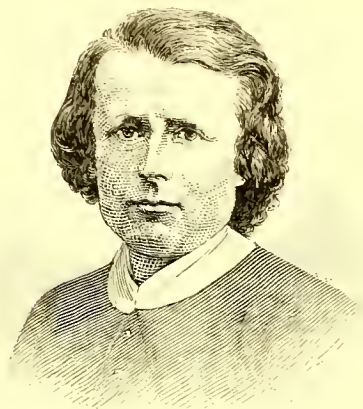
not be likely to make any mistake in placing the scene upon canvas, and his next care was to try the effect of the light when thrown in from the different quarters of the sky. By means of screens, which were moved here and there at his directions, he obtained in time the desired light, and not till then was his preparation complete.' ”

One day, in the gallery of the Louvre, Frank met an old school-mate, Harry Davis, whom he had not seen for a year or more. They were glad to meet, and the presence of young Davis in Paris was explained



“THE VEDETTE.” — [Meissonier.]

by the fact that he had turned his attention to art, and was located there for the purpose of studying it. "I'm not living in Paris," said he, "but at Ecouen, which is half an hour's ride from Paris on the Northern Railway of France."



ROSA BONHEUR.

"Why do you live there instead of in the capital?" Frank asked.

"The fact is," replied Davis, "living is cheaper there than in the city. I am living at the hotel, where I pay only twenty francs a month for my room, and a very fair one it is, too; and a good dinner costs only two francs. You can hire a good house in Ecouen for a hundred dollars a year—a house large enough for four to live in comfortably—and a servant to care for it and cook your meals will cost a great deal

less than a similar servant would cost in the city. Four or five clubbing together can live for what they would starve on in New York or any other American city; but of course they can't have more than the necessities of life, with none of the luxuries."

Mrs. Bassett and Mary listened with interest to the young man's account of life at Ecouen. Before they separated the former asked if the hotel would accommodate their entire party in case they should wish to visit the town which he had described as a haunt and home of artists.

"Perhaps it would be injudicious for you to drop in there without warning," said Mr. Davis, "as the hotel is not by any means the largest in the world, and they are unaccustomed to a sudden influx of strangers. But if you will name a day when you will be there I will arrange that you can see the place and be properly cared for."

Mrs. Bassett thanked him for his courteous offer, and it was arranged that they would visit Ecouen two days later, provided the weather should be favorable. In case of rain they would come on the first succeeding fair day, and would notify him by telegraph when they were about to start.

They went there accordingly. For an account of the visit we will rely upon Mary, who was the historian of the occasion.

"We expected that the railway train would take us directly to the village, but when we alighted at the station it proved to be fully a mile from where we wanted to go. But we had a delightful drive from the station to the village, and were not at all sorry for the distance; in fact, we would not have objected had it been three or four miles instead of one. On both sides of the road there are luxuriant fields and picturesque houses, some of them very old, for Ecoen is not by any means a modern settlement. There is an old château here, and it occupies the site of one that was built in the fifth century. In fact, some of the old walls are in existence, and were useful for the architects when they reconstructed the castle more than three hundred years ago.

"We found the town a very quaint looking one, with narrow streets, where it is not easy to go with vehicles because the streets were laid out before wheeled carriages were in use. There is an old church in Ecoen which Frank says has been somewhat spoiled by the restorations of the

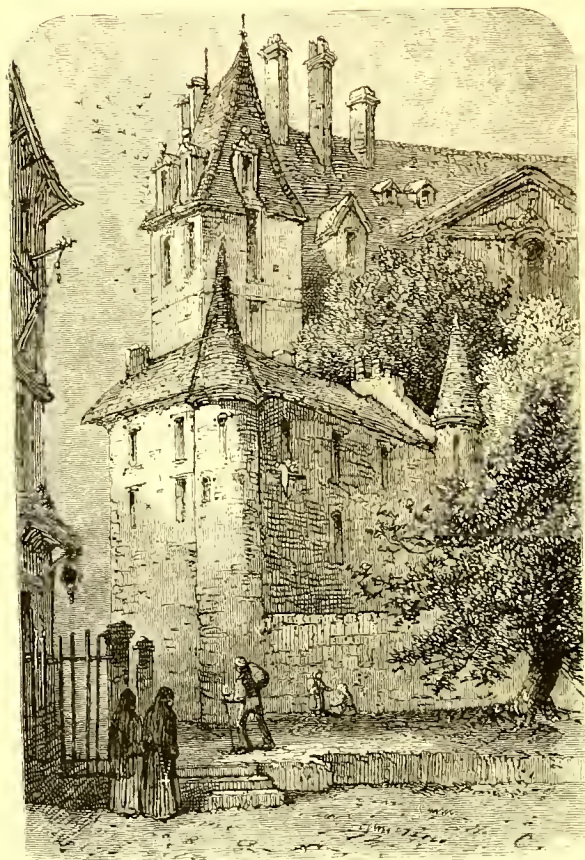


"PLOUGHING IN NIVERNAIS."—[Rosa Bonheur.]

past few years, but there is enough of its old character remaining to make it very charming. Close by it there is an old chestnut-tree. The tradition is that it is nearly four hundred years old, which seems to me a very great age for a tree; but Fred says he has heard of 'chestnuts' very much older. Wonder what he means when he lays such an emphasis upon 'chestnuts'?

"The château stands on a hill that commands a fine view of Ecoen and the country around it. I expected to find it in ruins, like a good many other castles in France, but found, somewhat to my surprise, that

it is occupied, though not by a princely family, as it was in the olden times. It is a convent school for the daughters of members of the Legion of Honor, where they are educated to fit them to be governesses in families or companions of noble ladies who can afford to pay for their services. The Legion of Honor owns a great deal of property and has a large income, so that it pays pensions to such of its members as need them, and supports this school, and also another at St. Denis, nearer Paris.



CHÂTEAU OF ECOUEN.

“It didn't take long for us to find out why Ecouen is so attractive to art students, in addition to the cheapness of living here. Everywhere you turn there is something that can be converted into a pretty picture: the houses, trees, fences, all are picturesque; and as for the people, they are the very perfection of what an artist ought to delight to paint. The

reputation of the place was made by Édouard Frère, whose name is familiar to the art-loving world. He is an old man now, and has spent nearly all his life in this little town. He was born in 1819, and soon after beginning to paint he came to Ecouen and established himself. He was very poor then, and had his reputation to make; and the story is that he suffered the pincings of poverty for a good while before the merit of his work was discovered and his pictures found a sale.

“Our friend, Mr. Davis, says Frère was always very kind to young artists, and that is one reason of the great popularity of Ecoen with the beginners in art. In Paris the artists do not cultivate each other's acquaintance very much, partly because they are in such a large city, and partly owing to their numerous jealousies and struggles for prominence. Here the example of the oldest and best known of them has its effect on the others, and all are on terms of intimate friendship, or, at all events, of friendliness. They visit each other at their studios, and on Sundays it is the custom for all of them to call on the Frère family, where they are hospitably received and entertained. During the week the artists with families have each an evening for the reception of friends, who drop in without ceremony, stay and chat a little while, and



CHIALIVA'S STUDIO, ECOEN.

then, perhaps, hasten off to another reception. We have been at two of these receptions, and found them very pleasant.

"Several of the artists of Ecouen are well known among picture buyers, and their works bring prices that enable the painters to live in good style. Mr. Davis took us to several studios, including that of Mr. Todd, an American; Mr. Sehenek, famous as a painter of animals; and Mr. Chialiva, an Italian who has lived in America and has an American wife. Mr. Chialiva's studio is such a curious one that I must stop right here to describe it as well as I can:

"All of this gentleman's pictures contain horses, sheep, geese, cattle, pigeons, or other domestic animals, and he has his studio arranged so that he can have his models before him. It is like a great conservatory, but it hasn't any flowers and the other things peculiar to a conservatory. At one end there is a space separated by glass from the rest, and in the part beyond the glass he has his animals that he is painting into his pictures. Sheep, cattle, horses feel perfectly at home there, as they are always kindly treated. The wife of his peasant farmer acts as his assistant when he wants any of the animals or birds kept in position for him, and they are so accustomed to her that they do almost anything she wishes. She holds the geese, turkeys, and pigeons for him, and they recognize that she will not hurt them; they run to her when she calls, and some of them almost act as though they knew they were being used as models for the artist and it is necessary for them to keep very quiet.

"Sometimes he wants to paint geese or ducks in a pond or lake. The place where his models are to stand or swim is then flooded with water, and in this way he gets the reflections on the water just as he wants them in his picture.

"All the peasants around Ecouen are accustomed to the artists, and many of them have stood as models at one time or another. A child as a model costs only a franc a day, and a man or woman two, or perhaps three francs. As the cost of models in New York is fifty cents an hour, you can readily see how much cheaper it is for one to paint here than on Manhattan Island. The peasants are very glad to act as models instead of working in the fields, as their days are much shorter, and it is far easier to stand or sit in the positions required by the artists than to toil in the heat of the sun or in pouring rain.

"The town is surrounded by fields and gardens, as you already know, and we have been interested in studying the way the people work and live. The peasants go to their work at four or five o'clock in the morning; they have a rest of an hour at mid-day, and then they return

to their work until eight or even nine o'clock. There is no labor union here to make a limit of eight or even ten hours to a day's labor. If one of these peasants should refuse to work the required time in the fields it is probable that his employer would not require his services. Think of it: working twelve hours for sixty cents, or five cents an hour! No wonder the laborers never appear to be in a hurry; they can't afford to at that price.

"Accidentally, I learned something about educational matters in France while talking with a woman about working in the fields. She was complaining because the law required the children to go to school, and on account of this law she was deprived of the aid of her children in supporting the family. Formerly children worked at something suited to their age, or acted as models for artists; but at present they must be sent to school, unless too ill to attend. If a child is kept from school to earn money in any way, its parents are liable to a fine of ten francs for each offence. The woman said that they did not have any such arbitrary laws when she was a child, and she didn't see why there should have been any change.

"I asked Frank about education in France, and he says that since



STREET IN ECOUEN.

March, 1882, primary education has been compulsory, every child between six and thirteen years of age being required to attend school. This education is free, and is paid for by taxation, just as in the free-school system of the United States. To show the change that has come over France in this matter since the time of the second empire, Frank says that in 1857 the amount of public funds of all kinds devoted to primary instruction was 16,000,000 francs; in 1878 it was 59,000,000; and in 1888 it reached 150,000,000. About 6,000,000 children are taught in the primary and infant schools, 78,000 in higher schools, 10,000 are taught at home, and about 10,000 are in the highest schools and universities. There are now very few untaught children in France, and the probabilities are that before another five years have rolled away education will be as general as it is in the United States.

“One of the laws about education says that after a certain date all the schools shall be in charge of laymen—that is, they shall not be managed as heretofore by the priests or clergymen of religious denominations. And this reminds me that Frank says all religions are on the same footing, no matter what they are; and any religion that has more than 10,000 adherents is entitled to a grant of money from the Government. The Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and Moslems



GLEANERS IN THE FIELDS.

are the only religious bodies that receive State grants. The Catholics are the most numerous, being 78 per cent. of the population, and therefore they receive the largest allowances from the Government; the Protestants are only about 2 per cent., and there are but 53,000 Jews in France, according to the statistics. At the last census there were more than 7,000,000 inhabitants who declined to make any statement as to their religious belief. This was the first census where *non professants* were registered, all of them having formerly been put down as Catholics. The Moslems are all in Algeria, and there are about 3,000,000 of them altogether. The Moslem children are not required to go to school like those of France; but Moslem worship has its allowance from the Government, just like other forms of religion.

"In our excursions into the country we have seen the people at work in the fields in all the various employments of agriculture at this season of the year. In some fields the ploughs were at work; in others the grain was being harvested, men and women working side by side with their sickles, or binding the sheaves of the grain after it had been sufficiently dried in the sun. In another field the gleaners were busy gathering the scattered grain that in America is generally allowed to go to waste. Frank says the reason of this is that the price of labor in America is so high that gleaners cannot make the same wages that they would receive for ordinary work, and therefore gleaning is unprofitable.

"Along the road we encounter groups of peasants going to their work or returning from it. Most of these groups were silent, and seemed intent only on reaching their destination, whatever it might be, and their subjects of conversation were evidently very limited; but occasionally their tongues were wagging rapidly. We saw three barefooted women walking together and chatting at a great rate; and so intent were they on their conversation that they paused every few minutes and stood still in the road. Frank said the earnestness of their talk and the force required for propelling their tongues had evidently paralyzed their walking powers and brought them to a halt.

"If we had not known already that there were a good many artists in Ecouen, we should have found it out when we went into the country outside the town. We met them very often with their sketching materials, carried by small boys and sometimes by full-grown men. We saw them in the fields among the peasants, seated under trees, where they had nice bits of landscape before them, or watching domestic animals grazing or resting in picturesque positions, and entirely unconscious that they were being used as models. Mr. Davis says the artists

go out in all kinds of weather to make their sketches, and if it is cold and windy they wrap themselves in sheepskins and rugs to keep warm. Mr. Frère has a small cart, which is something like a Japanese



GOSSIP ON THE ROAD.

jinrikisha, and drawn by one man: it has a high back and top, and the artist can sit there and sketch in wind or rain or snow, and be quite comfortable, provided, of course, he has his back turned to the storm.

"Well, we've spent three days here, and very comfortable and interesting days they have been. Frank has just asked for the hotel bill, and says he is suspicious that they will make it out at Paris rates, as he did not take the precaution to bargain closely. . . . Here it comes, and an inspection of it shows that Frank was not altogether wrong in his expectations; though, after all, the prices are such that we have no reason for complaining. Mr. Davis says the place is being spoiled by the visits of strangers, and in a few years it will probably lose much of its distinctive character. Already some of the peasants are adopting the dress of Paris, and giving up the costumes that characterize them. Many of them have abandoned the wooden shoes, which were so long the peculiar property of the peasant in all parts of Europe, and wear shoes or boots of leather instead. In other ways the people are becoming modernized, and we are glad to have seen the place before the old-fashioned habits have disappeared."

CHAPTER X.

ONE OF THE "IMMORTALS;" MRS. BASSETT'S DOUBTS CONCERNING HIM.—THE FRENCH ACADEMY, AND THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE; ATTENDING A MEETING OF THE ACADEMY.—DESCRIPTION OF THE "IMMORTALS."—THE ILLUSTRIOUS FORTY; ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP AND DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING IT; HOW ELECTIONS ARE CONDUCTED.—THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—THE FAMOUS DICTIONARY; TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS FOR ITS COMPLETION.—A GATHERING OF DISTINGUISHED FRENCHMEN.—PROCEEDINGS AT A MEETING.—PLACE AND ARCH OF THE CARROUSEL.—THE PORTE SAINT-DENIS AND PORTE SAINT-MARTIN.—A DISSERTATION ON TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.—VISIT TO THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ÉTOILE.—REMINISCENCES OF THE SIEGE OF 1871.

ONE day as our friends were seated in front of the Café de la Paix they were joined by a gentleman who had resided for several years in Paris, and knew the faces of many prominent personages. While they were talking he suddenly called attention to a venerable individual who was passing along the boulevard, engaged in earnest conversation with a man much younger than himself.



VOTING AT THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

Mrs. Bassett remarked that the man whom he designated was certainly very old, though he walked with an easy step.

"Yes, he looks very old," said the gentleman, "and probably has more than eighty years to his credit." Then after a pause he added, "That is one of the 'Immortals.'"

There was an inquiring or doubting look in Mrs. Bassett's eyes, which indicated her reluctance to believe that the venerable stranger was endowed with more than human attributes. Seeing her perplexity, the gentleman hastened to relieve it.

"The members of the French Academy are called 'Immortals,' and the man who just passed is one of them," he explained. "There are forty of them altogether, and the forty men thus distinguished are, in a certain way, the most envied men in France."

"Why is that?"

"Because," was the reply, "the requirements of membership in the Academy are very severe, and every member must be prominent in the world of literature in one way or another. No one can be elected to the Academy unless he has achieved distinction, and there can be no more than forty members. It is a select club of forty Frenchmen, whom all the other men of France are supposed to regard with the greatest respect and envy at all times."

Mrs. Bassett thought it was very selfish on the part of the forty "Immortals" to be so exclusive, and refuse to admit any one else to their circle. The rest of the party agreed with her; but her informant said there were sessions of the Academy four times a year, when the outside world could be present at their deliberations. If she would like to go there he thought he had sufficient influence to obtain tickets for the party, and there was to be a public session in a very few days.

It was decided that a meeting of the Academy was one of the attractions of Paris, and an opportunity like the one presented was not to be refused. The gentleman said he would let them know in a day or so whether he would be able to procure the tickets. They were to be had only through the favor of the members themselves, and as he knew several of them he thought he would be able to arrange the matter.

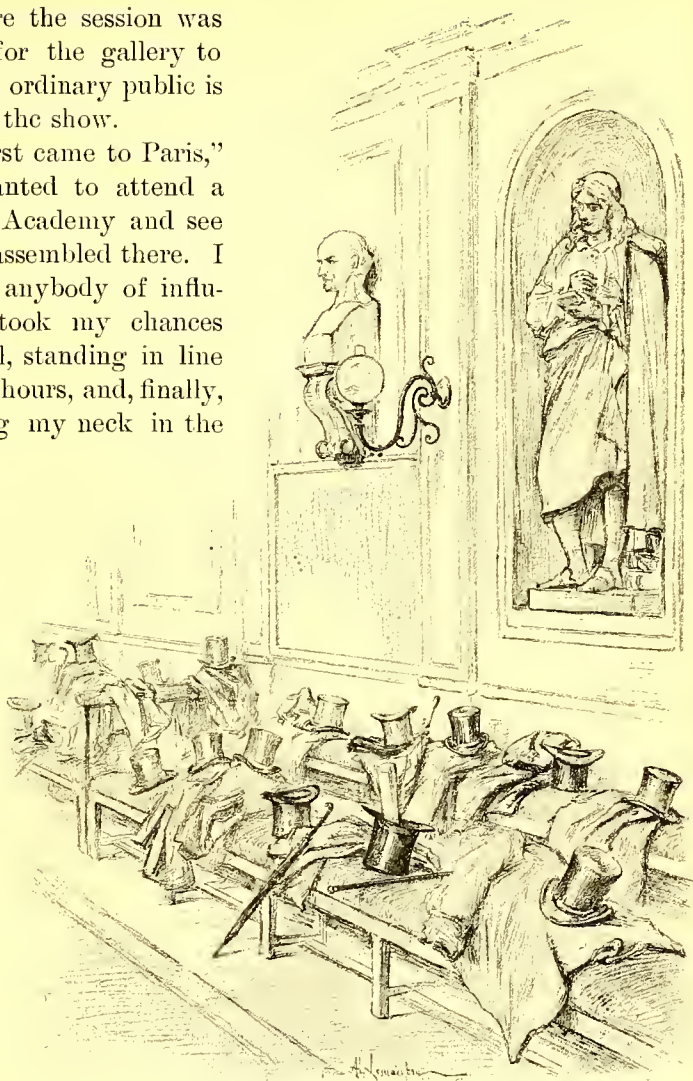
Then he explained that the general public who sought admission to the sessions were obliged to go several hours in advance, and wait patiently until the doors were opened. Their tickets had no numbers, and each ticket-holder made a rush for the best seat he could find as soon as the doors swung apart to admit the crowd. But the tickets which he hoped to obtain were for the reserved space in the centre of

the room where the session was held, and not for the gallery to which only the ordinary public is admitted to see the show.

"When I first came to Paris," said he, "I wanted to attend a session of the Academy and see the great men assembled there. I did not know anybody of influence, and so took my chances with the crowd, standing in line for nearly four hours, and, finally, almost breaking my neck in the rush for places.

But I obtained what I wanted, and had a sight of the 'Immortals' dressed in the finery which they are expected to wear at their public sessions. Their uniforms for these sessions are richly embroidered with gold and trimmed with lace; some of the members rather irreverently speak of 'put-

ting on parsley' when they don their gorgeous garments. These uniforms have been in fashion from a time beyond the memory of most living men, as they were decreed by Napoleon I. Many of the members would gladly give up wearing them, but they adhere to the custom just because it is a custom."



HATS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

In reply to a question as to when the Academy was established, Frank explained that it dated from the year 1635, when it was founded by Cardinal Richelieu, and he sagely added that none of the original members belonged to it at present. He further explained that the French Academy was one of the five academies that compose the Institute of France, and they all have their home in a large building on the south bank of the Seine fronting the Louvre.

"I suppose that these academies are supported by the Government, like the schools of art that you told us about?"

"Yes, they have the sanction of the Government for their existence, and they have quite a revenue from property that has been given to them by the Government or individuals from time to time. Each member has an allowance or salary of 1500 francs yearly, and each secretary has 6000 francs for his services every twelve months. Then each member gets twenty francs for every meeting that he attends. The ordinary meetings are held once a week, and no outsiders are admitted to them under any pretence whatever."

"What do they do at those meetings?" Mary asked.

"The French Academy, which is the best known of the five academies composing the Institute, is supposed to occupy itself with a dictionary of the French language. The members have been working for forty years or more upon the dictionary, but it has not yet appeared."

"It must be a very large dictionary to take so long a time to make it," said Mrs. Bassett, "and it ought to be a very important one whenever it is published."

"Yes, it will be very valuable when it appears," said Frank, with a laugh. "One of the members is authority for the statement that its preparation will take not less than twelve hundred years. In point of fact, the general belief is that the dictionary is



DR. CHARCOT.

a myth, and the pretence of working upon it is kept up in order to comply with the decree of the Convention by which the Academy was re-organized in 1803, after its temporary suppression during the Revolution. That decree announced that the Academy was especially charged with making a dictionary of the French tongue, and that it should ex-



A LECTURE AT THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

amine important works of history, literature, and science, and publish the results of its critical observations at least four times a year. In point of fact, no dictionary is being written, and the Academy does not publish critical observations of any kind.

“The private and weekly sessions are probably devoted to gossip and cigars,” said the gentleman who had started the conversation about the Academy, “while the public sessions are the occasions for introducing new members and awarding certain prizes which are in the gift of the Academy. If there is a new member introduced he reads a fulsome eulogy on his predecessor, and is then made the subject of a speech of reception, in which a great many impolite things are said in a very polite way. The victim must hear it all with a smile, though it must sometimes try his temper a good deal.

“And this reminds me,” he continued, “that every applicant for

membership is obliged to go around and ask all the members for the favor of his vote."

"Do you mean that he goes around among them at the meeting where his name is to be considered, or does he call on them separately?"

"He calls upon each one at his home or place of business. The reason for the adoption of this rule is that on one occasion a newly-elected member declined the honor conferred upon him, and since then it has been necessary for every candidate to place himself on record as willing to accept in ease of election."

"It must be somewhat humiliating to a man to go around and ask for votes," Mary remarked; and she added the suggestion that probably this condition prevented many men of distinction from applying for a place in the Academy.

"It is certainly humiliating in a certain sense, but you will see that it is not altogether so when it is known to be the universal custom. Men of prominence in all lines of life are pretty sure to have quarrels and enmities, and a candidate who has quarrelled with a member of the 'Immortals' must either sink his pride and make up his quarrel or stay on the outside. Several noted men have declined to apply for membership because they could not bring themselves to solicit favors of a bitter enemy. On the other hand, the rule has been the means of restoring friendship between men who have been enemies for years and said all manner of rude things about each other."

"Is the rule the same in all the other of the academies composing the Institute of France?"

"As to that I am unable to say positively, but believe it is the rule in some, though not in all. The most famous of the academies, next to the one we have been considering, is that of Sciences. It contains sixty-six ordinary members, ten honorary ones, and one hundred foreign associates and correspondents. It meets for its regular session every Monday afternoon, and the members read papers concerning recent discoveries in science and discuss various scientific questions. The most eminent men of science in France are members of this Academy, and there is generally a good attendance. Vice-admiral Paris, the keeper of the Marine Museum in the Louvre, is one of the first to arrive, and for years he was closely followed, or quite as often preceded, by M. Chevreul, the famous chemist, who made it a point to be present at every session. Dr. Brown-Séquard, Ferdinand de Lesseps, Faye the astronomer, Dr. Chareot, and several other gentlemen prominent in the scientific world, are, or were, among the active members of the Academy of Sciences and prominent in the

discussions. The meetings are not especially orderly, as very few give attention to the ordinary business; but when new theories or discoveries in science are presented, a hush comes over the room, and everybody is intent on hearing the illustrious gentleman who is speaking, or more likely reading, for the enlightenment of his associates.

“The other academies that go to make up the Institute are those of Beaux-Arts, Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, and Sciences Morales et Poli-



ARRIVAL OF VICE-ADMIRAL PARIS.

tique. The most important of the three is probably that of the Fine Arts, as it is composed of painters, sculptors, architects, and musical composers, and has the control of important prizes relating to the various arts which they represent. There is no restriction upon the membership of these five academies, and a man may belong to any or all of them if he possesses the needed requirements and the influence to secure an election. Membership in any one of the academies entitles one to be called *Membre de l'Institut*, and you already know that this is the highest distinction which can be given to any Frenchman of literary, musical, artistic, or scientific claims.”

Here the conversation on the subject of the Institute came to an end as the gentleman rose to take his leave.

Mrs. Bassett and her daughter waited with some anxiety for his report relative to the tickets, and one morning they were delighted with the information that the desired *billets* had been secured, and admission to the exalted assemblage was awaiting them at the appointed hour.

They dressed early and elaborately, as they had been told that the affair was very ceremonious, and they felt that the dignity of the American republic was upon their shoulders. A little before one o'clock their carriage was driven into the court-yard of the Institute, and they found themselves preceded and followed by other carriages containing persons of more or less prominence (generally more) in the fashionable or cultivated world of Paris. There were Academicians of much renown, and some of very little except what their membership gives: there were the wives, sisters, and daughters of Academicians, and the wives, sisters, and daughters of men who hope to be admitted to the Academy when the proper vacancies occur and they can secure a sufficient number of votes: there were the ladies who give receptions to the Academicians on stated occasions for the sake of the glory they thereby obtain, or for other reasons best known to themselves, most of them being ladies with titles or the members of families long and well known in French society. For a description of the scene let us copy a paragraph from an article concerning the Institute of France, by a well-known American writer long a resident of Paris and familiar with its many peculiarities.*



A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER.

"Here and there are novelists, poets, dramatists, who are paying court to the Academy, and hoping to get elected one of these days. Here is B., who has just had a feeble novel jobbed into the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. B. has married a rich and pretty wife, with a view to opening an Academic salon and so achieving immortality. His pretty wife is beside him, in a delicious toilet specially created for the occasion by that great artist, Epinglard. She is particularly gracious to Z., who has written a few witty

pieces, and who, being rich and an epicure, is 'running for' the Academy on the strength of his good dinners. Z. is a rival who must be conciliated. Next to Z. are some pretty American girls, whose piquant

* Theodore Child, in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1889.

beauty and vivacious talk have won them the protection of the belle Madame P., who also receives Academicians at dinner, and talks literature with an awkwardness as charming as the natural *gaucherie* with which women play at billiards. Madame P. is conspicuous with her royal blue velvet robe, but she is not dressed with such good taste as her neighbor, Mlle. R., of the Comédie Française, who happens to be sitting near two equally obese and famous men—Blowitz, the correspondent of the *Times*, and Sarcey, the dramatic critic. Sarcey has been present at every Academic reception during the past twenty years, and in the evening he always delivers a public lecture on the event, and rereads fragments of the reception speeches as he thinks they ought to be read."

The day was fine when our friends went to the reception at the Academy, and as the various members arrived they scattered in little groups, and were evidently in no hurry to enter the hall where the ceremony was to take place. There was a double file of soldiers in the vestibule, to do honor to the great dignitaries when they entered in procession. The soldiers were jostled somewhat by the crowd of visitors as the latter found their way to the entrance of the hall, and were shown to the narrow and inconvenient benches provided for seats. Mary whispered that the seats were the same that they had in the hall at the formation of the Academy, 250 years ago, and Fred said he thought they must date back even further than that. Mrs. Bassett suggested that the "chairs" which the members of the Academy are supposed to occupy were not to be seen, and she wondered if each man was to bring his camp-stool under his arm when he arrived.

Though the space reserved for spectators was well filled, and every moment becoming more so, while the gallery was literally packed with a well-dressed and warm assemblage, the seats allotted to the members were mostly empty, for the reason that the Academicians were waiting for the formation of the procession in the court-yard or in the vestibule. It was a few minutes past one when a hush ran through the audience, the door of the hall opened, and the procession entered, the dignitaries coming first in their uniforms, and the rest in civilian garb.

We will again call upon Mr. Child to tell us some of the names of the famous personages present :

"There is Dumas, looking handsome and haughty ; there is Sardou, posing for a Holbein ; Renan, whose features call to mind those of the regretted Hyacinthe of the Palais Royal ; Taine, whose obliquity of vision has helped him to take queer views of Napoleon and other his-

torical characters; Gaston Boissier, the mellifluous cicerone of ancient Rome; John Lemoine, Jules Clarétie, and Édouard Hervé, who represent journalism; Leconte de Lisle, Coppée, and Sully Prudhomme, a trinity of poets; Augier, whom the indulgent call the modern Molière;

Pailleron and Halévy, who personify the lighter stage; Jules Simon, Octave Feuillet, Camille Doucet, and Legouvé, who consider the Academy to be the centre of the universe, and nothing less than paradise; Rousse, Duruy, Cherbuliez, Mgr. Perraud, De Lesseps, D'Haussonville, Mézières, and the other Academicians whose names the public can never remember."

The meeting lasted about two hours, the time being principally devoted to the reception of new members in the manner already described. After the ceremonies were over the audience scattered; at least those who were there out of mere curiosity went away, while the experienced ones remained and indulged in general conversation. As our friends



M. FAYE, ASTRONOMER.

were unacquainted with any of the great people whom they had been allowed to contemplate at a respectful distance, they called their carriage and were speedily rolled away from the Institute. As they left it behind them they turned their thoughts to other subjects.

Frank instructed the driver to cross the Seine by the nearest bridge and take them to the Place du Carrousel. They had not far to go, as the Institute and the Palace of the Tuileries are quite near each other, and the Place du Carrousel is the broad area enclosed in the lines of the latter edifice and the Louvre. It derives its name from an out-door festival that was given there in 1662 by Louis XIV. The festival is held there no more, and is probably unknown to the majority of Parisians; but the large square is constantly open to the public, and forms an important thoroughfare from one side of the river to the other.

Our friends had seen the square on their first visit to the Louvre and they had crossed it several times, but on each occasion did not stop to examine it. Mary had expressed a desire to study the spot when they were not pressed for time, and Frank suggested that they had just then a little leisure and would embrace the opportunity.

The triumphal arch at one side of the Place was the first object that attracted the attention of Mrs. Bassett and her daughter, and they at once asked about it, and when it was built.

"How very small it looks," Mrs. Bassett remarked.

"Yes," replied Frank, "but it was large enough when it was erected."

"How do you explain that?"

"Why, it was erected by order of Napoleon I., to commemorate his victories of 1805 and 1806. When it was placed here the buildings in the neighborhood were small, and the arch was of a goodly size in comparison. All those small buildings were subsequently removed, and now the only structures to make comparison with the arch are the larger ones of later construction."

The marble reliefs on the front of the arch were carefully inspected. Frank explained that they represented the famous battles of the campaign referred to, and other incidents connected with those years. Then he called attention to the horses on the top of the arch, and said that originally Napoleon had the arch crowned with the famous bronze horses of Venice, which he brought home as a trophy of his victory. The horses were restored to Venice in 1814, and afterwards their places were occupied by a more modern *quadriga*, designed by a French sculptor of the time of Louis XVIII.

Mrs. Bassett called attention to the chains that prevented a free passage of vehicles or pedestrians through the great archway; she wondered why it was that after building what looked like a gateway the builders prohibited the public from using it.

"You are by no means the first who has asked that question, and it has been discussed with a good deal of earnestness at various times in the history of France. Most of the great arches are built in the same way, and it has been explained that the triumphal arch is only intended for the passage of the great personage in whose honor it has been made, together with the soldiers who accompany him when he returns from his victorious campaign. After that it must be kept sacred from the profanation of ordinary feet, and so it is enclosed against the general public."

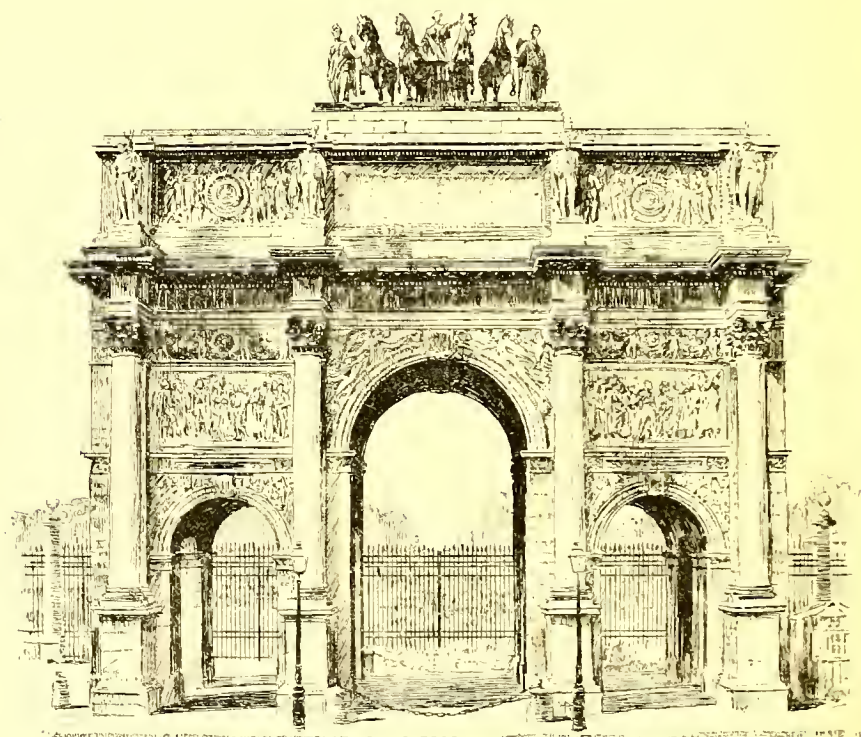
"You pointed out another arch yesterday," said Mrs. Bassett, turn-

ing to Frank : " I believe you said it was the Porte Saint-Denis, and it seems to me to have been larger than this one."

" Yes, it is," was the reply. " This arch is only forty-eight feet high, while the Porte Saint-Denis is eighty-one feet from bottom to top, and the widths and depths of the two arches are in the same proportion. I haven't the exact figures."

" Which is the older of the two?"

" The Porte Saint-Denis is much the older. It was built in 1672 in honor of the victories of Louis XIV. in Holland, and in the lower part of the valley of the Rhine, as the inscriptions upon the pillars will tell you. We passed another triumphal arch, the Porte Saint-Martin, not very far from the Porte Saint-Denis, as you doubtless remember. That arch was built two years later than the Porte Saint-Denis, and with the same general object : the commemoration of the victories of Louis XIV. Those gates were intended as entrances of the city at the time of their



ARC DU CARROUSEL.

erection, and they were at the line of fortifications. The boulevards were at that time the fortifications of the city, and were erected by Louis XIV. on the line of the old bulwarks or defences. With the extension of the city beyond its walls and the increased range of modern artillery, these fortifications became of no use, and they were levelled to give place to the magnificent avenues that we now find here.

“These avenues are generally called ‘the grand boulevards’ to distinguish them from the *boulevards extérieur*, or outer boulevards, which follow the old *octroi* wall of Louis XIV., and are about fifteen miles long. Then there is another line still farther outside and following the present line of fortifications; these are known as the *boulevards d’enceinte* and consist of a military road or avenue twenty-one miles long just inside the defences. This road would be very convenient for the movements of troops or stores in case of a siege of Paris, and it is aided by the Chemin de fer de Ceinture, or Belt Railway, which runs completely around the city within the fortifications.”

“That railway must be very convenient in time of peace as well as in war, as it connects with each other all the railways that come into Paris,” Mary remarked, after a moment’s reflection.

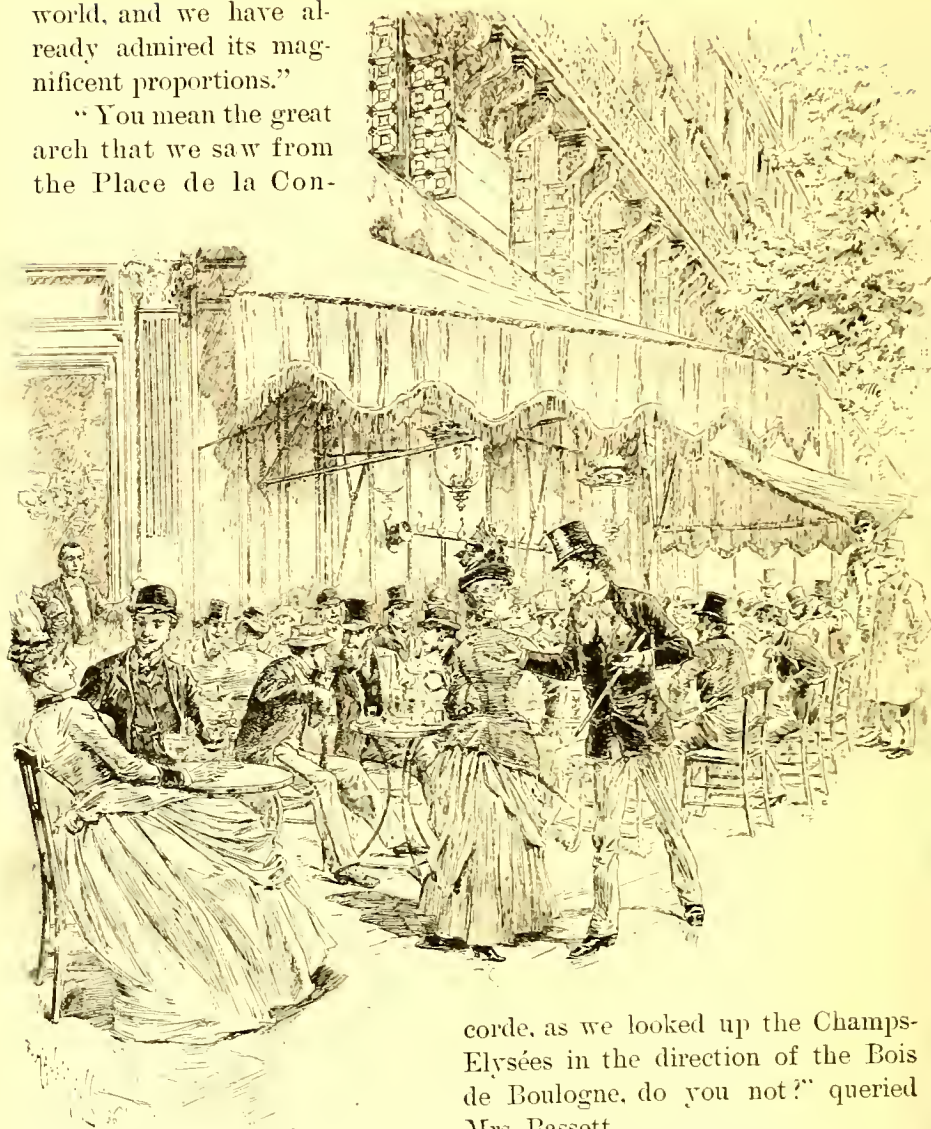
“Yes,” replied Frank, “but there is another system beyond it both for defence and commerce. There is a line of forts—in fact two lines—surrounding Paris at varying distances, and entirely detached from each other, so that one fort may be held after its neighbor on each side is in the hands of the enemy. The Chemin de fer de Grand Ceinture, or Outer Belt Railway, unites these forts and also all the railways running into Paris. Through passengers and freight may go directly past the French capital without coming into it. Suppose you are going from London to Brindisi to catch the steamer for India or China; you step on the through train at Calais and are carried to Brindisi without change of cars, the train running around Paris by the Outer Belt Railway, and in this way getting from the northern line to the southern one on the other side of the city.”

Frank paused and looked at his watch; then he suggested that the outer fortifications of Paris and the railway connections were a long way from the Place du Carronsel. Having satisfied their curiosity relative to the arch in honor of the first Napoleon, our friends concluded to take a drive on the Champs-Élysées, and incidentally embrace the opportunity to “take in” any of the sights by the way.

“While we are upon the Napoleonic subject,” said Frank, “we will look at the much greater arch, that of l’Étoile; it is the largest in the

world, and we have already admired its magnificent proportions."

"You mean the great arch that we saw from the Place de la Con-



corde, as we looked up the Champs-Élysées in the direction of the Bois de Boulogne, do you not?" queried Mrs. Bassett.

"Yes, that is the one."

"And is that also in honor of Napoleon the Great?"

"Theoretically it is in honor of the French Army; but as it was begun by the great Napoleon in 1806, when he was at the head of the army, he naturally comes in for a good share of the glory that it com-

ON THE BOULEVARD.

memorates. It was not finished until long after his fall from power and his death at St. Helena. The completion was accomplished under Louis Philippe in 1836, about the time that the ashes of Napoleon were brought to Paris and deposited in the crypt under the dome of the Invalides, where they now rest."

As they drove in the direction of the great arch, Frank further said that the monument was 160 feet high, 146 feet wide, and 72 feet deep, and that the arch in the centre had a clear height of 67 feet. "It can be seen from a great distance," he added, "as it stands on an eminence, and the top of it gives an extensive view in every direction."

When they reached the arch, Mrs. Bassett indicated a desire to ascend the staircase which leads to the top; so the party made the ascent. They walked very slowly, in consequence of a hint from Frank that it was their duty to accommodate their pace to suit his mother. Mary counted the steps, and found there were 261 of them altogether; and Mrs. Bassett pronounced the fatigue of the journey much less than she had expected it.

They all felt well rewarded for their trouble in the magnificent view that they had of the great city. They could trace the windings of the Seine in its course through the city and far beyond it. A guide, who had attached himself to the party after they had reached the platform, indicated the various streets, avenues, and boulevards, together with parks, churches, forts, and other objects of interest. Mary declared that she had a splendid lesson on the geography of Paris, and that the view from the top of the great arch had taught her more than she could have learned in a day's study of the map of Paris and its surroundings.

"What a splendid mark this must have been for the German artillery during the siege of Paris!" said Fred. "I wonder why they didn't take special pains to destroy it."

"It was struck a few times," Frank replied, "but had been so enveloped in straw and boards that it suffered very little. The Germans did not wish to destroy this or any other of the monuments of Paris; the sole object of their bombardment was to terrify the inhabitants by keeping them in a constant state of alarm, and in this they succeeded very well. Shells dropped now and then in all parts of the city, occasionally setting fire to buildings, but usually doing no damage. The excitement and alarm were aided by the scarcity of provisions, which soon reached a condition of famine. Food rose to high figures; all the animals in the Jardin d'Acclimatation were killed for food, and so were those in the Jardin des Plantes and other menageries. Horses, dogs,

mice, rats, cats, and all other animals within reach were utilized for the table in the hope that the city could hold out until relief came by the raising of the siege. But the end came, and Paris was surrendered, as you all know, on the 28th of January, 1871.

"I can see now why this place is called L'Étoile, or The Star," said Mary, as she pointed to the angles formed by the twelve avenues that



ARC DE L'ÉTOILE.

radiate from the base of the arch. The guide repeated the names of these avenues, but the girl did not note them down, as she did not regard them equally important. She said she was more interested in the Champs-Élysées and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne than in any of the others, which she would leave to take care of themselves.

On descending, our friends glanced briefly at the numerous groups and reliefs which adorn the structure, and at the long list of battles which is presented on the columns of the arch. Mary suggested to

Fred that he ought to write them out, but he said it would take too long; and if anybody wanted the list and a description of the statuary and reliefs, he could buy it for a franc or even less, and read it at his leisure.



THE RETREAT.—[Edouard Détaillé.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREATEST AUCTION-ROOM IN THE WORLD.—VISIT TO THE HÔTEL DROUOT.—THE “MAZAS.”—REQUIREMENTS OF THE LAW CONCERNING BANKRUPT SALES.—COURT-YARD OF THE HÔTEL.—THE AUCTIONEERS AND THEIR ASSISTANTS.—THE *CRIEUR* AND HIS DUTIES.—EXPERTS, AND SOME OF THEIR BLUNDERS.—A BIT OF ACTING.—PERCENTAGES UPON SALES.—GREAT TRANSACTIONS IN VALUABLE ARTICLES.—FAMOUS AUCTIONS.—AMOUNTS REALIZED AT THE DEMIDOFF AND OTHER SALES.—HÔTEL FIGARO.—A CHAT ABOUT PARISIAN NEWS-PAPERS.—TREATMENT OF THE PRESS BY DIFFERENT GOVERNMENTS.—WHAT THE PAPERS CONTAIN.—EDITORIAL DUELLISTS.—DUELS IN GENERAL.—FRENCH VIEWS OF PERSONAL COMBAT.

“**W**OULD you like to see the greatest auction-room in the world?” said Frank, one morning soon after the party had assembled and sat down to breakfast.

“Certainly I would,” Mrs. Bassett responded, “though I don’t know that I wish to buy anything that is for sale there.”

“Nor I either,” replied Frank; “but the place is a curiosity, and we certainly have nothing like it in America.”

“Where is this great auction-room?” Mary asked.

“It is at the Hôtel Drouot,” was the reply. “Don’t understand that it is a hotel in the American or English sense, but rather in the French comprehension. It is a house or establishment where strangers may find entertainment, certainly, but not in the way of food, drink, and lodging.”

“What do they sell there?” queried Mary.



M. CHEVALIER, AUCTIONEER.

"Everything you can think of, almost, and a great many things you would not be likely to name, if you devoted your thoughts to the subject for a whole week. You can buy old clothes there suited for all ages and both sexes, second-hand furniture, old books, boots, and blankets, and you may buy diamonds and other gems of great value, India shawls of the most exquisite character and of the highest price; and as for pictures, they handle the works of the old masters at the Hôtel Drouot as though they were the affairs of every day."

It was agreed that they would go there some time during the day. And it was further agreed that Frank should choose the hour when the place could be seen to the best advantage.

"The sales take place every day between one and six o'clock," said Frank. "If we go there about two in the afternoon we will find business in full progress. The sales of the best pictures usually occur about four o'clock, so as to suit the convenience of the rich men and women whose nights are devoted to fashion, so that they sleep very late in the morning. We will start soon after luncheon, and that will get us to the rooms in good season."

Under the escort of Fred, Mrs. Bassett and Mary went on a shopping excursion, while Frank busied himself with his journal, which had fallen a little in arrears during the past two days. He was determined to bring it down to date before any further time had elapsed, and so he decided to remain in-doors till the rest of the party returned.

The Hôtel Drouot is situated on the street of the same name, which runs towards the north from the point where the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard Montmartre come together. The hôtel is a large and not externally attractive building, and Mrs. Bassett was somewhat disappointed in its appearance. Frank consoled her with the suggestion that the crowd she would see on entering would be much more dingy than the outside of the edifice, as it would be necessary for them to pass through the assemblage of dealers in old clothes and second-hand furniture, or, at all events, in their immediate vicinity.

"I wonder they allow these people in a place that is devoted to the sale of such fine things as you mentioned," remarked Mrs. Bassett, as she looked along the gallery and into the court-yard, where there was a congregation of people such as one does not usually care to associate with except by compulsion.

"It is owing to the requirements of the law regarding disposal of goods by auction, or, rather, certain kinds of auctions," Frank answered. "All sales of bankrupt stocks, of property seized for debt, or otherwise

having a legal form, must be in *la place publique*, and in the open air. Unless sales are thus held they are illegal, and the party whose goods are disposed of can make no end of trouble for all concerned. This court-yard is open to the public, and it has no roof over it; therefore, it is in compliance with the law, and nobody can make any objection. Sometimes they have some very extensive sales here, when the property of distinguished personages who have been living beyond their means is seized by legal process, and, as we would say in America, 'sold out by the sheriff.' Ordinary goods and household property voluntarily disposed of may be sold in one of the rooms of the 'Mazas,' as all the lower part of the Hôtel Drouot is called. If a man is in need of whatever money he can get by the sale of his furniture, or for any other reason wishes to part with it, he calls here any afternoon and gives the order for the sale. The next morning the goods are brought here, and in the afternoon they are sold without reserve. The auctioneer deducts his commission, which is by no means a light one, and hands over the balance of the proceeds to the former owner of the property.

"This is the every-day affair, and there is always a crowd of speculators standing ready to buy whatever is offered, no matter what it may be. A sale of this sort is usually not advertised at all; but if the goods belong to an individual of distinction, or notoriety, which is pretty much

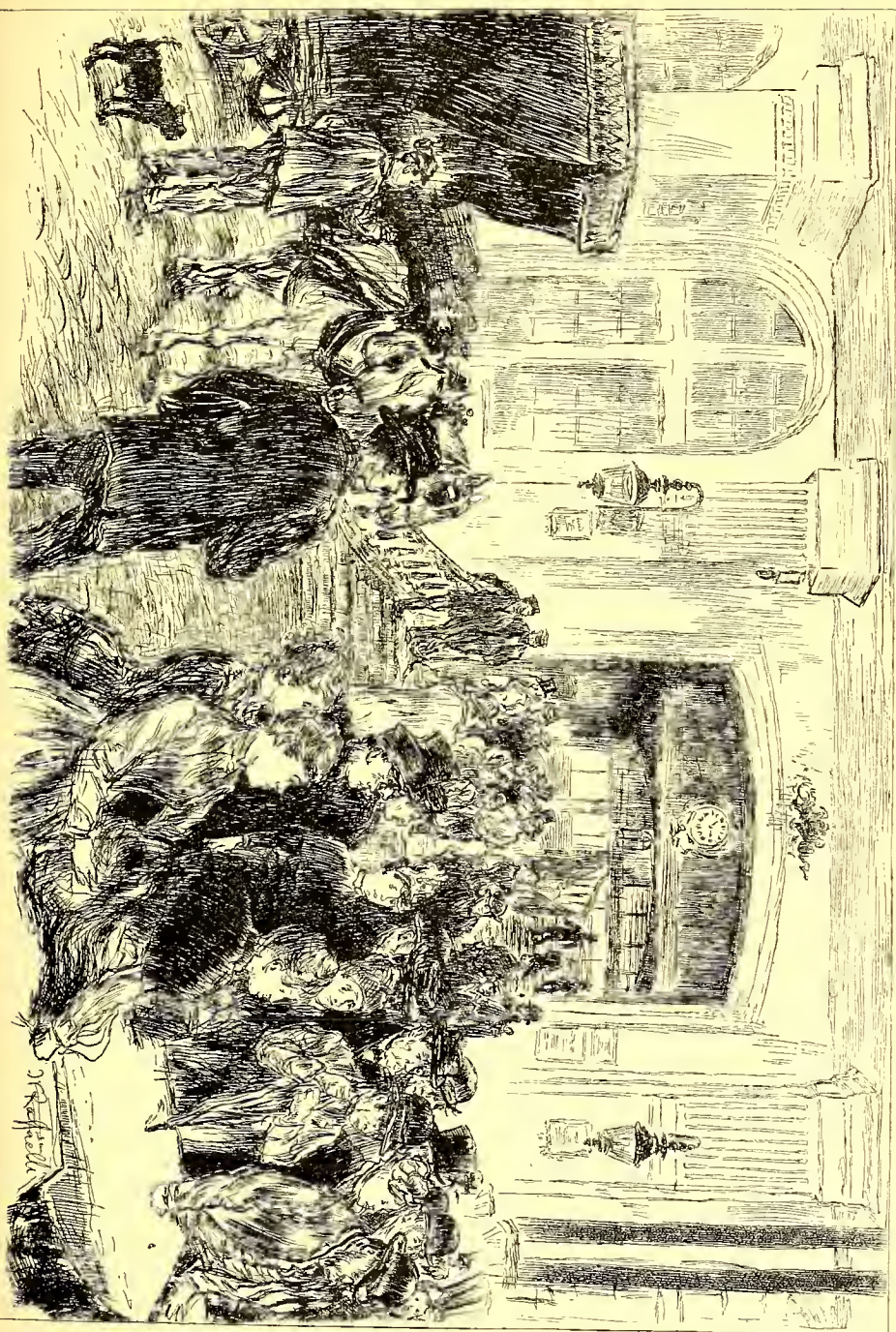
the same thing in Paris, the sale is fixed for a certain day not far off, and is advertised in the papers. The advertisements are sure to bring a crowd, and sometimes you will see one of these 'Mazas' rooms filled with fashionable people not only from Paris, but from London, Berlin, Vienna, and other cities."

An auction was in progress in one of the rooms, and our friends went in to look on for a



AN EXPERT IN OLD COINS.

few minutes. The assemblage was of an ordinary kind, and so was the material for sale. The crowd in front of the auctioneer was so dense



A SALE IN THE COURT-YARD.

and unsavory, and the place so hot and generally uncomfortable, that the strangers were satisfied after standing for a few minutes on the outer periphery of the circle of spectators.

"I should have fainted in two minutes more," said Mrs. Bassett, as they got outside the room; "and yet I suppose there are men and women who come here every day to attend these sales and stay in their places from beginning to end of them."

"Certainly there are," replied Frank, "just as you find that class of people around the auction-rooms in every great city. They make a living at the business by buying anything that is going for less than its value, and selling it for its worth and frequently something more. Bargains may be picked up here as well as in other auction-rooms; but in order to avoid deception, one must know the exact worth of everything on which he places a bid. It is a common trick to sell as a bankrupt stock, or as 'the property of a gentleman who is suddenly compelled to leave the country,' articles that have come straight from the factory where they were made and have never been in use. I heard a day or two ago of the sale of some Cashmere shawls that 'belonged to an East Indian rajah, who was compelled to sacrifice them at any price.' The shawls were imitation ones from an English factory, and had never been seen by a rajah or any other East Indian."

Saying this, Frank led the way up-stairs to where the real interest in the auction sales was to be found. The auctioneer was offering some paintings which were alleged to be from the easels of distinguished artists. There was a crowd of buyers in front of him, who were bidding in a manner that did not betray much excitement, though doubtless some of them were concealing their real feelings under a cloak of apparent indifference. The auctioneer is assisted in his labors by a *crieur*, or crier, whose duty it is to do the greater part of the talking; he stands in front of the auctioneer's desk, repeating the bids that have been made, encouraging other bids, watching the faces in the crowd, keeping a keen eye out for a nod, a wink, the movement of a finger—anything that indicates a bid, and is intended to be concealed from the crowd. His words and sentences are deftly mingled with those of the auctioneer, and he saves his superior a great amount of vocal labor. One thing he must possess above all others to be a successful crier: he must have a clear and melodious voice that can make itself heard all through the hall, and at the same time it must not be a boisterous one.

"The crier now on duty," said Frank, "is Daire, and he is known to the patrons of this part of the Hôtel Drouot for the past quarter of a



A PRIVATE VIEW.

century. He is the chief of all the other criers, and his word is law among them. He is here every day, but does not always officiate, reserving himself for the largest and best of the sales, which are his exclusive province, and pay him handsomely."

"He reminds me of the town-crier whom we used to have when I was a little girl," Mrs. Bassett remarked in a whisper to her son. "But he doesn't carry a bell, as our town-crier did, probably for the reason that a bell would be out of place here."

"But there are several belles among the buyers and spectators," said Mary, with a smile. Mrs. Bassett did not catch the time-honored pun, but looked in vain through the assemblage for bells of the town-crier

sort. She saw several pretty faces, but the majority of their owners seemed more intent upon chatting with their neighbors than in bidding upon the pictures. One fair Frenchwoman, however, had a catalogue in her hand, and when a certain picture was offered she began to bid eagerly. Her bidding aroused others, and the painting brought a good price. She was not the purchaser, and Mrs. Bassett wondered why the woman failed to secure the object for which she seemed so desirous.

"She's probably a friend of the artist," whispered Frank, "and simply wished to help the sale along. This practice is a well-known one in art auctions all the world over, and in no place is it practised to greater perfection than in New York. Probably she wasn't at all inclined to buy the picture, and her eagerness was a bit of fine acting that would do credit to the stage of the Théâtre Français."

"She is an actress at the ——— Théâtre," said an English-speaking by-stander, touching his hat and bowing to Frank, "and the artist is her brother. The crier and auctioneer both know who she is, and so do some of the people here, but the majority of them suppose she is a genuine purchaser."

Frank thanked the gentleman for his explanation of the reason for the pretty woman's apparent anxiety to buy, when she was really trying to induce somebody else to invest his money. She evidently succeeded, and her look of disappointment when the picture was knocked down was well managed and worthy the admiration of all who saw it.

It is proper to remark that the auctioneers of the Hôtel Drouot are well versed in their business, which is to obtain the highest possible prices for whatever comes under the hammer in that establishment. The auctioneer and the crier at a great sale study the crowd before them with the greatest care, and they display wonderful skill in creating a fever among the purchasers, when such a thing is possible. They can readily determine when a bidder has reached his limit, or when he is inclined to go beyond his last offer, and their arts of cajolery are of the best. It is impossible to describe them in writing, and we will not hazard an attempt to do so.

"How much do the auctioneers receive for their services?" Mrs. Bassett asked, during a pause in the sales.

"Their compensation depends very much upon the character of the articles sold, the cost of advertising, catalogues, and other contingent expenses. At the commencement of a sale the auctioneer announces that purchasers will be required to pay a tax of 5 per cent. on the amount of their bids, a practice that is unknown in America. Suppose

I have offered \$100 for a picture, and it has been knocked down to me. When I go to pay for it I find that I must pay \$105 before it will be delivered, and the same rate is maintained on all purchases, great or small.

"For example, a great painting was sold here a few years ago for \$120,000. The purchasers had to pay \$5600 additional in consequence of the 5 per cent. tax, and then the seller of the picture paid 10 per cent. to the auctioneer for disposing of it. This amounted to \$12,000, and so the cost of transferring this picture from seller to buyer left the neat little sum of \$17,600 in the hands of the men connected with the Hôtel Drouot and the business conducted here."

"The auction business ought to be very profitable," was the very natural comment that followed this piece of information.

"And so it is," was the reply. "The business of the Hôtel Drouot amounts to many millions of francs every year, and sometimes the sales of a single day will require seven figures to represent them. The expenses of a sale are never less than 8 per cent., and may amount to 25 per cent., or very near that figure. The auctioneers of Paris are an association created by the law, and they have an official character like the clerks and lower officials in the employ of the Government. They are a close corporation, like the Stock Exchange of New York; and before a man can act as auctioneer he must deposit 20,000 francs in the public treasury to insure his honesty in dealing with his customer: then he must be elected to the association, and receive an appointment from the Government. When he wants to retire from business he sells it out to a successor, who must be approved by the officers of the association or the public authorities. The auction business is so profitable that a million francs and more has been paid for the 'good-will' of a retiring auctioneer, and the most ordinary of them can obtain 200,000 francs for his rights in the association."



DAIRE, THE MASTER CRIER.

"Why don't you buy out one of the auctioneers here and set up for yourself?" Mary asked, jocularly, turning to Fred.

"I couldn't do it," said Fred, in response, "as no one but a citizen of France is eligible. A man of any other nationality would be shown to the door with the most frigid politeness."



A REGULAR VISITOR.

"But there's one place that you can take here without the necessity of being a Frenchman," said Frank, as Fred ended his reply to Mary. "You can be an expert."

"What is an expert?" Mrs. Bassett asked, turning to Frank.

"He is the man who puts a valuation upon articles offered for sale, so as to guide the auctioneer in his work. You may have your goods valued or not, as you choose; but if you call in an expert to value them, you must pay him a commission of 3 per cent. on the amount received. A buyer who does not trust his own judgment may also employ an expert to help him, or a dozen if he likes; but when he calls an expert to his aid, he may quite possibly secure the very one who

is in the interest of the seller, or has a friend who is so interested.

"Experts have their different lines of business," continued Frank, "as it is naturally impossible for one man to know the value of everything. One is an expert of old paintings, another of modern ones; another is an expert in coins, antiquities, and the like; another confines himself to old books, another to lace, and so on through the vast list of things that come here to be sold. A good expert must be able to say pretty nearly at what price an article will sell; and if it runs much above or falls below his figures, the result is a discredit to his judgment."

"Don't they make mistakes sometimes?"

"Yes, the best of them will blunder, but, as a rule, they are wonderfully correct in their estimates. A story is told of one of the best of the experts in faience, who fixed the price of a vase at \$20, and



was very greatly astonished when it sold at auction for just forty times that amount (\$800), and was afterwards disposed of by the purchaser for \$2000. Another expert once ascribed a portrait of one of the kings of France to an artist who died fifty years before the king was born; but this expert was by no means one of the highest rank. Any man can be an expert, or call himself one, and he does not belong to a close corporation like the auctioneers."

Frank regretted that there was no great sale in prospect—something of an unusual character, like the Duchesse de Berry, the Demidoff, the San Donato, the Marshal Soult, and other famous sales of which all the collectors and amateurs all over the world are aware. These sales are advertised for months beforehand, and purchasers flock to them from all parts of Europe and America to purchase the curiosities that are to go under the hammer. The articles are placed on exhibition, and prospective buyers have the privilege of examining them in the show-rooms for a few days before the sale begins. Their extent may be realized when it is known that the Demidoff sales brought in an aggregate of 15,000,000 francs, and other sales have fallen not far behind it.

Mrs. Bassett said that the inspection of the articles in one of these famous sales would be like going through a museum.

"Very much like it," replied Frank, "and a museum of no ordinary character. Books, jewels, furniture, pictures, bric-à-brac, and many other things that have belonged to royal or imperial personages have been sold here, and their history is so clearly traced that there can be no doubt of their genuineness. The rarest of old books and engravings come here for a market; and, in fact, the rarest and best of everything in the way of curiosities have passed in and out of the Hôtel Drouot."

On inquiry, Frank learned that the goods from the private collec-



AN AMATEUR.

tion of an eccentric gentleman who had recently died was to come under the hammer the next day, and were then on view in one of the rooms. So they went there and feasted their eyes upon rare paintings by famous



WAITING FOR BUSINESS.

artists, and choice vases from Japan and China, rugs from Persia and Daghestan, shawls from Cashmere, plates and cups from Sevres, swords from Damascus, wood and ivory carvings from India, and a variety of other things which Frank said were altogether too numerous to mention in detail. They spent an hour among these curiosities and then returned to join the crowd at the picture sale.

The auctioneer, crier, and audience had warmed to their work, and the room had warmed at the same time, as it was not by any means ventilated after the modern ideas. Bidding was lively and in large sums; a painting was started at 500 francs and reached 2000, at which figure it was secured by somebody, but whether the price obtained was above or below its real value we will not pretend to say. Then there rose a question which Mrs. Bassett propounded to Frank as to what made one picture worth a hundred or five hundred times the value of another that was equally pleasing to the eye.

"That question has been asked a great many times," said Frank, "and the best answer I know of is that the demand makes the value. 'A thing is worth what it will fetch' is an old saying, and perhaps as near the truth as we can get. Articles become valuable in proportion to their rarity, their merit, or their associations, or all three combined. Any one of us would give more for a book or a walking-stick that had belonged to the Duke of Wellington or the Emperor of China than to one that had no history or association whatever connected with it, although the two sticks may be precisely alike. Pictures by the old painters of past centuries are worth more than equally good pictures by living artists; when a modern artist of reputation dies his pictures are at once increased in value, because no more of them can be made. The autograph of Andrew Johnson is more valuable than that of any other President of the United States, Washington not excepted, for the reason that very few of his autographs are in existence; Washington's autographs are less valuable than those of certain other men of his time, for the reason that they are more numerous, though Washington is far better known than any one of the men to whom I refer. And you may say of all the rare things sold at the Hôtel Drouot, that they are worth what people are willing to pay for them for the sake of their possession."

Having satisfied their curiosity relative to the Hôtel Drouot and the business conducted there, our friends left the building and strolled along the street of the same name, till they came to what Frank said was the Hôtel Figaro, the office of the newspaper of that name. It is one of the curiosities of newspaper buildings, as it is in the style of architecture prevalent in Spain nearly three hundred years ago, and is adorned with a fine statue representing the character of Figaro, in the well-known opera "The Barber of Seville." Frank told his mother that the *Figaro* newspaper was a witty and satirical journal with a large circulation, and a decided hostility to the republican form of government, though of late years it shows a willingness to tolerate it for a while. The idea of its founder was to make a newspaper which should be readable from beginning to end; and he seems to have succeeded very well, if we may judge by the way the paper is talked about.

The visit to the office of *Figaro* led to a talk concerning the newspapers of Paris and their general character and standing.

"There are more newspapers here than in New York," said Frank to his mother, in reply to a question concerning them; "but our American papers contain ten times as much real news as the journals of the French capital. There are sixty or more dailies here in Paris, but some

EDITORIAL BREAKFAST AT THE RESTAURANT DU CHAT NOIR.



of them are so obscure that you might live here for years without knowing of their existence. The paper with the largest circulation is the *Petit Journal*, which is sold for one sou (one cent), and the high-priced paper with the largest circulation (about one hundred thousand) is the *Figaro*. One of the best of the republican papers is the *Journal des Débats*, and side by side with it in character and political leaning is the *La République Française*. *Figaro* costs four sous (cents), and the prices of the other newspapers vary from four sous down to one, but are generally two sous, which seems to be the popular price."

"What are the papers filled with," queried Mrs. Bassett, "if they contain as little news as you suggest?"

"They are filled with political articles, stories, theatrical notes, gossip, and matters of that sort, and they have a little news now and then when they cannot well avoid it. They have telegraphic matter from various parts of the world, but less than you will find in any paper in the United States, in a city having more than ten thousand inhabitants. Their news is generally confined to a bare announcement of an event, and they will give a few lines to what an American paper would consider of sufficient importance to have a column or two."

As Frank paused, Fred asked him to tell about Mr. —, the American journalist they had met a few days before, and his experience with a French newspaper in the matter of news.

"Oh yes," said Frank, "that's a good case in point. Mr. — is connected with a prominent newspaper in New York, and came here a few weeks ago for a vacation. He speaks French easily, and had an introduction to the editor of one of the Paris papers. He was cordially received, invited to an editorial breakfast at the restaurant Du Chat Noir, and there made the acquaintance of several members of the French press, who were very courteous to him.



A BUYER OF OLD BOOKS.

"A few days after his arrival he went out into the country twenty or thirty miles from Paris to visit a friend. Close by his friend's house was a large factory, which took fire and was burned to the ground during his visit, causing great excitement in the village. Thinking he would do a good thing for the French editor who had treated him so kindly, and with the true instinct of the trained journalist, he gathered particulars enough of the fire to fill not less than a column, and hastened to Paris by an evening train. He went straight to the office of his friend, and delivered his budget of manuscript so that it was in ample time to appear in full. Imagine his chagrin the next morning to find that his column of matter had been cut down to exactly two and a half lines containing the bare announcement of the fire. It was all that the paper cared for, and, as a newspaper is made up to meet the wants of its readers, it was probably all that the public desired.

"The oldest Parisian newspaper," continued Frank, "is the *Gazette de France*, which was founded in 1631. It has been suppressed a few times, but never for a long period, and it generally manages to be on the side of the existing Government, or so mild in its opposition that no one is offended by it. Under the first and second empires earnest opposition was not allowed; whenever a newspaper made itself troublesome, the Emperor suppressed it without hesitation. During the revolution of 1789 a great many newspapers appeared, but when Napoleon I. came into power he suppressed nearly all of them.

"The French were allowed more liberty of the press under Louis Philippe than before, although the great majority of the papers of his day were opposed to the liberal King. After the fall of Louis Philippe, in 1848, some one remarked to Louis Napoleon that the freedom of the press had overturned the royal throne. The 'nephew of his uncle' is said to have put his hand to the side of his face, and he remained in a contemplative attitude for a minute or more. When he came into power he suppressed nearly all papers that showed any hostility to him, and he continued to muzzle the press until his downfall. When the republic was established in 1871, great numbers of newspapers appeared. They were not disturbed by the Government, with a very few exceptions, but they were so numerous that it was impossible for all to exist. Many of them died, and some that survived only kept alive through their advertising columns and their readiness to give notoriety to anybody who was willing to pay for it."

Mrs. Bassett asked Frank about the newspapers of Paris that were printed in the English language. She had seen the Paris edition of the

New York *Herald* and also the *American Register*, and wondered if there were any others.

"The oldest paper in Paris in the English language," said Frank, "is *Galignani's Messenger*, and for a long time it had a monopoly of the patronage of the English reading public. As the newspaper men say, it was a 'scissors and paste' affair, as its contents other than the advertisements consisted entirely of clippings from English and American papers, with just as many written words as were needed for headlines and nothing more. It was a gold-mine for its owner until it was obliged to share the field with others, and also reduce its price; furthermore, it was compelled, through the competition against it, to have some original writing in its columns, instead of relying entirely upon clip-



A SERIOUS DUEL.

pings. The number of Americans and English in Paris and on the Continent is so large that all the papers in our language are said to be doing well, and we shall certainly hope that such is the case."

Mary had read something in one of the French papers about a duel between an editor and somebody else, and asked if such things were common in Paris and when they took place.

"Duels are not confined to editors and those whom they have offended," replied Frank, "but are the fashionable amusement of a goodly number of Parisians, and, occasionally, foreigners."

"Amusement!" exclaimed Mrs. Bassett, in astonishment. "How can you think of calling a duel an amusement?"

"Why," replied the young man, "because it is so rarely injurious to any one, and because a duel attracts the public attention and is generally a great entertainment to all those who are not personally concerned. Most of the duels in France are ridiculous for a variety of reasons; if pistols are used, an exchange of shots without anybody being hit is usually sufficient to avenge the offended dignity of the combatants, and they shake hands and become friends, or as friendly as the customs of society require; if the men fight with swords, a mere touch to draw a few drops of blood is sufficient, and men have been accused of carrying small phials of blood under their clothing, and breaking them surreptitiously at the proper moment. In many cases the police are notified, so that they can appear at the right moment and stop the duel, and then the would-be combatants are put under bonds to keep the peace and their hostility to each other comes to an end.

"Some of the journalists of Paris are notorious for the duels they have fought, but I will not add to their notoriety by naming them. One, in particular, is said to have fought a duel for every year of his life. He is one of the most abusive men that ever wielded a pen, and the French language does not contain words too bad for him to apply to any one who does not agree with him in politics. His policy is to goad an opponent until the latter feels obliged to send a challenge. The challenged party has the choice of weapons; and, as Mr. — is accounted the best swordsman in Europe, he selects swords, and can kill his adversary if he chooses. Another famous duellist follows the same plan, but the pistol is his favorite weapon, and he always chooses it."

"These men are no better than murderers!" exclaimed Mrs. Bassett, in a tone of horror, as Frank paused.

"A great many other people, and Frenchmen, too, believe as you do," said Frank; "but duelling is so firmly fixed among the customs of the French that it cannot be eradicated. Happily, though, it appears to be on the decline, and the laws against it are constantly becoming more and more severe."

Then Frank indulged in a bit of moralizing, in which he said the duel was a relic of the Middle Ages, when it was believed that disputes should be settled by personal combat, the one who was in the right being sure of the victory. That the victor was right and the vanquished wrong in his quarrel was the belief of those times. Its absurdity had long since been clearly proven, and by none more forcibly than Napoleon I., who said that in war Providence was on the side of the strongest battalions and the heaviest artillery. Duelling ought, he considered, to be placed by the side of the belief in charms and enchantments, as it is altogether unworthy of any regard on the part of an intelligent people. The duel to-day is nothing more than a proof of a man's bravery, especially when he meets an antagonist whom he knows to be more skilful than himself in the use of weapons.

"And the duel seems to me the most ridiculous thing in the world," said Fred. "Let us suppose that John deliberately insults Charles. John thereby shows that he is not a gentleman, which Charles claims to be; but, under the code of the duel, Charles is obliged to challenge John to a combat which may be mortal. Thus Charles, the gentleman, places himself on an equality with John, whose conduct is not that of a gentleman. Furthermore, John, the challenged party, has the choice of weapons. He chooses those in which he is most skilful, and thus Charles, by his challenge, is at a disadvantage in the combat which ensues. Charles is wounded, and perhaps killed, while John gets off unharmed. Charles, the victim of the insult, goes to the hospital or the cemetery, while his insulter resumes his former course of life, and is free, temporarily or permanently, from the presence of the man whom he affronted. Altogether, it seems to me that duelling is absurd in principle as well as unjust in its results, and the wonder is that sensible people tolerate it in this age of intelligence."

"The moral is," said Frank, "that nobody should fight a duel."

"Certainly," replied Fred, "especially when the other man has him at a disadvantage."

CHAPTER XII.

THE EIFFEL TOWER; ITS HEIGHT AND DIMENSIONS; COMPARISON WITH THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT; PLANS FOR ITS CONSTRUCTION; HOW THE COST WAS DEFRAYED; TRIUMPH OF THE RIVET IN BUILDING; HOW THE ASCENT IS MADE.—ELEVATORS OF AMERICAN AND FRENCH CONSTRUCTION.—THE TRAVELLER WHO WANTED TO GO TO "COMPLET."—A MIXED ASSEMBLAGE.—SCENES ON THE DIFFERENT PLATFORMS.—DINNER IN A HIGH PLACE.—VIEW FROM THE UPPER STORY.—EFFECT OF WIND AND RAIN.—PARIS AT NIGHT FROM THE TOWER.—AN EXPERIENCE IN SOCIETY.—THE SALONS OF PARIS AND THEIR PECULIARITIES.—MADAME EDMOND ADAM AND HER RECEPTIONS.—ANECDOTE OF GAMBETTA.—JULIETTE LAMBER.

"THE air is very clear, and we can have a fine view from the top of the Eiffel Tower," said Frank. "Suppose we go there."

Mrs. Bassett assented at once to the proposal, and so did the others of the party.

Accordingly, they drove to the foot of the wonderful tower on the bank of the Seine, at one end of the Champ de Mars. During the ride to it Frank explained to his mother and sister the history of the landmark that is visible from all parts of the city and from beyond the line of fortifications which have already been described.

"The tower was one of the features of the great exhibition of 1889," said Frank, "and is the loftiest edifice in the world."

"How much higher is it than the Washington Monument?"



SOUVENIRS OF THE TOWER.

"Almost twice as high," was the reply. "The top of the Washington Monument is 554 feet from the ground, while that of the Eiffel Tower is 983 feet, and if you include the flag-staff you can call the Eiffel Tower a good

thousand feet in height, or almost one-fifth of a mile."

"It looks very light compared with the Washington Monument," said Mrs. Bassett, "but that is probably because it is built of iron instead of stone."

"That accounts for it," said Frank. "The Washington Monument weighs 45,500 tons, while the Eiffel Tower, almost twice as tall, weighs only 7500 tons. By using iron instead of stone they got almost twice as far up in the air with only one-sixth of the weight.

When the new

metal aluminium is cheap enough to come into general use and take the place of iron, we may expect to see a tower 2000 feet high with less weight than that of the structure before us."

As soon as Mary had a chance to ask a question she showed the practical turn of her mind by asking the cost of the tower.



TAKING THE ELEVATOR.

"The cost is said to have been a million and a quarter dollars," said Fred, referring to a description of the tower, which he glanced at from time to time. "The Government contributed \$300,000, and the city gave the land on which the tower stands. The rest of the cost was paid for by a company, and it is said that the investment was a profitable one. At the end of twenty years the tower is to become the property of the Government, and will be moved to the hill of Montmartre—or, at any rate, that was the original intention."

Fred gave other details concerning it, for which we have no room here. His account of the inception and progress of the work was cut short by the arrival of the carriage at the base of the tower, or as near to it as carriages are allowed to go. As they descended to the ground, where Frank paid and discharged the driver, our friends were beset by a crowd of peddlers who had all sorts of souvenirs of the Eiffel Tower for sale. There were pin-cushions, pencils, sleeve-buttons, snuffboxes, match-boxes, pen-holders, scarf-pins, and many other things, all bearing pictures of the tower in one form or another, or with a microscopic view of it deftly concealed or painfully apparent. All these venders seemed determined to make a sale, and they hung closely and annoyingly around until the gate was reached, where the line is drawn against them. Evidently they must drive a profitable trade among the visitors, or they would not be as numerous as they are.

"The tower may be considered quadrupedal," wrote Mary in her account of the visit, "as it has four legs which support it. It is ever so much longer and larger than any other quadruped that the world has ever known; even the mammoth elephant at Coney Island is dwarfed into the dimensions of a pug-dog by this Eiffel animal. There is an immense fountain under the central arch formed by the junction of the four great legs. The fountain is emblematic of all the world which gathered here for the exhibition in the year of the tower's completion. Take away the fountain, and you could put the whole Fifth Avenue Hotel of New York under the arch formed beneath the central part of the tower; and even after the hotel was placed there you would have a good deal of space to spare for smaller hotels.

"The iron legs rest upon granite feet, and these feet are sunk deep into the ground, so that they stand on the solid rock. There are sinews of steel joining the legs to the feet; probably the legs would rest there if not fastened at all, but the architect was determined to allow no opportunity for an overturn of the great structure by a high wind such as sometimes sweeps over Paris both in summer and winter.



ON THE SUMMIT.

“We walked around a little while to look at the tower from below and learn how it was built. Fred’s head seemed to be what Dr. Holmes calls ‘an ant-hill of units and tens,’ and he said so much about matter-of-fact things that I can’t remember the half of them. One thing I remember is that the tower is a triumph of the power of the rivet to hold iron together. Two and a half million rivets were used in making the tower, and more than seven million rivet-holes were bored. And what struck me as curious was that every piece of iron was fashioned, and every rivet-hole was bored or punched, at the Eiffel

factory, miles and miles away, before it was sent to Paris. Beams, joists, girders, and all other pieces of iron-work were carefully planned, and the place of each and every piece was marked on the plans, so that the engineers knew exactly where it was to go when it came here. Fred said that 40 draughtsmen were busy for two years in preparing the 500 drawings for the engineers and 2500 working plans, by which everything was made ready. It reminded me of the story of the building of King Solomon's temple, and mamma said she thought the same thing while Fred was talking about the great work.

"Everything was so exact that when they were laying the floor of the second story they found that the two western legs of the tower were just one-fifth of an inch higher than the two eastern ones. I thought that was certainly near enough for all possible purposes, but Fred said it wasn't, and that this slight difference would have thrown all the rivet-holes of the upper part of the tower out of place. How do you suppose they corrected the mistake after finding it?

"Fred says there is a hydraulic screw-press fitted to the shoe of each of the four feet of the tower. By means of the screw-presses they lowered the western feet the needed one-fifth of an inch, and then the work went on all right. Is there anything in the world more exact than the science of engineering? If so, tell me.

"Well, here we are at the office where we buy our tickets for the top. There are three kinds of tickets—one for the whole distance, and one for each of the first and second stories. It costs four francs (eighty cents) to the top, three francs for the second story, and two francs for the first. We intended to go all the way to the top, and so Fred paid the sixteen francs necessary for the four through tickets. I said *the* ticket-office, but there are four offices, there being an elevator and a ticket-office in each of the four legs of the tower. There are American elevators, or lifts, in two of the legs, and French ones in the other two. We determined to patronize home institutions, and so went up in one of the American elevators. The American lifts run up to the second platform, but the French ones stop at the first platform. In the upper or straight part of the tower there is only a French one, known as the 'Ascenseur Edoux,' from the name of its inventor. Fred suggested that Mr. Edoux, who invented this lift, may possibly be a relative of 'Billet Doux,' a name with which a good many school-girls are familiar. Frank said that if the tower company has not yet paid for the elevator there must be a very large billet due to the maker of it. I was about to 'say my say,' when mamma asked us to wait till we had more leisure.

"The builders of the American elevators had a difficult problem to solve when they undertook their share of the work, as they had to make an elevator which would run on an incline and also go in a curve. It was easy enough to go on an incline—that has been done often, so Fred says—but this is the first time they ever undertook to run an elevator in a circle. I can't explain how it is done; Fred tried to tell me, but he made my head ache, and I wasn't any wiser when he finished than before he began. At all events, they accomplished what they started for, and certainly they should be very proud of what they have done. The elevator is the first of its kind, and it will hold fifty passengers; and they say there has never been an accident of any kind with it.

"If this elevator was in America they would probably crowd in just as many people as could stand in it, no matter how much the passengers were

squeezed. But that isn't the way they do things in France. Omnibuses, trams-cars, and all other kinds of public conveyance never take more passengers than can find places to sit, except some of the omnibuses, which have a certain number of standing places on the rear platform. When all the seats of an omnibus are taken they display a little sign bearing the word '*Complet*' (Full), and then it doesn't stop to take up any more passengers until some have left it. And that reminds me of a story connected



WRITING LETTERS.

with that word which I'll tell right here, although you may possibly have heard it before.

"An American who was once in Paris and knew nothing of the language used to go about the city on the omnibuses, and in this way he visited all the principal points. But he complained to a friend that there was one place, called Complet, which he could never get to. He had seen a great many omnibuses going to it, and had hailed them, but they were always full and would never stop for him. He knew that the place must be worth seeing, as there were so many people going there.

"The elevator here takes only just as many passengers as it can seat, and when all the seats are occupied the door is closed. We took our places in the line, and had to wait perhaps a quarter of an hour before there was room for us. But the time was not by any means wasted, as we had leisure to study the crowd; and a very interesting one it was.

"There were very few who appeared to be residents of Paris. I suppose the residents have already seen the tower, or else are waiting for a convenient day to ascend it, just as people in Buffalo are waiting for a convenient day to visit Niagara Falls, which they have lived within twenty miles of for years and years but have never seen. The French-speaking people in the crowd appeared to be almost without exception from the rural part of France or from some other country. There were several Russians and three or four Belgians talking French to one another, and then there were Swiss, Spaniards, Italians; and we must not forget that there were English and Americans.

"Some of the strangers had never seen an elevator before, and their performances on the way up were interesting. One man tried the floor by stamping on it to see if there was danger that the elevator would break down, and his friend shook it by the hand-rail in a similar investigation as to its durability. When the machinery was set in motion and the lift was under way some of the women gave little hysterical screams, and one turned pale and appeared as though she would faint. Some Americans who were evidently from the rural districts commented upon the price of the journey, and came to the conclusion that eighty cents for a distance of less than a thousand feet was altogether too much. 'I've been from Boston to Portland for fifty cents,' said one, 'and that's more'n a hundred miles. Eighty cents for this 'ere ride's a swindle, but I s'pose it's because they take us up in the air instead of going on a level. Don't see what else it can be.'

"We changed from one elevator to another at the first platform. We had to wait here for our turn, as at the foot of the tower, but Fred was

right when he said there was plenty of room to wait in. If you are thirsty or hungry there is a restaurant that is ready to supply you with drink or food; and one of our American fellow-passengers suggested that they ought to have a regular hotel up there, where people could lodge, and he was sure it would be patronized. Frank stepped aside and had a short conversation with the head waiter of the restaurant, but we did not learn until later what they were talking about.



CHIEF OF THE GUARDS.

"A large proportion of the visitors had only taken tickets to this platform. Some of them bought places to the second platform after reaching this one, and others did not. Probably the managers of the tower have found it to their advantage to permit people to buy on the instalment plan. Many who would not spend the eighty cents required for a through ticket will readily buy to the first platform, and perhaps afterwards they will make the entire journey.

Even if they go no farther than this the company has obtained a revenue from them which otherwise it would not have obtained at all. Human nature is sometimes queer.

"We went on as soon as we could to the upper story. I'll tell you more about the first platform when we get back to it.

"We changed at the second and third floors without delay, and presently found ourselves at the top, where we had what may be called a bird's-eye view. A gentleman who was here in 1878, and went up in the captive balloon which they had that year, says the view from the top floor of the tower is exactly like that from the balloon. No wonder it was, as the balloon went up to a height of 1000 feet, and this is the height where we are now. And what a view it is!

"There was a custodian, or guide, on the top floor to point out the places of interest. He told us that the range of vision extended thirty miles in every direction, and he pointed out villages and towns fifteen, twenty, and more miles away, to prove the correctness of what he said. He indicated the forts which protect the city; as for indicating the city itself, there was no need of his doing so, for it lay before us like a map on a carpet. The Seine wriggles through the city like a silver serpent, and you can trace it from one side of your range of vision to the other

without the least difficulty, save where it is embowered here and there in the forest. We can follow the roads in the Bois de Boulogne, and, turning to the other side of the picture, can do the same in the Bois de Vincennes. The spires of the great churches are all far below us—in fact, there is nothing to interfere with our sight in any direction. Yes, there was something; it was a shower that came sweeping along from the west and for a little while buried from our vision all that lay beneath it. A cloud passed along where we stood, and we felt the rain-drops pattering, though luckily there were not many of them, and the sky was soon clear again and the picture bright as ever.

“I was afraid to look straight down to the ground for fear of vertigo, but ventured to do so after some encouragement from Frank and Fred. As for mamma, she would not venture to look beneath her, but only studied the far-off horizon and the objects upon it. She looked once at the dome of the Invalides, but felt her head swimming and gave it up. Many persons are thus affected.

“When I got so that I could look down I saw a funny sight. The people on the ground were like ants, with the exception that they were much shorter than those little insects. We could see a spot of black or some other color, and see that it was moving, and that is about all we could make out. Down on the Seine we watched the little steamboats moving up and down the stream; they resembled caterpillars more than anything else, and so did the trains on the railways, though Frank thought the trains might be compared to centipedes or possibly to small snakes. But, no matter what we saw, we were all the time impressed with the fact that we were very small folks ourselves, and the world around us was very large.



A FULL WINDOW.

“The sun was warm up there, but the wind was cold; when the sun was obscured by a cloud the temperature changed very suddenly, and it was like the contrast between early spring and full midsummer. When



PARIS FROM THE FOURTH FLOOR.

the little shower came, there was a strong gust of wind with it, and we could perceive very distinctly that the tower vibrated. Some of the people turned pale, as if they thought the tower was going to fall, or at all events was liable to do so. The custodian assured them that there was not the least danger; that the tower was built to stand the strongest wind that could blow, and was just as safe as the court-yard of the Hôtel Dronot, or the auditorium of the Opera-house.

“We lingered for some time, and wanted to go to the little platform beneath the lantern, but found that the place and the stairway leading

to it were not open to the public. So we went back to the first platform, where we found what Frank had been talking about to the head waiter of the restaurant; he had ordered dinner for us, and it was all ready to be served as soon as we were seated.

“It was a dinner in the air, and very nice it was. Frank said the prices were as high as the place, but he was sure there would be no cause to complain of the ventilation, or the danger of drowning by a sudden overflow of the Seine. We had a seat by one of the windows; and as we sat at table we looked out over the city, and could study it all the way from the soup to the dessert and coffee. In some respects the view is better than that from the upper story; you can’t see for so long a distance, but what you do bring into your range of vision is much more distinct, and you are certainly high enough.

“There is a gallery all around the platform, and you might suppose that the people on it would constantly obstruct our view; but they did nothing of the sort, as the floor of the gallery is four or five feet lower than ours, and consequently we looked over the heads of all the promenaders, and had a clear range at all times.

“We waited till the light of day faded out in the sky and the stars appeared one by one; then the gas and electric lights shone below us, and what an hour before was a stretch of gray and red roofs seamed with streets and dotted with parks and squares, became a broad field of sparkling lamps whose number seemed to be millions. We could trace some of the streets and avenues by the lines of lamps, and altogether the scene was one long to be remembered. Then we listened to music, for they have a concert here in the evening, and the hour was well advanced before, in travellers’ parlance, we had ‘done’ the Eiffel Tower and were ready to descend to the ground and go home.

“And in conclusion let me say that the tower is not at all pretty; and I wonder that a people so devoted to beauty and possessing so much taste as the French can be as proud as they are of this triumph of engineering art. It is great, it is a monument of ingenuity, but it is no more beautiful than a giraffe or a heap of stones in a field. It is the work of an engineer and not of an artist—the product of cold calculation and not of sentiment, or a taste for beauty.

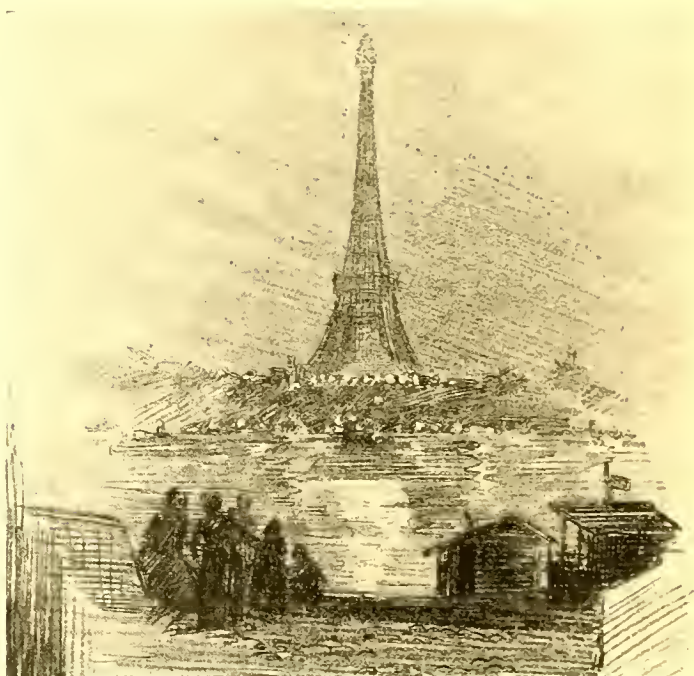
“And speaking of sentiment reminds me that there seems to be a perfect mania on the part of visitors to write their names on the top of the tower. The scribblers attack the paint with pencils and sometimes with ink, and the managers have wisely placed sheets of paper in frames, the sheets being changed every day and kept for binding in an album.

By the end of the day the sheets are covered with names of people from all parts of the world, and some of the writers indulge in comments, either sentimental or otherwise. One English or American writer to-day had, like Mr. Wegg, dropped into poetry, with the following result :

“ ‘This is a lofty tower,
The tallest of the tall ;
And folks way down below us—
My gracious ! ain't they small ?’

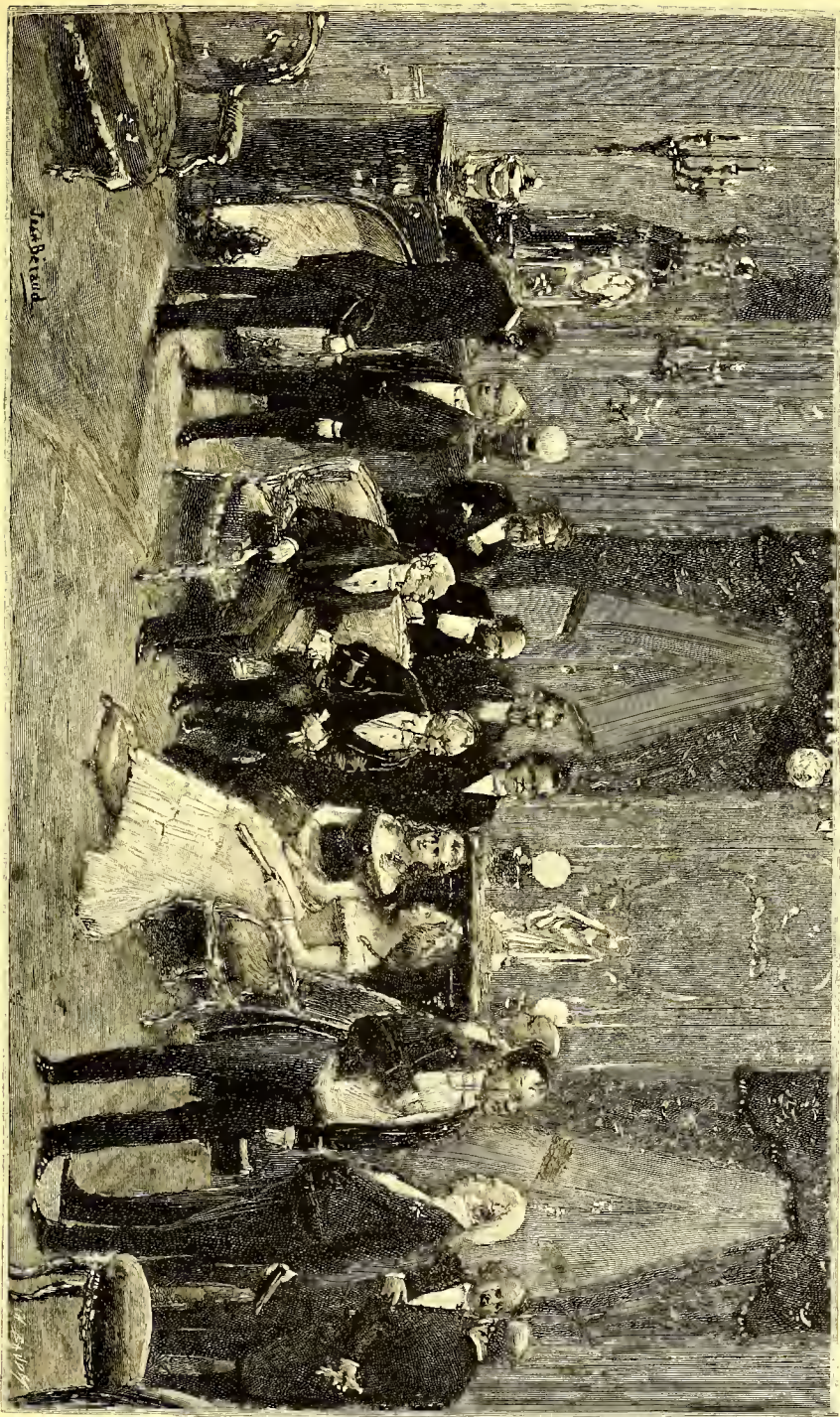
“This is a fair average of the fourth-story poetry of the Eiffel Tower, and I won't torture you with any more.”

On returning to their hotel our friends found a note from Mr. Jackson, the American gentleman who had so kindly secured tickets for them to the public session of the French Academy, which was described in a previous chapter. Mr. Jackson said he had obtained permission to take them to the house of a Parisian lady of high literary distinction. Her salon would be held on the following evening, and he wished to know if they would be pleased to go.



THE TOWER BY NIGHT.

THE SALON OF THE COUNTESS D'AGOUTI.

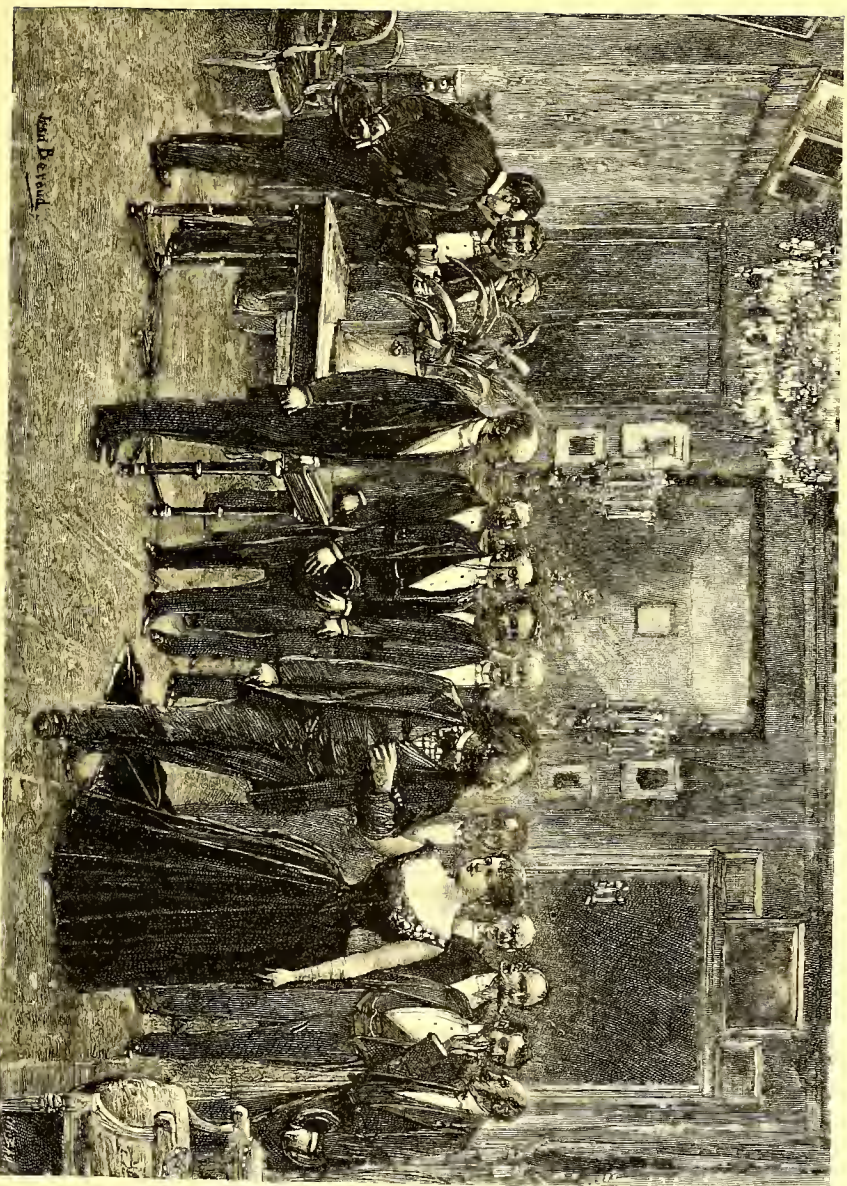


The invitation was accepted without delay, as Mrs. Bassett and Mary greatly desired to be introduced to a French salon, and to learn in what way it differed from an evening reception in any other civilized country. Mrs. Bassett was puzzled to understand why the French should call an evening party by the name of the place where it was given. Frank explained that it was the custom of the country, and this explanation was accepted as quite satisfactory, in view of the fact that there was no other conveniently at hand.

Frank explained to his mother and sister that the French salon was a feature of society which had no exact counterpart in England or America. It had its beginning in the last century before the revolution of 1789, and the salon of that time had almost always a political character. One writer has defined it as a sociable assemblage of persons of the same taste in the drawing-room of a sympathetic woman. Its purpose is to have some object of meeting other than the ordinary small-talk of an evening reception; and the object may be political, literary, scientific, or artistic—anything that will bring cultivated people together, and enable them to pass the time so that it shall not be regarded as wasted, at least in theory.

“Every famous woman of France in the past hundred years,” said Frank, “has had her salon, and it was through it, in many instances, that she became famous. As every rule has its exceptions, there may have been celebrated women without salons, but the number is small. It is in the salon that women have exercised their power in politics, finance, art, and many other things for which Paris is renowned; and more than one important movement in the political world has had its beginning in one of these feminine autocracies; and every Frenchman of renown has been at one time or another the frequenter of a salon, and is supposed to have shaped his course to some extent, at any rate, in consequence of what he learned there. Even the great Napoleon patronized the salon of Madame Hamelin, Guizot was a regular attendant at the receptions of Madame De Lieven, and Thiers did not often miss the evenings when Princess Troubetskoi was at home.”

“In later times,” he continued, “there have been salons in great number, though the number of political ones, unless their feelings were imperial, was greatly restricted under the second empire, owing to the sharp eye which the Government kept on all assemblages that might be considered hostile to the existing Government. Politics could not be freely discussed, for the reason that nobody could tell who might be a spy or when the entire party might find itself carried away to prison.



GAMBETTA'S FIRST APPEARANCE AT MADAME ADAM'S SALON.

But in spite of the severity of the Government there were several salons where Republicans were in the habit of meeting, and there can be little doubt that in these assemblages were promulgated some of the ideas which resulted in the establishment of the present republic."

A very readable account was written several years ago by Madame Edmond Adam relative to the formation of her salon. It was in the days of the second empire that she came to reside in Paris, and formed the acquaintance of the Countess d'Agoult. She was invited to attend the receptions of the countess, and there met several men who had already gained prominence, or afterwards became prominent, in the political world. They were all opposed to the empire, and longed for the downfall of Napoleon III.; some of them had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the empire, and some had taken it with more or less mental reserve as to their intentions of keeping it. In course of time Madame Adam began to gather some of her friends about her at dinner on Friday of each week, other friends were invited to drop in after the dinner, and in this way her salon was formed. It became a meeting-place for men of varying shades of opinion, but all agreed as to their opposition to the empire. When the republic came into existence the salon of this energetic woman was recognized as one of the forces that had brought about the change of Government.

Madame Adam gives an interesting anecdote concerning her first meeting with Leon Gambetta, who afterwards became one of the leading men of the republic, as most readers are aware. Her husband suggested that Gambetta should be invited to one of their Friday dinners, and a note of invitation was sent accordingly. Here is the lady's account of his arrival and reception:

"He imagined, as he afterwards told me, that he was coming to the table of a literary woman, a blue-stocking, and so he arrived dressed in one of those costumes that one wears in the morning for want of something better. His coat was neither a frock-coat nor a jacket, but something between a pilot-coat and an overcoat. As he was subject to bronchitis, he wore a check flannel shirt, on which he had pinned a white collar and cuffs, but the flannel was visible in certain places, and he pushed back the recalcitrant folds with an ease that betrayed long habit.

"Adam and our friends were all in evening-dress, and I in a décolleté gala costume. Gambetta looked at us with amazement. Eugene Pelletan, who knew him, greeted him cordially, and then introduced the new-comer to me. Gambetta apologized for not having a dress-coat. 'I never wear one,' he said, 'and if I had known—'



MADAME EDMOND ADAM (JULIETTE LAMBER).

“‘You would not have come, monsieur. That is very unamiable on your part,’ I replied, laughing, as he paused.

“Pelletan, with his usual kindness, then said, ‘Madame Adam prefers that her friends should not come to her house in evening-dress.’

“However, the appearance of the room demonstrated the contrary. My old friend Jules de Lasteyrie, said to me, in a whisper, ‘A frock-coat I can admit—yes; but I cannot go as far as *that*.’

“It was Lasteyrie’s arm which I should have taken to go in to dinner, and I replied, ‘And yet, my dear friend, the only way to rehabilitate *that* at my table is to give it the best place. It is you whom I deprive, but you will approve me, I’m sure.’

“He put on his air of the grand gentleman that he was, and answered, ‘You are quite right; that is what must be done.’

“I took Gambetta’s arm, to his profound astonishment, and I placed him at table on my right hand, while Jules de Lasteyrie sat at my left.

“Hardly had we taken our seats when Gambetta leaned towards me and whispered, ‘Madame, you may be sure that I shall never forget a lesson given in this manner.’

“He had something of the *grand* nature in him. This place on my right hand Gambetta was destined to keep in my house.”

* * * * *

When Mr. Jackson called to accompany the party to the reception to which they were invited he found them all ready to start, though it was yet some minutes in advance of the time for departure. The interval was spent in conversation about the salons of Paris, and in the course of the conversation allusion was made to that of Madame Adam, and the lady’s reception of Gambetta.

“Her salon was at the height of its influence and power when Gambetta was prominent in the affairs of the republic,” said Mr. Jackson. “It was the place of meeting of many of those who had not failed to denounce the *coup-d’état* as a crime, and who had the satisfaction of seeing its responsible head sent into exile, where he did not long survive. After Gambetta’s death it declined in importance, and ceased to be a resort of statesmen and politicians: but it was not discontinued. Madame Adam had been, and still is, prominent in the literary world, and her salon is a resort of literary and artistic people whose sympathies are with the present Government—or, at all events, are not in favor of a return of the empire. Some one has said that the society to be found there is as mixed as that in a biographical dictionary; but this

condition of affairs cannot be helped. Where one keeps open house for distinguished people of all kinds in literature, art, science, or anything else, the assemblage cannot always be of the very best."

"Please tell me something more about the lady," said Mary. "I feel an interest in knowing something more about her."

"She was born at Verberie in 1836, and was married when quite young to a country notary, who seems to have been of very little consequence. She wrote some newspaper and magazine articles and published a book, and then came to Paris to earn her living by literature. She had a hard struggle at first, but finally attracted the attention of the leading Republicans. Her first husband died, and then she married Edmond Adam, a prominent Republican who had a considerable fortune, which he left to her on his death in 1877. She has written a great deal for the magazines, has published several stories, and she founded *La Nouvelle Revue*, which is one of the leading magazines of Paris. She finds time to edit this magazine, do her other literary work, and shine in society, though she is not as active as she was a few years ago. Formerly she allowed herself but five hours a day for rest, but her health broke down under the strain, and she is now more careful of herself. When she began her literary career she adopted the pen-name of 'Juliette Lamber,' and by that cognomen she is better known than by her own, especially in the world of literature.

"It is time for us to go," said Mr. Jackson, as he glanced at the clock on the mantel; and in a very few minutes they were on their way to the reception.

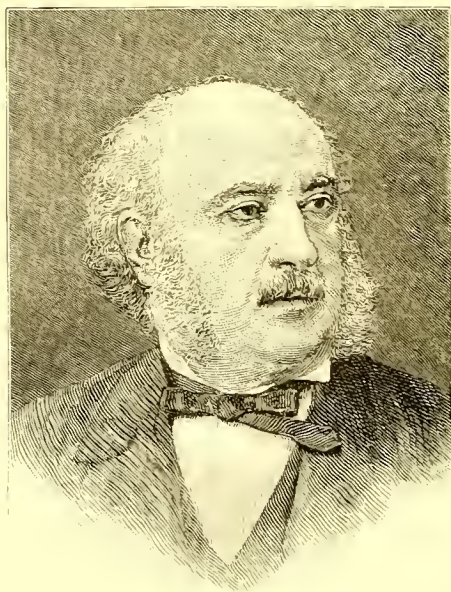
CHAPTER XIII.

AN EVENING RECEPTION.—JULES SIMON AND OTHER MEN OF NOTE.—CONVERSATION AT THE SALON.—SOME FAMOUS SALONS.—DR. EVANS AND HIS HOUSE.—REMINISCENCES OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE; HER ESCAPE FROM PARIS.—A CHAT ABOUT THE EMPIRE AND THE NAPOLEONIC FAMILY.—A SHORT HISTORY OF THE *COUP-D'ÉTAT*: HOW THE PLANS WERE LAID AND CARRIED OUT.—VICTOR HUGO AND OTHER EXILES.—IN THE GREAT SHOPS.—MARY'S ACCOUNT OF SHOPPING.—A DISSERTATION ON FANS.—HOW A FRAUD WAS DETECTED.—EVOLUTION OF THE BONNET.—FASHIONS IN DIFFERENT YEARS.—BIRDS IN THE GARDENS.—THE "BIRD CHARMER."

"WE had a very agreeable and interesting evening at Madame ——'s salon," wrote Fred in his journal, "and met several gentlemen of distinction there. But it is proper to say that we did not have

much conversation with the great men, as there was always a little knot of people about them engaging their attention. We could only look on at a distance and be satisfied with talking with lesser individuals."

"One of the gentlemen we saw there was Jules Simon, who is a member of the Academy, and has occupied a prominent place in French politics for a great many years. He is an 'advanced liberal,' so we are told, and the present republic owes much to him for his aid in shaping its policy during the first years of its existence. He is a life member of the French Senate, and takes an active part in its debates; and besides



JULES SIMON.

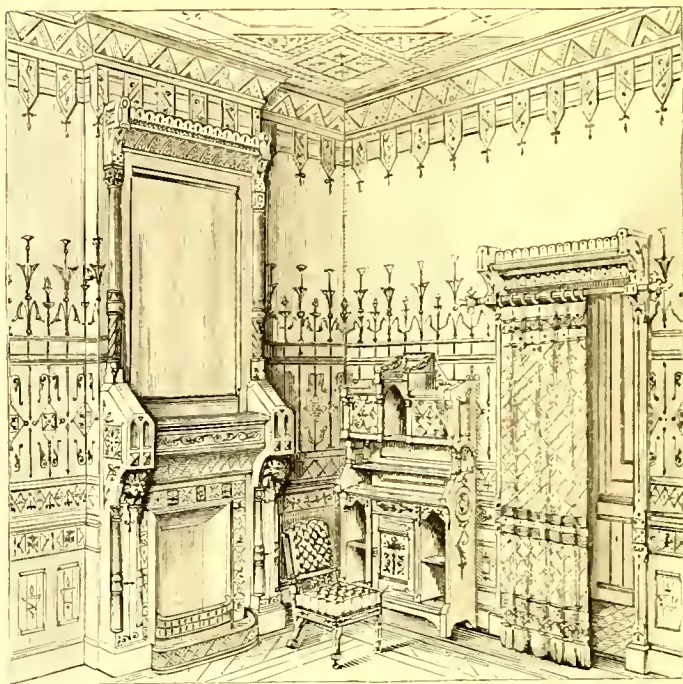
his connection with politics, he has high rank as an author of books on various subjects.

"In the course of the evening we were introduced to this gentleman," Fred continued, "and he said some very complimentary things about the United States, and regretted that he had not time to make a visit to our country and travel through all parts of it, so that he might understand it better than he did at present. He chatted several minutes with Mary, asking her what she liked best in France, and seeming very much pleased when she said she had been trying to discover something to find fault with, but thus far had not been successful. The fact is, Frank and I are a little jealous of Mary because she takes attention away from us; when she is present we generally have to stand in the background or wander by ourselves.

"Another man whose name is well known, and whom we saw during the evening is Leon Say, an author and statesman whose politics are as Republican as those of M. Simon; he is an author and journalist of distinction, has been Minister of Finance, and was chosen President of the Senate in 1880. He edited the *Journal des Débats* for a long time, and is said to write a good deal for it now. Then we saw the Vicomte de Vogüé, Ludovic Halevy, and some other literary and musical gentlemen whose names I have forgotten. Jules Claretie, the director of the Comédie Française, ran in for a few minutes only. One of the features of a Parisian salon is that you are at liberty to come and go as you like; probably the hostess would prefer that her visitors should stay through the evening, but many of them have several calls to make, and they divide their time as best they can.

"The visitors talked about art, politics, music, drama, anything and everything that happened to come up at the time, and there was a buzz of conversation all over the large parlor and in two smaller parlors or alcoves at opposite sides. The walls of the parlor were hung with pictures that showed the excellent taste with which they were selected, and there were vases of flowers on the tables and a liberal amount of bric-à-brac all around. The chairs and sofas were ranged close to the wall and around the tables. Most of the gentlemen stood for the greater part of the evening, as there were so many ladies present that they required the most of the seats in the parlors.

"Mr. Jackson told us that if we could make the rounds of all the salons of Paris we should see a great variety of furniture and decoration. Some of the salons of the old aristocracy are rich in imperial and royal souvenirs. One salon is fitted throughout in Turkish style, with



A CORNER IN A SALON.

cushions and material direct from the East; and there can be no mistake about them, as they were sent to the hostess by Abd-el-Kader, who was a frequenter of this salon when he lived in Paris. The apartment of one wealthy lady who receives her friends on Thursdays contains furniture from nearly every country in the world, arranged in different rooms. One room is French, another English, another Turkish, another Chinese or Japanese; there used to be a German room, but the furniture was removed during the war of 1870, and some antique pieces from Holland and Italy were put in its place. Germany is so unpopular here that nothing from that country will be tolerated. We have found it judicious to say as little as possible about it—in fact, we do not say that we ever heard of *Allemagne*, unless the question is propounded directly and cannot be evaded.

“So much for French society. We must not forget a visit to the house of Dr. Evans, the famous American dentist, who has lived for many years in Paris, and looked into more imperial, royal, princely, and grand-ducal mouths than any other man that ever lived. He has ae-

cumulated a large fortune, and his house is one of the finest in this city of fine houses. Mrs. Evans has a weekly reception, and we went there on her invitation. The house contains a great many choice paintings and other works of art, and there is a very interesting collection of souvenirs, which the doctor has received from his imperial and royal patients. The doctor is a great lover of birds, and I'm sure I never saw such a fine collection of winged pets anywhere outside of a public menagerie, and I have some doubt if there is any menagerie which contains as many. Some of his birds are very rare.

"Mrs. Evans showed to mamma and Mary the bonnet which the Empress Eugenie wore on the occasion of her flight from Paris. Dr. Evans had a close personal acquaintance with the Emperor and Empress, and on the night of September 4th, when the downfall of the empire was proclaimed, the mob took possession of the Palace of the Tuileries, and the life of the Empress was in danger. She escaped to a carriage, and was driven to this very house. Dr. Evans was at dinner with some friends, and in the midst of the dinner a servant came to say that a lady had called who would not give her name, but insisted upon seeing the doctor immediately. At first he refused to go; then suspecting that it might be some one who had come to seek protection from the mob, he excused himself and left the table. When he met the lady she raised her veil, and he saw it was the Empress, greatly agitated and with her stately face covered with tears.

"It was indeed a fugitive, who sought his protection from the mob. When she left the Tuileries she was escorted to a carriage by an Italian gentleman, the Chevalier Nigra. Just as she stepped into the carriage a street urchin recognized her and shouted, *Voilà l'Impératrice!*

"The chevalier boxed his ears and said, 'You little rascal, what do mean by shouting, *Vive la Prusse?*' The crowd joined in the assault upon the boy, and before the urchin could open his mouth and explain whom he saw and what he said, the carriage had disappeared in the distance and was on its way to Dr. Evans's house. There the Empress exchanged her bonnet for one belonging to Mrs. Evans, and made other alterations in her attire so as to prevent recognition. The doctor accompanied her in her flight from Paris, and, as all the world knows, she reached England, whither Louis Philippe, King of France, had fled in much the same way thirty and more years before across the Channel, to seek an asylum, as she did, under the British flag.

"You might think that the Republican rulers of France would be very unfriendly to Dr. Evans for his part in helping the Empress to es-

cape, but such is not the case. They regarded his action as that of a personal friend and not a politician, as he has never meddled in any way with French politics. No sensible man among them wished the Empress to fall into the hands of the mob, no matter how much he disliked the empire. And then, too, Dr. Evans had been very active in the work of the Red Cross Society for relieving the wounded and suffering soldiers, and had spent a great deal of money out of his own pocket in the society's work. He organized an ambulance corps, which saved many a life. The French officials recognized his valuable services, and he now holds the same popularity in Paris that he held during the days of the empire, and is on the best of terms with the Government."

When Fred read from his journal the foregoing entry, it naturally led to questions by Mrs. Bassett and Mary regarding the empire that preceded the present republic. Mrs. Bassett remarked that it seemed to her the Bonaparte family was one of the most warlike that she had ever read about—at least, in modern times.

"It has certainly been the most inclined to war of any family of this century," Frank replied, "and there is a very singular circumstance connected with it which may have escaped you."

"What is that?"

"It is that not a single one of all the family has died on the battlefield, with the possible exception of Prince Louis, the son of Louis Napoleon, whose official title was Napoleon IV."

"Yes," said Mary, "that is true; and not one of them has died while in power. Napoleon I. died a prisoner in the hands of the English; Napoleon III. was an exile on English soil at the time of his death; and as for the second and fourth Napoleons, they had never ruled at all and died away from France; and the only one to lose his life by violence was the little Prince Louis, who was speared in Africa by savage Zulus while on a scouting expedition."

"I wish you would tell me about the *coup-d'état*, when Louis Napoleon came into power," said Mrs. Bassett. "I was trying to find something about it to-day but couldn't, and so must rely on you."

"It's a long story or a short one, as you choose to make it," replied Fred. "I'll try to make it brief."

"I'm ready to listen, too," said Mary.

"Well, then," said Fred, "you know there was a revolution in 1848, in which the King, Louis Philippe, was driven from the throne, and with his whole family fled to England for safety."

"Yes, I know all that," said Mary, "and more, too. I know a pro-



EUGENIE, EX-EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

visional government was formed, and that very soon it had lots of trouble on its hands. The members quarrelled among themselves, and there was a good deal of bloodshed in Paris; then a National Assembly was called together, and it chose Louis Napoleon President of the Republic.



POLICE CLEARING THE BOULEVARDS AT NIGHT.

Very soon he was at odds with the National Assembly, and manifested a desire to have things to his own liking. He thought that a good way to silence one's enemies is to get them out of the way, and that's what he proceeded to do without much delay."

"Now you are coming to the *coup-d'état*."

"Yes; but you can tell about it better than I can."

"Well, then," said Fred, "Louis Napoleon laid his plans for a grand stroke; and as it was a matter of policy, it has justly been called from that day to this the *coup-d'état* (stroke of policy)."

"The plans were laid by Napoleon and his three most trusted friends—Count Morny, General St. Arnaud, and the Prefect of Police, M. Maupas. Troops were put around the Government Printing-office on the night of December 1, 1851, and several proclamations were

printed and made ready for distribution. Early in the morning of December 2d sixteen of the most active members of the National Assembly, and more than a hundred other individuals who were active opponents of the President and his policy, were arrested in their beds and lodged in prison before breakfast-time. Troops surrounded the hall of the Assembly and occupied all the prominent streets and squares of Paris, and then the proclamations appeared, announcing that the Assembly was dissolved, certain laws objectionable to the President were suspended, and a new election for the Assembly was ordered on December 14th. A new constitution was proposed, by which the term of the President should be extended to ten years, and as the whole power of the Government was in the hands of the President he had things his own way. Less than a year later he had another election, which made him Emperor for life, with power to regulate the succession in his own family, and he made his solemn entry as Emperor on December 2, 1852."

Mrs. Bassett asked if there was a great deal of bloodshed at the time of the *coup-d'état*.

Frank explained that the measures of Louis Napoleon were so carefully taken that there was no opportunity for any serious opposition. Nearly all the men who could have led in resistance



THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL, NAPOLEON IV.

had been lodged in jail ; there were a few attempts on the part of excited individuals, but they were met by charges of police and soldiery, who swept through the streets and fired upon all groups of people that



VICTOR HUGO AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

they saw. Many innocent spectators were shot down, people were killed at their windows, and altogether it is said that not far from two thousand lives were sacrificed. Several times during December 2d, 3d, and 4th the troops or police went along the principal boulevards and streets, and everybody who did not get out of the way was liable to be killed. These movements were kept up by night as well as by day, the object being to terrorize the entire population into submission and prevent anything like resistance.

"What became of the men who were arrested on the night of December 1st?" Mrs. Bassett asked, after a brief pause.

"Some of them were liberated the next day or in a few days, when their power for active opposition was gone; others were sent or voluntarily went into exile. Among them was Victor Hugo, who lived in the island of Guernsey until the fall of the empire and the re-establishment of the republic, when he returned to Paris. Here he lived and received the homage of his admirers until his death in 1885."

Conversation now turned upon Victor Hugo and his work. Mary reminded her mother of their interest in "Hernani," which they had seen on the evening of their visit to the Comédie Française. Frank said that "Hernani" was acted as early as 1830, and was one of many plays that owe their existence to this celebrated author. One of his latest stories is entitled *The Art of Being a Grandfather*, and one portrait of Victor Hugo represents him with two of his grandchildren on his knees. He is said to have been very fond of children, and whenever his birthday came around, all the children in his neighborhood came in procession to congratulate him and themselves that he had lived so long.

On the day following the evening at Madame ——'s salon Frank intimated to the rest of the party that they must shortly continue their journey, as they had seen the greater part of the sights of Paris, and, furthermore, their time was limited.

Mrs. Bassett and Mary expressed their willingness to move on whenever desired, but at the same time they intimated that their shopping was not complete, and they wished to be indulged a little longer.

"It's the best place in the world for shopping," said Mrs. Bassett, by way of explanation. "The French have better taste than any other people in the world, and the assortment of things in the great shops are practically endless. I don't think I could ever get tired of shopping in Paris—well, yes, I might after a time, especially if my purse should become empty. You can't do much buying without money, but as long as you have it there will always be something that you want and feel that you must have."

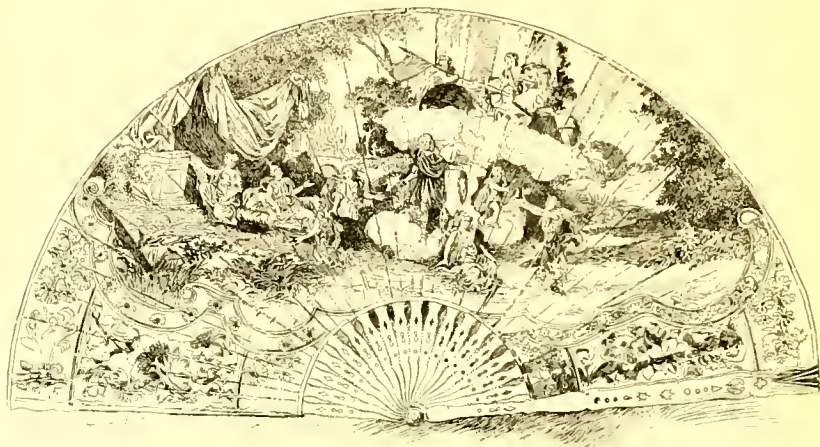
Mary echoed her mother's opinion, and we can imagine that most American women, whatever their age, who have been in Paris will agree with our fair tourists on the subject of shopping.

Mrs. Bassett was warm in her praise of the French system of assembling a great variety of merchandise under one roof. "The best way to shop here," said she, "is to make out a list of what you want, and then go to the Bon Marché, or some other store of that sort, and begin

your purchases. You may not find all that you desire, but you will come very near doing so if you are not too particular."

"The French system has been adopted to some extent in several cities of America, has it not?" queried Frank.

"Yes; in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago they have establish-



FAN IN TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

ments on this plan," was the reply, "but I know of only one that can hold anything like a close comparison with the Bon Marché. Probably we shall arrive at the same point in time, and it will be a blessing to the American public, especially the women, when we do."

Exactly how many trunks were filled with good things from Paris on behalf of Mrs. Bassett and her daughter we will not pretend to say. The trunks were duly packed and stored, so that they could be shipped as might be desired: and when this duty had been disposed of our friends were ready to continue their journey.

"What did they buy?" some inquisitive reader may ask.

They bought all sorts of articles of feminine wear—dresses, shawls, bonnets, gloves, hosiery, and we can't say what else. The reader may look at the catalogue of any well-conducted shop, and then suppose that each article on the list received due attention. They bought a goodly number of souvenirs for friends at home, and their selections in this line were numerous and of great variety.

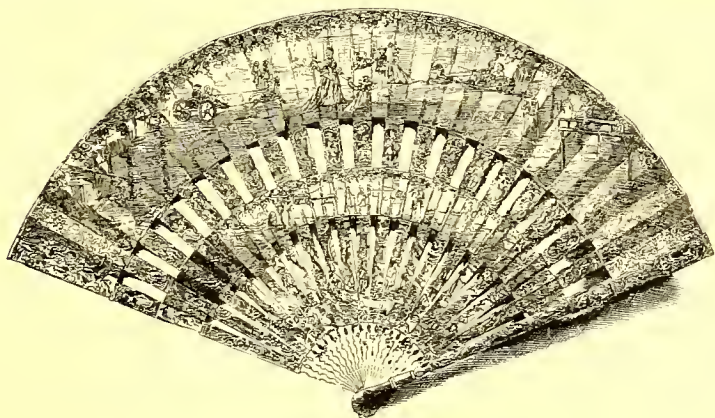
Mary had a fondness for fans, which she said were always acceptable, whether they cost a great deal of money or only a modest sum. "I have

been studying the history of fans," she wrote in her journal, "and have learned some very interesting things about the fan in France.

"For instance," she continued, "I have learned that there was a fan which belonged to Madame de Pompadour, and is still in existence. It cost nine years of labor to make it, and a good deal of money was expended upon it in addition to the time—one writer says £6000, or \$30,000. It was painted by hand, and the artist was one of the best of his time. It was made out of paper cut to imitate lace, and the paintings were in medallions so fine that a magnifying-glass is needed to show all their details. I'm not buying any fans of that sort, and have not seen any that are worth a tenth, or even a twentieth, part of the price which must have been asked for such a work of art as that was.

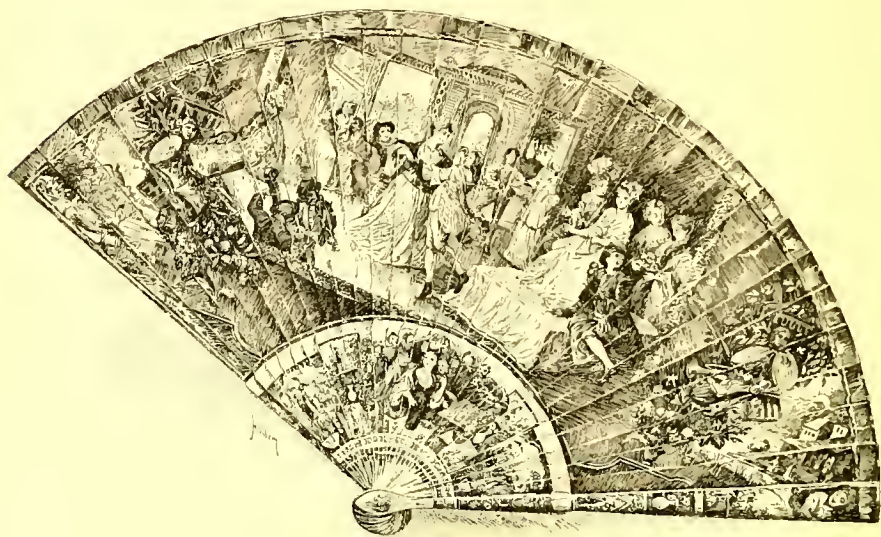
"I find that the fan had its highest development in the time of Louis XIV., when hand-painted fans costing a great deal of money were all the rage. The best of the old French fans belong to that period. One was offered to us a few days ago for \$500, and if we had been willing to pay \$450 I think we could have obtained it. A gentleman who is familiar with the fan trade tells us we must be very careful, because many modern fans are being palmed off as antiques.

"I heard a very good story about an attempt of a counterfeiter of fans to deceive a would-be purchaser. But before giving you the story I must tell you some of the technical terms connected with a fan, which is made up of two parts, the 'stick' and the 'mount.' You can understand what the sticks are without further explanation. The mount is the part on which the paintings are made, and it may be of cloth, paper, leather, or any other flexible substance of similar character. The outside sticks,



FAN OF LOUIS XV. PERIOD.

thicker than the others, are called 'guards,' and when we say a fan is composed of a certain number of sticks we do not include the guards. The point where the mount ceases, and leaves the sticks bare down to



BRIDAL FAN BY WATTEAU. (1709.)

the pin which holds them together, is called the 'shoulder.' Please remember these things, for I shall probably have occasion to use them all.

"Fashions change in fans just as in bonnets or dresses. Sometimes the shoulder is very low and the mount correspondingly deep. This was the case in the time of Louis XIV., when the number of sticks varied from eighteen up to twenty-one, and if a fan had more or less than that number it was not fashionable. Fans of that epoch opened out to a full half-circle. In the time of Louis XV. the number of sticks was increased to a possible twenty-two, the depth of the mount diminished, the sticks were narrower, and the fan did not open to a full half-circle. You see what fashion can do in this as in other things!

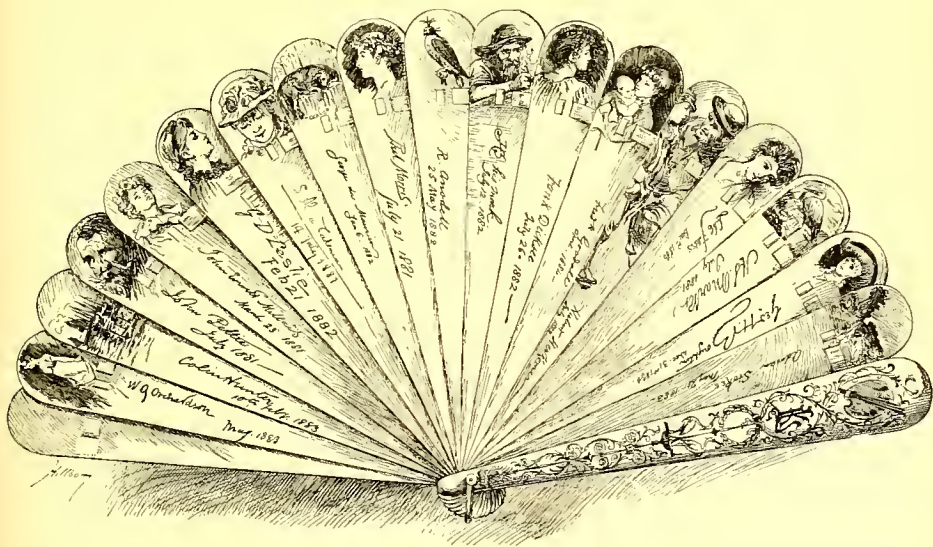
"The style of painting was different in different epochs. At one time landscapes and groups of many figures were all the rage, while at another the painting sought for was in medallions, either of individuals or of small groups. In the reign of one king a fan came into fashion which had no mount at all, the sticks being extended and broadened, and the painting was made on their surfaces, so that when opened out

the edges of the pictures on the sticks matched exactly. These fans were smaller than the other kind, and at one time they were so small that they could be carried easily in an ordinary pocket. And now for my story about the fan counterfeiter :

“An American lady who wanted an antique fan and was willing to pay a high price for it found what she thought she wanted in a shop on the Rue de la Paix. The dealer asked 5000 francs (\$1000) for it, and declared by all the great words he knew that it was as genuine as genuine could be. But she had the good sense to know there was a possibility of her being cheated, and so she called in a friend who had made a study of the fan and all its peculiarities.

“The friend examined the fan very carefully, and then the two ladies left the shop. The dealer wished to close the transaction at once, and offered to reduce the price provided the money were paid on the spot, as he ‘had a note to meet at the bank.’ But the friend shook her head, and the purchase was not made.

“‘That is an outrageous deception,’ said the expert, as they walked



AN AUTOGRAPH FAN.

away from the shop in the direction of the Place Vendôme ; ‘and one of the mean features about it is its boldness in defying all the facts of history. The stick, the mount, and the painting belong to three different

epochs, and together they cover a period of more than a hundred years. The real fact is that the fan is of modern make. It is worth, perhaps, \$10, or, at furthest, \$20. You will probably get it by offering \$10, and slowly rising to \$20, but refusing to give more.'

"The lady did not again visit the shop, but as a matter of curiosity she sent an American gentleman there, describing the fan to him, so that he could make no mistake. He looked at the fan, and without asking the price offered 50 francs (\$10) for it. The dealer manifested no surprise, but said he could not think of selling the fan for less than 100 francs. It was bought at that price, and seems to me to be well worth it, as it is certainly hand-painted, and by an artist of no mean ability."

Mary discoursed quite learnedly on the subject of fans, but we have not sufficient space to repeat all that she said. Among other things, she noted that the recently-invented fashion of autograph fans is really an old one brought from China. When Pekin was captured by the English and French more than thirty years ago, and the summer palace was looted and burned, a great many fans were secured by the plunderers of the imperial abode. A large proportion of them were of ivory or paper, made to fold just like the French fan that has been described. Gentlemen carry fans in China, and it was the custom for one gentleman to open his fan and beg his friend to write his autograph or indite a sentence that should form a souvenir. The fans secured at the summer palace of Pekin, and afterwards sold in London and Paris, were of this

sort, and were said to have belonged to the emperors and empresses of that distant part of the world.

From fans to bonnets was an easy step, and Mary showed her ability to talk as intelligently about the latter subject as the former and with no more hesitation.

"Of course we have bought new bonnets since we came to Paris, and our old ones are laid aside to be resumed when we feel like putting them on. They are not exactly out of fashion, but somehow they are not what one wants when in Paris. You know that this city leads the fashions, and it generally keeps them a little while before the rest of the world gets them. I've been told that when a new



style comes out all the old stocks on hand are sent to the provinces, where they find a ready market. The provincial dealers work them off on their non-travelling customers, and they can declare truthfully that the styles they have are the latest from Paris—certainly the latest they have received.



1795.

“The milliners in New York follow Paris very closely—much more so than do the provincial dealers throughout France. The reason is plain: there are many women coming here from New York every season and going home with the latest styles. Consequently, the milliners in America couldn't impose on their customers if they wanted to, and I don't suppose they desire to do anything of the kind. Suppose Mrs. A., who hasn't been abroad this year, should buy a new bonnet of Madame X., on the assurance that it is the latest style from Paris. Next day Mrs. A. calls on Mrs. B., who has just returned from abroad, and you may be sure they have something to discuss in the way of fashions. If Mrs. A.'s bonnet should be behind the times Mrs. B. will surely let her know it; Mrs. A.

feels that she has been the victim of a fraud, and never again will she patronize Madame X. or allow any friend of hers to do so. Thus it is that the milliners of New York are compelled to keep the latest fashions and get rid of their old stock by sending it to the backwoods for a market, or giving it away to the poor.

“I'm not going to take up your time with a description of the new styles of bonnets for this year, as you can get it all in a fashion paper, and much better than I can tell it. What I am going to do is to say something about a collection of bonnets that we saw yesterday showing the fashions for a whole century, and what changes have come over them from time to time. Just look at them and see how funny they are.

“Here's a bonnet of 1787. Would you be willing to put it on and walk on a pleasant afternoon along Fifth Avenue, from Madison Square to Central Park? What an excitement there would be, and how the small boys would run after you! But I've no doubt the women of that year were quite



1803.



1820.

the bonnet of 1820. Those of 1856 and 1877, twenty-one years apart, are suggestive of one another, though the later bonnet is much higher on the top than its predecessor. Then, too, the bonnet of 1813 was suggestive of the one I have already mentioned as worn in 1787; both of them were very large and ornamented with plumes, which must have been very expensive in those times when feathers were high priced.

"Plumes have been in fashion at different times, disappearing altogether for a while, only to come into vogue again. Stuffed birds were not worn until comparatively recent times; and it is to be hoped that they will never be worn again. If every woman would stop and think, before she buys a bonnet with a bird upon it, that an innocent creature has been killed for the gratification of her vanity, I'm sure she would choose something else



1856.

that would look just as well. Plumes are all well enough, as the ostrich is not harmed or made to suffer any pain when they are taken from him.

"And speaking of birds," continued Mary, "reminds me that we have had a great deal of sport with the birds of Paris. It isn't what some people call 'sport,' going with a gun to shoot the innocent and harmless creatures, but taking food to them and watching them while they eat. Quite often we have gone into the garden of the Tuileries, or whatever park or garden was nearest to where we took our breakfast, and carried some bread along to give to the birds. They very soon came to know us, and as we entered the



1864.

gate they would come fluttering around us, and almost lighting on our heads and shoulders. We crumbled the bread up into very small pieces; then when we tossed a handful of the crumbs into the air it was fun to see them jump for it. Some of the sparrows were so tame that they would snatch a crumb from my fingers or off the palm of my hand, but most of them were a little too shy for so much familiarity.



1877.

“Do you know the reason why the birds are so tame? Well, it is because nobody harms them, or threatens to do so. A French boy never seems to think that Nature intended birds as targets for him to throw stones at, as the English or American boy usually does. Frank and Fred say the impulse of the American or English boy when he sees a bird is to look around for a stone to throw at it, just as the average Englishman’s idea of sport is to kill something. The French are sanguinary enough when they go to war or indulge in revolutions, but in the works of peace they are models

for other nations. There are Frenchmen who go on shooting excursions, it is true, but their number is very small in comparison with the same class of men in England. Game is carefully preserved in France, and when the hunting season begins the hares and pheasants are so tame that they can almost be knocked down with sticks.

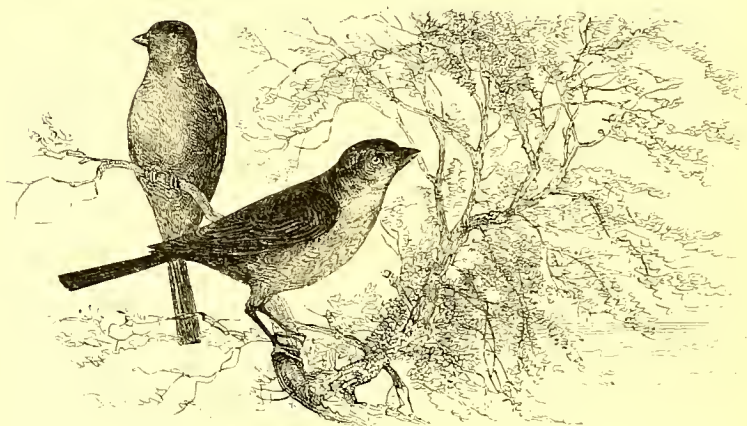
“One day, while we were feeding the birds in the Garden of the Tuileries, they suddenly flew away from us in the direction of a man who was coming through the gate near by. There was a cloud of birds all about him; his head was surrounded by birds just as close to him as flies and mosquitoes will get close to us in their season, and they twittered with delight as they welcomed him into the garden. Frank says the man has been famous for years as ‘the bird charmer.’ Why the birds are so fond of him no one can exactly tell; but of one thing you may be sure, he treats them kindly. He always brings food for them, has never harmed them in any way, and they show their confidence by lighting upon him and crowding upon the bench where he sits. Perhaps they would be just as fond of us in



1881.

time, but we can never determine this question, as we are going away from Paris before noon to-morrow.

“None of us like the idea of leaving this great city, and we would gladly stay longer if we could frame a reasonable excuse for doing so. The memory of Paris will always be a pleasant one; the city is so bright, so clean, so well built, and so attractive in every way, I don’t wonder a bit that Parisians are so fond of it and rarely want to go anywhere else. Neither do I wonder that so many foreigners are fascinated by it, and I can readily understand, what Frank tells me about, the case of an American who came to Europe to spend a year and remained in Paris for eleven months of the time. Mamma says she wouldn’t have blamed him if he had completed his year here and left the rest of the Continent for another journey.”



A PAIR OF FRENCH SPARROWS.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM PARIS TO DIJON.—A MISUNDERSTANDING.—RAILWAY TRAVEL IN FRANCE.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR DINING.—DINNER ON THE TRAIN.—DIJON; ITS INTERESTING FEATURES.—THE BURGUNDY DISTRICT.—ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—A KITCHEN OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—LYONS.—THE SILK-WEAVING INDUSTRY.—JACQUARD AND HIS INVENTION.—HEIGHTS OF FOURVIÈRES.—VIEW OF THE RHÔNE AND SAÔNE.—CHILDREN'S SAVINGS-BANKS.—SIGHTS OF LYONS.—VISIT TO A SILK ESTABLISHMENT.—CASTLES OF THE RHÔNE.—STEAMER *VERSUS* RAILWAY.—AIX-LES-BAINS; WHAT OUR FRIENDS SAW THERE.—GORGE OF THE RHÔNE, AND MARY'S THOUGHTS THEREON.—ARRIVAL AT GENEVA.

IN leaving Paris our friends had a narrow escape from missing their train. Frank had told the driver to take them to the Lyons railway station (*Gare de Lyon*), but the driver understood him to say "*Gare d'Orleans*," or the station for Orleans. In French the two phrases sound very nearly alike, and the mistake is not at all infrequent. Frank perceived the driver's error early enough to correct it and reach the station of the Lyons line in good season. Mrs. Bassett remarked that it was another instance of the advantages of the promptness which they practised in all their travels since leaving home.

Exactly to the second of the advertised time the train rolled out of the station, and, after passing the fortifications of the city, took a general direction to the south. The Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway (*Chemin de Fer de Paris à Lyon et à la Méditerranée*) is the largest railway corporation in France, and its range includes the greater part of the region south of Paris. The company also manages the railways of Algeria, and in the territories that it serves it exercises a vast



STATUE OF MOSES, DIJON.

influence upon commerce. Men skilled in railway management have unhesitatingly pronounced this line one of the best in the world, and certainly it is, by all odds, the best in France.



STATUE OF JEREMIAH.

"I do not know a railway line anywhere," wrote Fred in his journal, "where there is more attention to details than here. You cannot go astray, no matter how careless you may be, and if there is any point on which you desire information it is always at hand. Rules to cover every question that may arise are carefully laid down. As long as you keep within the rules your path will be as smooth as you could possibly wish; and if you try to go outside of them you will have to climb a very high fence before getting there.

"As an instance of their attention to detail, let me tell you about the dinner we took at one of the stations to-day.

"An hour before we arrived at the dining point one of the guards asked us how many there would be of our party for dinner. We told him we were four, and he then touched his cap and departed. There were several parties of four, five, six, or more, and when they reached the dining station the tables

were all ready for them, the order having been sent by telegraph. We were shown to a table for four; the soup was steaming in the plates before us, having been placed on the table just as the train came to a halt. All the other tables were equally ready.

"The meal consisted of five courses, and each course was brought before we had finished with the one that preceded it. By the side of each plate there were four half-bottles of wine, two white wines and two red ones, and the name and price of each wine was distinctly marked on its bottle in very large figures.

"There were forty or fifty travellers in parties like our own, and not fewer than a hundred and fifty who took seats at long tables not unlike the eating-counters on American railways. At the side of each plate were the wines as at our own plates. On the wall at the end of the room, high up in the air and in letters so large that Mary said a blind man might almost read them, was indicated the price of the meal.

“As soon as the meal was fairly begun, attendants proceeded along the tables to collect from each one the price of his refreshment. Old travellers provided for this by placing their money on the table as soon as they sat down. The price of the meal was four francs (eighty cents), and if a man helped himself to any one of the wines on which the price was marked the collector could discover that fact at a glance. He had no occasion to ask a question, nor did the patron have occasion to explain anything or seek any explanation.

“You may think it possible for a dishonest man to help himself to some of the wines after the collector has passed along, and thereby cheat the establishment. This contingency is met by the collector, who moved the untouched bottles to the centre of the table; he thus indicated that settlement had been made, and the wines were no longer at the option of the customer. He must needs be a brave man as well as dishonest who would help himself to the wines after that.

“For those who cannot afford the meal at the price charged in the room where we dined there is what an American would call a ‘sandwich counter.’ Here the traveller of shallow purse may satisfy his hunger, and he can get a great deal for a very little money. The company exercises a careful supervision over the feeding department of the line; the quality of the food served is good and the quantity liberal, and the time allowed for meals is sufficient for any ordinary appetite.”

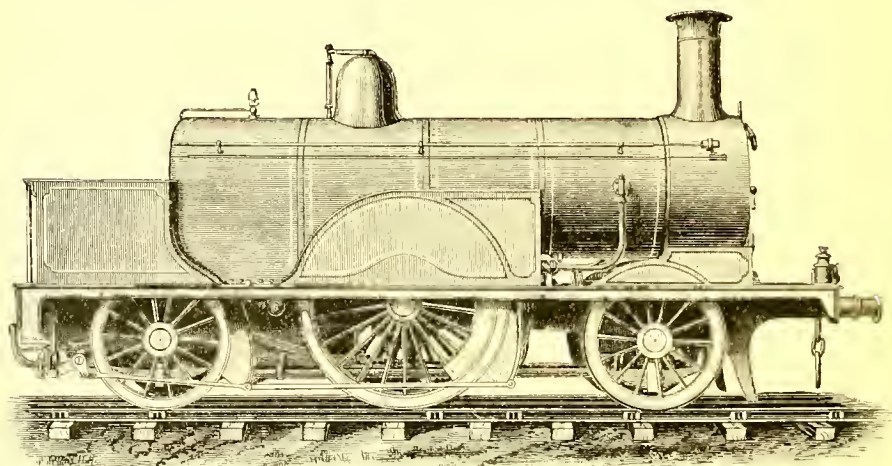
On another occasion our friends ordered their dinner to be served in the train. Train service of meals is performed in this wise:

An hour or two before reaching what we may call the supply station a telegram is sent ahead, saying for how many and in what carriage of the train, every carriage being conspicuously numbered on the side. When the train stops at that station a servant brings a basket to the place indicated, collects the money required for it, and departs. The travellers proceed to open the basket, and find within it a complete service for their party and everything that has been ordered. Plates, knives, forks, spoons, cups, glasses, napkins, all are there, and with them all the edible and drinkable things comprised in the order. As the train moves on the meal may be eaten at leisure; when it is ended the basket and its contents may be handed to the conductor or one of the guards as the train stops at a station. This mode of dining is satisfactory in many ways, far more so than eating hurriedly at the station, while the disadvantages are those which pertain to the picnic or the out-door meal in general all over the world.

The first stop of our friends was at Dijon, the ancient capital of

Burgundy, and now the chief town of the Department of the Cote-d'Or. It is in the famous Burgundy wine district of France, and its trade in that famous beverage is one of great importance.

"We are more interested in the antiquities of the city and its general features than in its wine trade," said Frank to the manager of the hotel, who wished to introduce the strangers to a wine-merchant. The manager bowed and retired, after giving the brief explanation that "most people who come to Dijon wish to purchase wines, and we want to make sure that our customers fall into good hands." Exactly what he meant by "good hands" he did not say, but he probably regarded most favorably the wine-merchant who allowed the largest commission upon the purchases that the manager turned in his direction.



OUR MOTIVE POWER.

"Dijon is not a large city," said Frank, in reply to a question by Mrs. Bassett, "as it has only about fifty thousand inhabitants; but it is an old and interesting one, as history will tell you."

"How old is it?"

"Well, it dates from the time of the Romans, and its ancient name was *Dibio*. It came into possession of the Burgundians in the fifth century, and in the eleventh it was united with the Duchy of Burgundy, of which it became the capital."

"Then it ought to have a palace of the dukes, and of course it has a cathedral, and probably an old one."

"Yes, it has them both, and they are well preserved. The ducal pal-

ace is now the City Hall, and it contains a fine museum filled with monuments of the Middle Ages, and a library of old books and manuscripts that would make the lips of an antiquarian quiver with delight. As soon as you are ready we will start on a round of sight-seeing."

Mrs. Bassett and Mary were ready on the instant, and Fred stood with hat in hand. Needless to say that the promised sights were seen very speedily, and then a drive was taken through the city and around its immediate suburbs. Fred noted the circumstance that Dijon is a strongly fortified place, the old fortifications having been supplemented by some of recent construction; the city was captured by the Germans in 1870 after some hard fighting, and a monument to the defenders has been erected near one of the principal gates in the old walls.

We have not space to enumerate all the statues, paintings, and monuments which our friends saw in the museum and in the cathedral, and other ancient buildings. One thing that greatly interested Mrs. Bassett was the kitchen of the dukes of Burgundy, which was cleared out and repaired a few years ago.

She thought that the dukes must have had large households, if one could judge by the size of their kitchen, which is about fifty feet square and contains six large chimneys. The sides converge into a tall shaft, which is intended to carry off the fumes of the cooking along with the smoke and keep the air of the place pure.

"Evidently they didn't have cooking ranges in the days of the dukes," she remarked, while standing before the great chimneys with their broad fireplaces and heavy brickwork.

"Evidently not," replied Frank. "Their meats were roasted in front of the fires, and their stews were made in great pots, so that their cooking was done on the wholesale plan. The bill of fare must have been simpler than the French menu of to-day, for the reason that there were no facilities for preparing the numerous small dishes for which the modern French cook is famous all over the world."

From Dijon the train was taken for Lyons, Mrs. Bassett and Mary



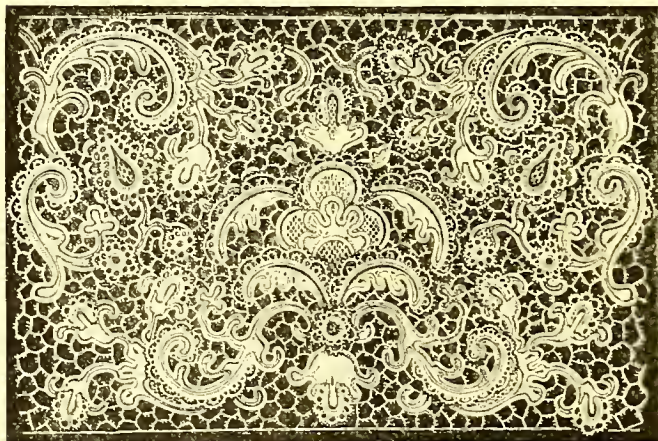
PHILIP THE GOOD, DUKE OF
BURGUNDY.

being specially desirous of seeing the place which has long been famous for its manufacture of silks for dresses and other uses. They wanted to see some of the large manufactories, and were considerably disappointed, on their arrival at Lyons, when told that there were none in existence.

"How is that?" queried Mrs. Bassett. "Lyons is famous for its manufacture of silk, and yet you say there are no silk factories here."

"No; the silks are woven in the houses of the workmen and not in factories. Some workmen have only single looms, while others have several looms, which are run by members of the family or by men hired for the work. They obtain the materials for weaving from the establishments where the finished silk is carried for inspection. We can find houses occupied by twenty or thirty families, or even a greater number; each family will have its looms for weaving, and this is the nearest approach we can find to a great factory."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Bassett, "we will try to see a loom or two, and then go to one of the places where the finished silk is sold. I want to buy enough for two or three dresses, perhaps half a dozen. It will not be better than what I could buy in Paris or New York, but those to whom I give it will prize it more when they know it was bought in Lyons, where it was made."



ANCIENT LACE IN THE MUSEUM.

"We will arrange all that," replied Frank; "but first we will do what everybody does, or should do, as soon as he has arrived here."

"What is that?"

"Ascend the heights of Fourvières, and look at Lyons from the dome of the

church of Notre Dame de Fourvières, which is elevated 360 feet above the rivers Saône and Rhône, on whose banks the city stands."

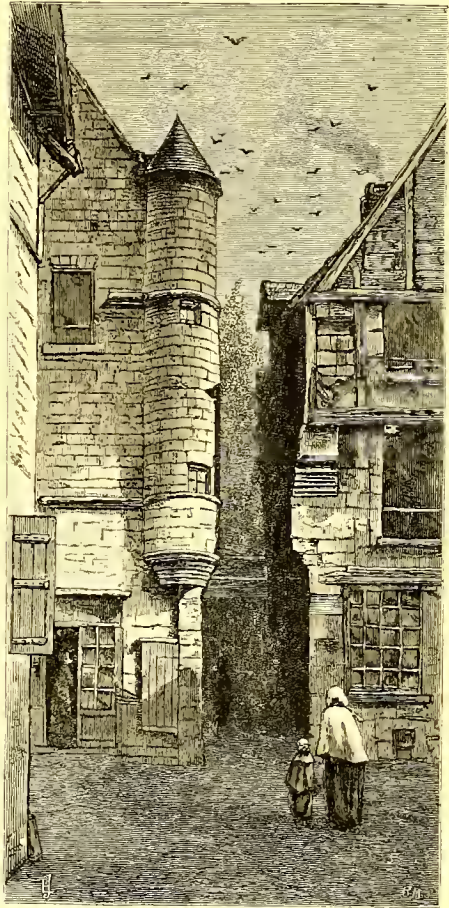
A carriage was engaged to take the party to the Palace of Justice,

whence there is an inclined railway to the top of the heights. Frank accompanied his mother in the train which carried them up the incline, but Mary and Fred thought it would be fun to ascend on foot by one of the paths which a policeman pointed out. They reached the top of the hill with flushed cheeks. Mary admitted that once or twice during the ascent she wished she had gone by the train, but now that the fatigue was gone she was glad she had made the trip in the way she did.

"The view is well worth the trouble of ascending," said Fred, "and no one who makes it will forget it in a hurry. The city of nearly four hundred thousand inhabitants is spread out like a map beneath us, and we can trace its streets and avenues just as we traced those of Paris from the summit of the Eiffel Tower. The Rhône and the Saône unite here, and the principal part of Lyons lies between the two rivers. As we stand on Fourvières we have the city and both the rivers in front of us. We counted thirteen bridges across the Saône and nine over the Rhône, and we could look down on the decks of the steamboats that navigate the Rhône and almost gaze into their funnels. Beyond the city we had

a wide vista of fields, some of them level and others undulating; then we saw a great many villages and hills, and here and there were patches or wide stretches of forest very irregular in shape.

"The day was clear, and we were told that we might possibly see Mont Blanc, a hundred miles away. We could see the snowy range of the Alps, but I'm not sure whether we really made out the monarch of



A NARROW STREET.



LYONS.

them or not. Nearer to us were the mountains of La Grande-Charreuse and Mont Pilat, and the custodian of the dome who acted as guide called our attention to the Alps of the Dauphiné. If any reader of this narrative ever goes to Lyons, I earnestly advise him to ascend to the top of Fourvières before he undertakes to see anything else.

“I could have stayed there for hours; but silks were the attraction of Lyons, and we went in pursuit of them. And what do you suppose was the first thing we saw in connection with the silk industry of this thriving city, whose fortune has come from weaving?”

“It wasn’t a loom, or a silk shop, or anything of the kind; but a statue that stands in one of the squares of the city—a statue representing Jacquard, the inventor of the loom that bears his name. It stands on the spot where his first loom was destroyed by order of the leaders of the weaving industry of Lyons, who feared that the machine would work a great injury to their business.”

“I have been reading about Jacquard,” said Mary, as the party stood in front of the statue, “and find that there was so much opposition to his loom that his life was repeatedly threatened: and on one occasion he saved himself by escaping through a window, and thus eluded the mob that had broken into his house.”

“Did he die in poverty and obscurity, as has been the case with

so many men whose inventions and discoveries in arts and sciences have benefited the world?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"I'm glad to say he did not," answered Fred. "He was born in Lyons in 1752, and his great invention was completed and made public in 1801. The opposition of the people of Lyons drove him to Paris, where he received a gold medal and was presented to Napoleon I. Napoleon appreciated the value of the invention sufficiently to grant a pension to Jacquard. Long before his death, in 1834, he was honored by his native city, and this statue which commemorates him was erected by the city authorities six years after his death."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Mrs. Bassett. "As I understand it, the Jacquard loom enables an ordinary workman to produce the most beautiful patterns with very little trouble."

"Yes," replied Frank; "a machine under the guidance of an ordinary intellect does what was formerly accomplished only with a vast amount of patience and labor combined with great skill."

Our friends then proceeded to one of the silk-houses, whose address they had obtained at the hotel. They made their purchases, and then, under the guidance of an employé of the house, they went to the home of one of the workmen where several looms were in operation.



MOONLIGHT SCENE NEAR LYONS.

A description of the loom and its mode of operation would be too technical for the general reader, and we therefore forbear. Briefly, it may be said that Jacquard's invention consists in so guiding the action of the loom that it will produce figures or designs of any kind with no further effort on the part of the weaver than for the production of plain cloth. The threads of the warp are controlled by little hooks acting through perforations in cards. The same patterns may be produced over and over again by the cards, and a dozen sets of cards may be perforated at once, so that many looms producing identical patterns may be set in operation simultaneously.

The reader who desires a fuller description than we are able to give in our limited space will find what he desires in any good encyclopædia.

Before our friends left the house where they saw the loom they were surrounded by several children, who held out their hands for gifts of money. Frank and Fred gave a few copper coins to each of the urchins, and the money was promptly deposited in the little "banks" which stood in a row on a shelf within easy reach. There was a "bank" for each of the juvenile members of the family, and doubtless the adult members of the household had similar places for storing their reserve cash.

"I could deliver a long essay on the prosperity of France," said Fred, as they left the house and were once more in the open air, "and the basis for my essay would be found in those little banks we have just seen in the possession of the children."

"Deliver a few paragraphs of it now, please," said Mary. "I want to hear them, and am sure mamma does, too."

"Well, then, here goes," said Fred. "The prosperity of France is found in the economical habits of the people. You know what Scotch thrift is, as it is a by-word wherever the English language is spoken."

"Yes, I know all about it," Mary replied, "and my eyes long ago told me that the French are just as thrifty as the Scotch. They begin the habit of saving when very young: we have just had an example of it, and a very practical one it was."

"Yes," replied Fred, "and the habit once formed remains through life. Of course there are spendthrifts among them. It is said there can never be a rule without an exception, but the general tendency of the whole people is to live within their means and 'save something for a rainy day.' In nine cases out of ten, American children in the place of those French ones we just saw, would have spent their money for candy: in nineteen such cases out of twenty in France, the money goes into a tiny savings-bank, as ours did, and is carefully treasured."

"The savings of the French people amount to an enormous sum," said Frank, as his cousin paused. "When the Government needed a loan of five milliard francs (one thousand million dollars), to pay the indemnity to Germany, in the war of 1870-71, the loan was immediately



CASTLE ON THE RHÔNE NEAR VALENCE.

taken up by the people, and by far the greater part of it came from the savings of the working classes and people of moderate means."

"Was that really the case?" queried Mrs. Bassett, in a tone of surprise, as she thought of the large amount.

"Quite so," said Fred; "and it was the same way when other loans were wanted by the Government. In 1855 the Government wanted a loan of \$150,000,000 to pay the expenses of the war with Russia, generally called the Crimean War. Nearly five times the amount which they wanted was subscribed; \$50,000,000 of the subscriptions were in sums of \$10 or less, and some were for less than one dollar."

"No wonder that Benjamin Franklin was so popular when he came to France," said Mrs. Bassett. "The maxims of *Poor Richard's Almanac* were exactly like those of the French people."

The advantages to a nation of a habit of thrift among its people were discussed at considerable length, but unfortunately for us none of the party kept note of the remarks that were made on the subject, and, therefore, we are unable to repeat them.

In the course of their promenade through Lyons our friends visited the cathedral and other venerable buildings, and also the place which is reputed to have been the site of a Roman fort in the ancient days of Lyons. According to history, the Greeks had a settlement and stronghold here in the sixth century before the Christian era, and were followed by the Romans, who founded a city called Lugdunum, in the year 40 B.C. The aqueduct which supplied the city with water can be traced for miles, and some of its arches are still standing.

"There was a Roman amphitheatre here," said Frank, "but very little remains of it. The most perfect specimen of a Roman amphitheatre in the South of France is at Nîmes, and it is in nearly as good condition as the Colosseum at Rome. All through this part of France there are abundant evidences of the Roman occupation. The Romans were noble builders, and if it had not been for the destructive ways of the people who succeeded them we might see far more of their work in buildings and other things than we can at present.

"The earliest of the Roman settlements here," the youth continued, "was at Aquæ Sextiæ, in the year 123 B.C. There is a city there yet, and it is known by the much shorter name of Aix. It contains Roman remains sufficient to establish its identity beyond the possibility of a doubt, but not as many as the cities of Nîmes and Arles—the ancient Arelatæ."

"I was looking this morning at an album of views along the Rhône," said Mary. "Do all the castles and other great buildings along the river belong to the time of the Romans?"

"Not by any means," was the reply; "they are of the Middle Ages like the castles we saw along the Rhine, and very much later than the Romans. Most of them are in ruins, but here and there we find one in good preservation, though it would not be able to offer serious resistance to modern artillery. All have their stories of sieges and suffering, and altogether many volumes might be filled with them, just as in the case of the castles, which we saw in Germany. But for the present we will consider modern things, and look at this part of the world as we find it."

When our friends had finished with the sights of Lyons a conference was held on the all-important subject of where to go next. The inclinations of all were in the direction of Switzerland, and consequently it was decided that they would go there. Mrs. Bassett suggested that as

the Rhône came from Switzerland, they might travel thither by water instead of by railway. Mary thought the journey by river would be too slow for them, as she had read about the "arrowy Rhône," and the idea of making headway against a stream of the swiftness of an arrow was not altogether agreeable. Fred undertook to ascertain what were the facilities of travel on the Rhône, but his report on the subject was not favorable to Mrs. Bassett's proposal.

"It is ninety miles from here to Aix-les-Bains by the river," said he, "and the steamers take thirteen hours for the ascent, though they come down in eight hours. The difference is caused by the arrowy nature of the Rhône, which Mary mentioned and had misgivings about.

"We might get along with the time," he continued, "as the scenery is very good and well worth seeing. But the trouble is there is no steamer advertised for three days, and even then there is no certainty



AMPHITHEATRE AT NÎMES.

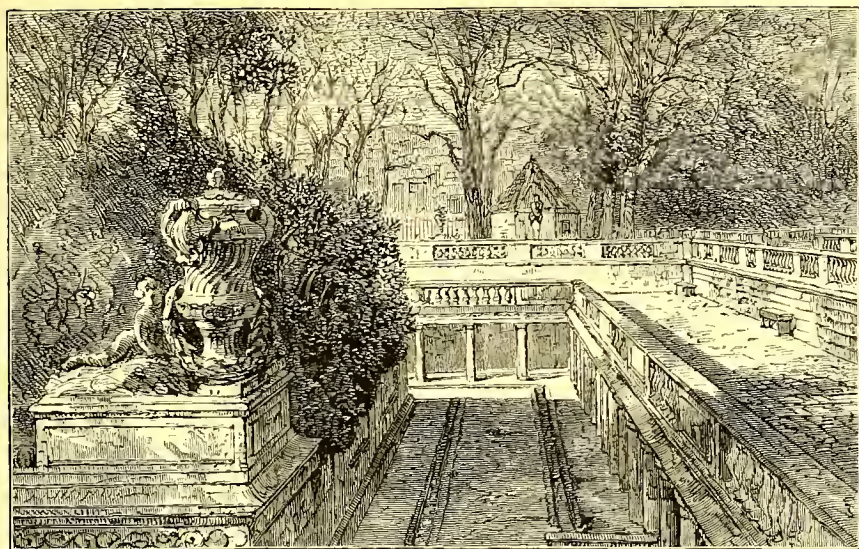
that she will leave. The steamboat business has been very seriously damaged by the building of the railway, and the boats do not run with their former regularity."

So it was decided the party would go by railway to Geneva, spending a day or two at Aix-les-Bains, a famous bathing resort for invalids and others. While on the subject of steamboats, Fred called attention to the circumstance that it was at Lyons, between 1780 and 1783, that the Marquis de Jouffroy made experiments at propelling boats by means of steam. In the year last named he built a boat 140 feet long, with which he ascended the Saône for several miles. He had no money with which to continue his experiments, and his schemes were considered so visionary that he could obtain nothing from others, and the Government refused to grant a patent for his invention. It has been claimed that Robert Fulton obtained from the marquis his plans for the steamboat; whether he did so or not is immaterial, as the idea of propelling boats by means of a steam-engine had been put forth by Hull and others before either of those inventors was born.

The halt at Aix-les-Bains, or "Aix," as it is usually called by visitors, was made according to the programme, and our friends agreed that the time was well employed. The place was celebrated for its baths as far back as the time of the Romans; any doubts on this point which may have existed in the minds of Mrs. Bassett and her daughter were removed by a visit to the remains of the Roman baths, to which they were taken by a local guide. These baths are not as well preserved as those at Nîmes and some other places farther to the south, but they are sufficient to indicate their purposes.

"The waters here are good for rheumatism and gout, and also for bronehitis and cutaneous diseases, together with other maladies with which humanity is afflicted," wrote Fred in his journal. "As none of us are sufferers we do not intend trying the baths, much to the disappointment of the doctor attached to the hotel, as he is thus deprived of fees he expected to obtain from us. The bathing establishment is one of the best we have seen anywhere, and must have cost a great deal of money. There are two principal springs, both of them warm; one spring contains sulphur in the water, and the other is supposed to contain alum, though there is really no alum in it. The water of both springs is used for bathing, and that of the sulphur spring is prescribed for drinking at the source, the doctors saying that it must be taken in that way in order to be beneficial to the patient.

"For those who like to swim there are two swimming-baths, and they retain their Roman name of *piscines* (fish-ponds). Mary asked if she could be allowed to angle in the fish-ponds, and was politely informed that there were no fish there.



ROMAN BATHS AT NÎMES.

“‘Then why do you call them fish-ponds?’

“‘Because they’ve always been called so,’ was the prompt answer of the custodian. ‘And we also do so out of respect to our ancestors the Romans, who first made the place popular.’

“Mary declared that she would not propound any more conundrums to the natives as long as she stayed here. She concluded from the promptness of the response that the man had heard the question very often, and had his answer ready for all querists.”

“We had a delightful ride from Aix-les-Bains to Geneva,” said Mary, “changing trains at Culoz, where the line branches into Switzerland. Between Culoz and Geneva we followed, in a general way, the valley of the Rhône, and a very wild and picturesque valley it is. In some places the train runs along the sides of deep gorges, and as we looked from the windows of the railway carriage down, down, down to the rushing water far below us, it made me shudder to think what would happen if the train should leave the track and leap down into that frightful abyss. I said so to Fred, just as we passed the deepest place, and what do you suppose he answered?

“Of course you can’t guess. He said he thought if such a thing happened the whole train and its contents might possibly be worth ten cents a bushel. That was all.

"I was about to rebuke him for his unfeeling reply, when it occurred to me that it was only another way of saying it was nonsense for me to be giving way to such thoughts. Guess I won't bother about the train getting off the track until it has done so.

"The country is so rough that it is a wonder how they built a railway through it at all. Fred told me, when we were approaching Bellegarde station, that it was the place where the Rhône lost itself. I asked what he meant, and he said that formerly the river flowed for a hundred yards or so underground through a mass of fallen rock and through caverns in the limestone. It was called 'Perte du Rhône' (Loss of the Rhône), but of late years the 'Loss' has been lost in some measure. The river is partly carried through a canal cut in the side of the gorge, and the rocks have been blasted away in the gorge, so that timber can be floated down the Rhône at the time of its annual flood.

"They have taken advantage of the great amount of water-power at Bellegarde, and utilized it so that it runs several mills and factories. Fred says they are run on the same principle that is being applied at Niagara to utilize the power of the water there. Great turbines are set in the rock and turned by the water, which is brought through a canal, and from the turbines the power is carried to the mills by cables that run through enormous pulleys.

"I told Fred I should understand his description better if he would tell me what a turbine is. He explained that a turbine is a water-wheel; and then I wondered why he didn't say water-wheel instead of turbine when talking to a girl who doesn't know much about machinery.

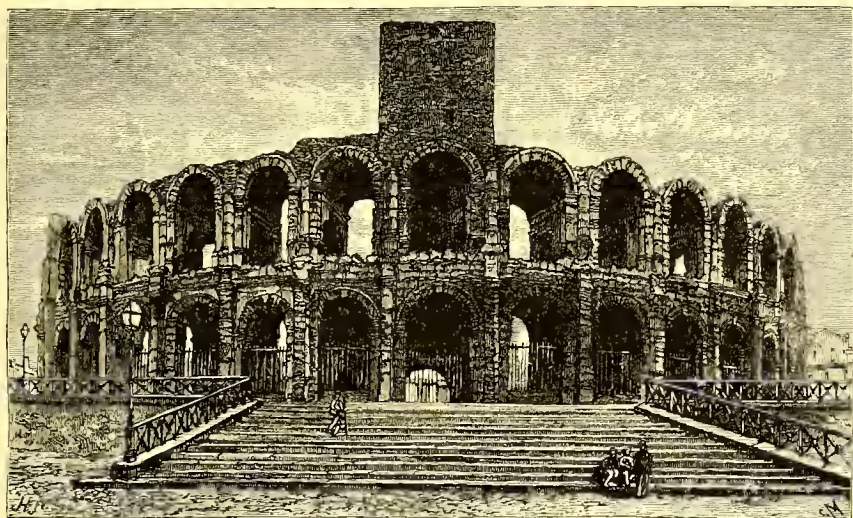
"This led to the explanation that while a turbine may be a wa-

ter-wheel, all water-wheels are not turbines. Then he made me understand the peculiarity of a turbine by saying that the water passes through



WOMEN OF ARLES.

channels cut in the wheel itself and in the casing around it. It is perpendicular, while nearly all other water-wheels are horizontal, and its power increases according to the height of the fall. The first turbines



COLOSSEUM AT ARLES.

were used in France in the early part of this century, but the original ones have been greatly improved by English and American inventors.

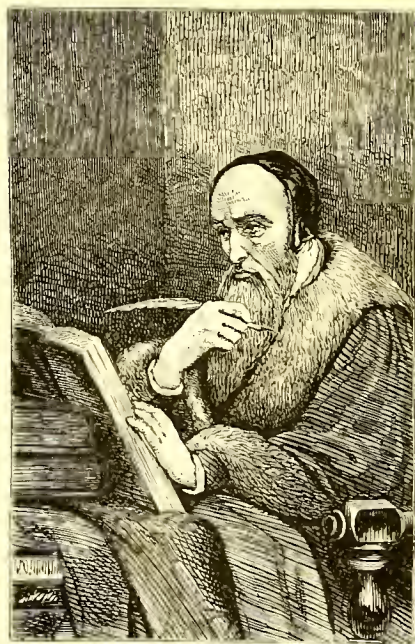
“Between Bellegarde and Geneva we passed in sight of a fort, which is said to be a very strong one. Like all forts in this part of the world, it has been in various hands, and is several hundred years old. The French have it now, and they have enlarged it very much, and cut batteries in the solid rock, so that it could hold back a large army if one should be sent against it. I told Fred that if I were a great general and had to get by this fort I would march a long way around rather than run against it. He agreed with me; and then we went to planning how we would make war if we were obliged to. Before we had our plans completed we were at the station in Geneva, and decided that peace was much better than war.”

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAND OF WILLIAM TELL.—IS THE STORY OF TELL A MYTH?—JOHN CALVIN AND HIS WORK; SHORT SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.—VIEW OF MONT BLANC; HEIGHT OF THE FAMOUS MOUNTAIN.—ST. PETER'S CHURCH.—PULPIT WHERE CALVIN AND KNOX PREACHED.—CALVIN'S CHAIR.—SERVETUS BURNED AT THE STAKE.—THE EAGLES OF GENEVA.—THE RHÔNE LAUNDRY.—FOUNTAIN OF THE ESCALADE AND ITS ORIGIN.—HOW THE DUKE OF SAVOY WAS DEFEATED.—SWISS THRIFT AND ECONOMIES.—NEW WAY OF MAKING A HOTEL BILL.—ROUSSEAU'S ISLAND.—JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.—FEEDING THE SWANS.—WATCH-MAKING AT GENEVA.—MACHINE *VERSUS* HAND LABOR.

“WELL, here we are in Switzerland!” exclaimed Mrs. Bassett, as they were going from the railway station to the hotel.

“This is the land of William Tell, and of the Alps.”



JOHN CALVIN

“Yes,” replied Frank, “but do you know that some wise men are now attempting to prove that the story of William Tell and the apple is all a myth?”

“I read something about that, but didn’t care to read any more. The story is too good to be spoiled, and I hope it will be kept just as it is through all time.”

“At any rate, the Swiss are determined to keep it,” was the reply, “as they have monuments in memory of the hero, and every child in the country knows the account of Tell’s meeting with the tyrant Gessler, who compelled him to shoot the apple from the head of his son.”

“Suppose we let William Tell rest for the present,” Fred remarked;

"his exploit occurred six hundred years ago, and will probably keep a while longer. Meantime, let us see what Geneva contains, or has ever contained, that is interesting."

"It contains one interesting thing," said Mary, "and that is a view of the Alps, or, at any rate, of a part of them."

By mutual consent the exploit of William Tell with the apple and arrow was allowed to rest, and our friends turned their attention to the city, which stands at the outlet of Lake Lemman, and was an important place in the time of the Romans; in fact, it was a city of consequence before they invaded this part of the world. It has had many owners. As early as the fifth century it was a bishop's seat, and it twice belonged to the ancient kingdom of Burgundy.

"This is where Calvin and Knox lived and preached the doctrines of the Reformation," Mrs. Bassett remarked. "Calvin died here, I believe, and I want to see his grave and the monument to his memory."

"You forget, my dear mother," said Frank, respectfully, "that Calvin prohibited the erection of any monument bearing his name, or even that the location of his grave should be indicated by an ordinary stone. They will show us a spot where he is alleged to lie, but there is no certainty that it is where he was buried. Several times it has been proposed to erect a handsome monument to him, but his words are remembered and the monument has never taken shape."

"Well, we can see the pulpit where he preached, can we not?"

"Certainly," replied Frank, "and we will see it in our very first walk through Geneva." By this time they were at the hotel, where we will leave them till they start on their proposed stroll.

But while they are selecting their rooms at the hotel we will take the opportunity to say that Geneva lies on both sides of the River Rhône, at the point where it emerges from the lake, which boasts of two names—Geneva and Lemman. The city embraces, also, the end of the lake, where it narrows towards its outlet, and has been enclosed within jetties so as to form a harbor. The old part of Geneva is almost entirely on the left bank of the Rhône. The modern extension has been principally on the right bank and along the shore of the lake. The newest and most attractive hotels are on the right bank, and it was one of these which received the patronage of our friends.

The new part of the city has an advantage over the old in presenting a view of Mont Blanc, which is not visible from the ancient Geneva on account of an intervening hill. As the party came out of the hotel, Frank led the way to the Quay de Mont Blanc, which was close at hand,

and directed the attention of Mrs. Bassett and Mary to the celebrated monarch of the Alps.

The air was clear, and the sun shone bright on the snow-covered mountain. Mrs. Bassett said she was a little disappointed in the view, as she thought Mont Blanc was higher than it appeared to be. "But I suppose it is on account of the distance," she added, after a pause.

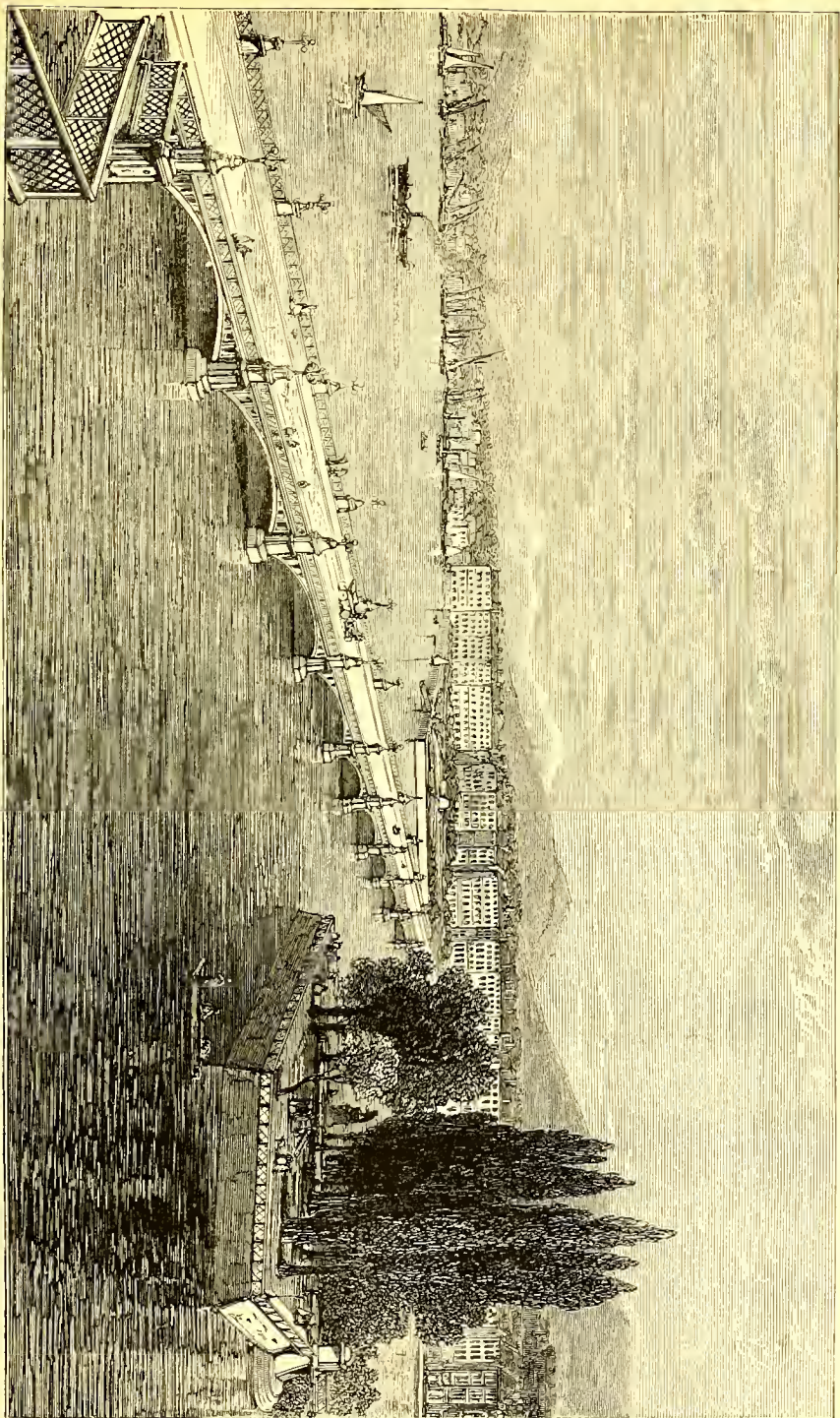
"Yes, that is the reason of it," replied Frank; "and the curious circumstance is, that you perceive the relative heights of the chain of the Alps much better here than when you are close to their feet at Chamouni. There Mont Blanc appears lower than its neighbors, that are really three thousand feet less in height. The farther you are from a range of mountains, so long as you can make them out distinctly, the better comparison can you make concerning them."

"What is the height of Mont Blanc?"

"Fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-one feet," was the reply. "It is the highest mountain in Europe and also the most famous. The next highest is Monte Rosa, 15,217 feet, and next to that is Finsteraarhorn, 14,026 feet. Though people have lived in its neighborhood for many centuries, it was never ascended until 1786, when an enterprising guide named Jacques Balmat reached the top. I'll tell you about him when we are at Chamouni, where there is a monument to his memory."

After a leisurely walk along the quay, whence the snowy range of the Alps could be seen, our friends crossed the new bridge, the Pont du Mont Blanc, which Mrs. Bassett remarked was both a bridge and a promenade, and reached the old part of the city. At the suggestion of Frank, they entered the kiosk that contains the model in relief of Mont Blanc and its neighbors. This relief is carved in wood, and gives an excellent idea of the relative heights and positions of the mountains, and shows the roads, streams, and glaciers with great fidelity. Then they continued their walk to a point where a portion of the old ramparts of the city has been laid out into a promenade and gives a good view of the lake. Like most other cities of Europe, Geneva was once surrounded with walls, which have been removed in consequence of their having been rendered useless by the invention of modern artillery. Very wisely, the people kept just enough of their ancient defences to show what they once were, and have utilized them for a public resort.

"Here we are at the cathedral of St. Peter," said Frank, as they reached the door of that venerable church. "This is the church where Calvin and Knox preached," he continued, "and the walls

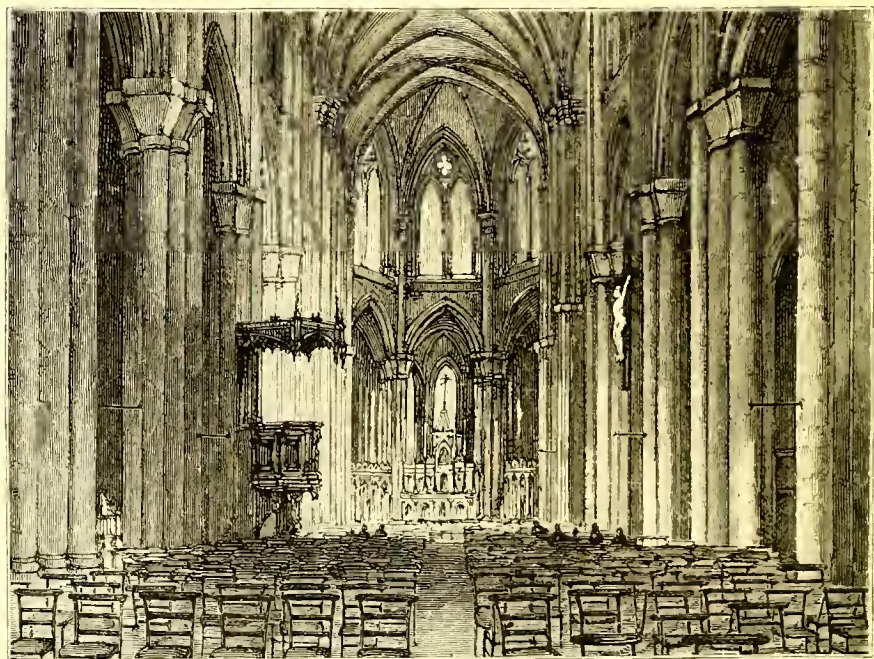


OLD GENEVA, ROUSSEAU'S ISLE, AND MONT BLANC BRIDGE.

of the building have echoed to the voices of other noted men of the Reformation."

The concierge was readily found, and on payment of the customary fee he showed the party through the edifice. He said the church was completed in the year 1024, but had undergone considerable alterations since that time, especially in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. As he led the way to the pulpit he said it was the very pulpit in which Knox and Calvin spoke, and that the canopy above it was the same as in their day. He showed a chair which once belonged to Calvin. Frank whispered to his mother that it was wonderfully well preserved for a chair three centuries old, and must have been "restored" a great many times.

From the church they went to the house where Calvin lived from 1543 until his death, twenty-two years later. Then they went to the



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

garden on the shore of the lake, and sat on one of the benches beneath the trees to study the panorama that was before their eyes, and talk about the great reformer.

"After Martin Luther," said Mrs. Bassett, "John Calvin was the greatest character of the Reformation. Where was he born?"

"He was a native of Picardy, in France," said Fred, "and his name in French was Cauvin or Chauvin. He was educated for the Church, but after passing his twentieth year he abandoned theology for the law. While he was studying law he became interested in the study of the Protestant doctrines, which he afterwards openly announced and preached. He wrote a treatise or commentary, which was intended to induce the King, Francis I., to show clemency towards the Protestants, but it does not seem to have had any effect. His teachings and preaching resulted in his expulsion from France, and that is what brought him to Geneva.

"He remained here for a time and then went to Strasburg, intending to continue to Germany, but he was persuaded to return to Geneva and make his home here. Geneva was then a republic by itself, and did not belong to the Swiss Confederation. The Government and people were strongly inclined to the Protestant faith, and when they established it their spiritual rulers became as intolerant as had been the Catholics who preceded them."

"It was not an age of tolerance," Frank remarked, as his cousin paused. "In religion, as in politics, those who had the power wielded it with an iron hand, and the oppressed became oppressors whenever they had the opportunity."

"Calvin made some very severe rules for the people of Geneva, did he not?" queried Mrs. Bassett.

"Certainly he did," was the reply; "but somehow the people seemed to like them, with now and then an exception. Every citizen was obliged to be a Christian and conform to the established doctrine. No cards, dice, or other forms of gaming were allowed; frivolous words were forbidden; attendance at church was obligatory; men were required to rise at four in the morning, and begin the day with prayer; lights were to be out and all fires covered at nine in the evening; and any infraction of these rules was punished with great severity. Calvin has been charged with causing Servetus, a man who had opinions of his own, to be burned at the stake. His apologists say that while he favored the death of Servetus, and aided in securing his conviction, he pleaded earnestly for a more humane mode of execution, but in vain. The senate of Geneva would not modify their order, and Servetus was burned accordingly.

"That it was in accordance with the intolerant spirit of the time is

shown by the circumstance that Melancthon and Bullinger, two noted men of the Reformation, approved the execution of Servetus, and believed it would be a benefit to the cause they were advocating."

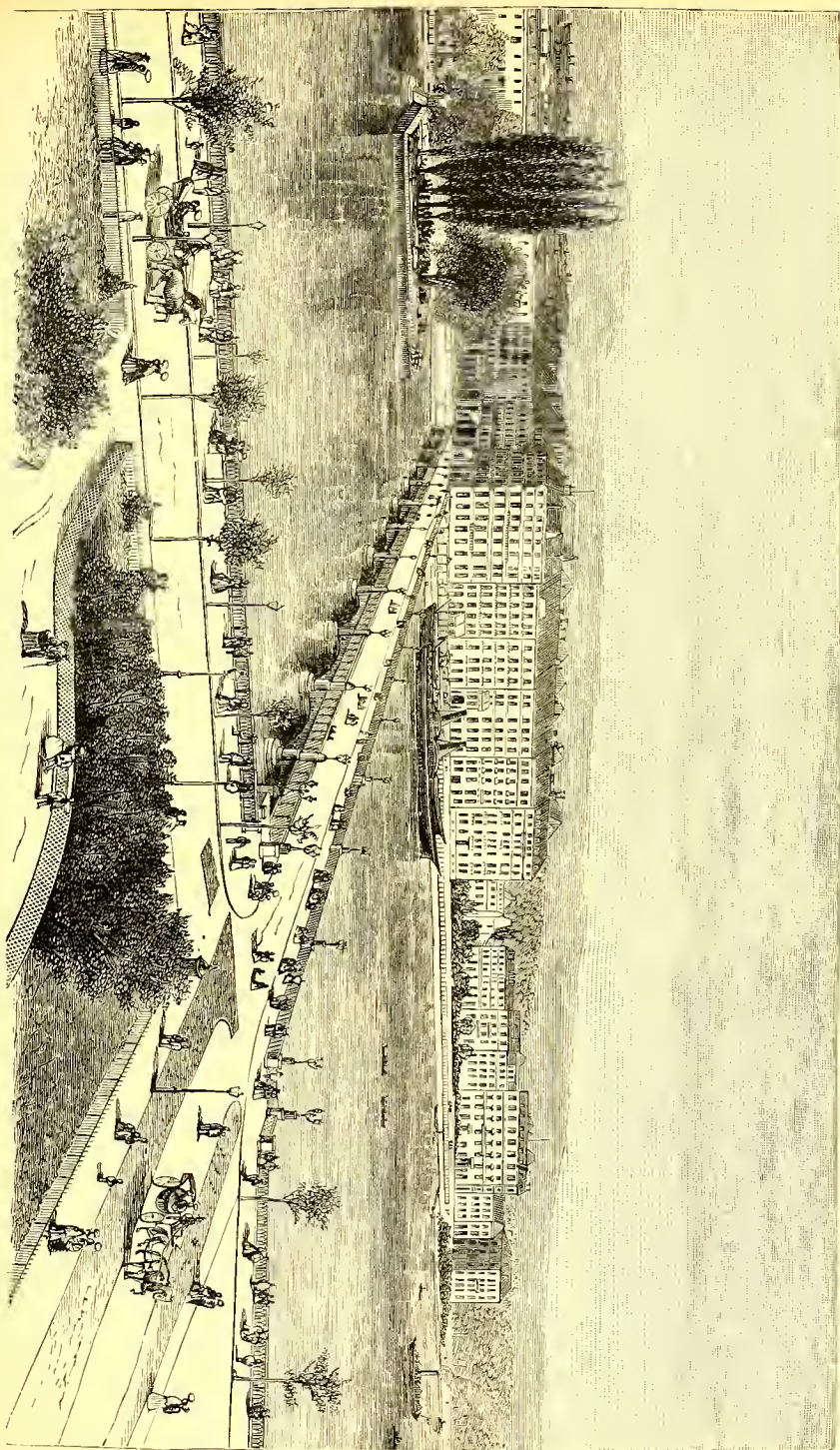
The conversation about John Calvin and his connection with the Reformation was cut short by a suggestion from Mary that they must not miss the Eagles of Geneva. Frank assented to the suggestion, and the party proceeded to the spot where the historic birds are caged.

Frank explained to his mother that the eagle is the symbol of Geneva, just as the bear is the symbol of Berne. Six eagles are kept in a cage at the public expense, and when one of them dies another is bought to take its place. Some of these captive eagles have lived forty or fifty years, and it is said that one of them survived nearly a century. Mary observed that the birds were not much inclined to be sociable, as they paid no attention to her or any others of the party, but all sat stolidly on their perches, as though wondering why they were not allowed their freedom.

More interesting than the eagles was the Tower of Cæsar and the boats near it, where the laundresses of Geneva go to wash clothes in the swift-flowing river. Mrs. Bassett thought that the laundry work of Geneva ought to be of the very best, as there was such an abundant supply of pure water for rinsing clothes. Where it enters the lake, at the farther end, the Rhône is a muddy stream, bringing down the impurities of the soil from its source at the foot of the Rhône Glacier; in the lake it settles and purifies itself, so that when it flows past the city of Geneva it is "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," as it has been poetically described.

But we are forgetting the Tower of Cæsar, which is a very old structure, and in past centuries was an important point of observation. Tradition says that at one time it belonged to the dukes of Savoy, who used to watch their neighbors, the people of Geneva, from the commanding top, and lay plans for their capture. As they stood in front of the tower Frank narrated the story of an attempt of the Savoyards to take possession of Geneva, in the year 1602, and their defeat, which is still celebrated by the people of Geneva, on December 12th, just as the Americans celebrate the Fourth of July.

"It was in a time of profound peace," said Frank, "that the Duke of Savoy made his way into the neighborhood of Geneva with an army of 4000 men, under pretence of hunting. Every man and boy in Geneva at that time was trained to be a warrior, and was expected to rush to the city's defence whenever the alarm was sounded. Every night at



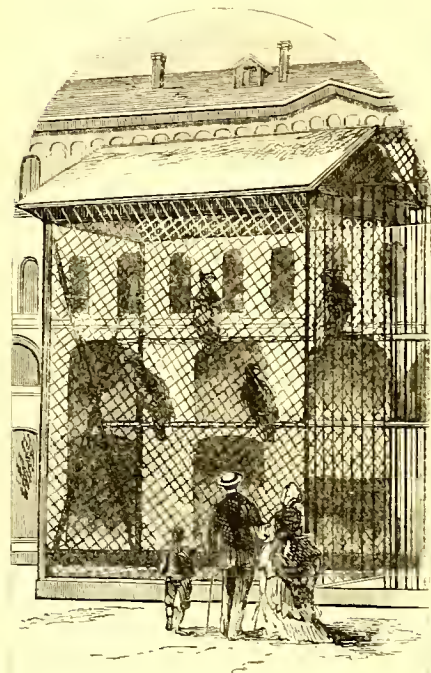
GENEVA—NEW CITY AND BRIDGE OF MONT BLANC.

at sunset the gates were closed, and sentinels were posted; and this was done invariably at all times, whether in peace or war.

"Nothing was suspected of the intentions of the duke, and on the night in question the city retired to sleep, only the sentinels at the gates and on the walls being on watch.

The duke brought his army of 4000 men close to the walls under cover of the darkness; then he had 300 picked men scale the walls silently and stealthily by means of ladders, and conceal themselves along the ramparts.

"It was the intention for these 300 soldiers to lie perfectly still until daybreak, when they were to seize the gates and open them for the admission of the army. About two o'clock in the morning one of the sentinels thought he saw something moving, and told his corporal, who sent five men to investigate. Four of the men were overpowered, but the fifth had time to discharge the fire-arm that he carried. A drummer who followed the five also escaped, and ran to the tower, beating his



EAGLES OF GENEVA.

drum as he ran. Then the general alarm was sounded, and the Genevese men dressed in great haste and ran to the walls. The 300 Savoyards were caught within the walls and were all killed. It had been agreed that a cannon from the walls was to be the signal for the army to advance, and when the Genevese fired their first cannon the army came forward, only to find the walls covered with defenders."

"What happened then?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"The army was defeated, and the duke was obliged to retire after suffering heavy loss. It is said that when his 300 chosen men had succeeded in scaling the walls without discovery he considered that Geneva was in his possession, and sent off couriers to all the Catholic courts of Europe announcing that he had entered the city."

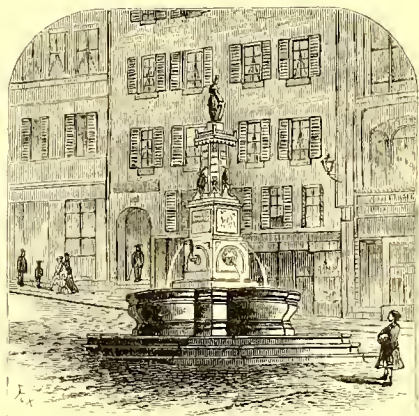
"He was what is described in a slang phrase of the present day, 'a

little too previous,' " Fred remarked, as his cousin paused. Frank assented to the suggestion, and then Mrs. Bassett and Mary wanted to know what would have happened to the people of Geneva if the duke's stratagem had succeeded.

"He had ordered his officers to massacre the inhabitants and give the city over to the soldiers to be plundered; at least, such is the story of the Protestant historians. Curiously enough, the attempt of the duke was the cause of much prosperity to Geneva. Great sums of money were sent to the city from various parts of Protestant Europe, and hundreds, if not thousands, of soldiers offered their services in its defence. And that is probably the reason why the anniversary of the Escalade has been celebrated down to this day with a great deal of enthusiasm on every Twelfth of December."

Then Frank led the way to the Fountain of the Escalade, which commemorates the event, and was erected at the expense of the city about the middle of the present century. It stands close to the spot where the sentinel discovered the moving objects on the parapet, as narrated by Fred in his account of the attempted surprise. The fountain is ornamented with bronze figures which are represented as scaling the walls, and surmounted with an allegorical figure in bronze which represents the city of Geneva.

"According to what I have heard and read about them," said Mrs. Bassett, "the Swiss are a very thrifty people, and always ready to embrace an opportunity to make money. If this is the case, the attempt of the Duke of Savoy against Geneva is something that they would regard as a piece of good-fortune. I read not long ago a story, which is attributed to Voltaire, to the effect that in a storm on the lake a boat was wrecked, and the body of a woman was washed ashore. Efforts to restore her were useless and were about to be abandoned, when a passing stranger asked whence the woman came. When he learned that she was a Genevese he said there was an infallible way to determine if she were alive or dead. He put a crown piece in her hand; her fingers closed upon



FOUNTAIN OF THE ESCALADE.

it, and she speedily revived and made great haste to put the money in her pocket."

"Yes," replied Frank; "that story is in one of Voltaire's poems. He had a bitter hatred for the Genevese. He lived at Ferney, about four miles from the city, and was never tired of abusing his neighbors; and it is related of him that he wrote satires about them, and had the satires put under the doors of the principal citizens of Geneva at night. He was a bitter enemy of the little republic; and his hatred is said to have arisen in consequence of their religion."

"But are the people as fond of money as Voltaire would have us believe?"

"It is possible that he exaggerated the case a little; but as you travel through Switzerland you will find that human ingenuity has been pretty well exhausted in devising means for extracting money from the visitors' pockets. Every point whence a view can be enjoyed is carefully fenced in where fencing is possible, and if there is an echo anywhere there is always somebody at hand with a horn to torture it to the utmost. In either case payment is expected for the real or fancied service, and very often the services are more fanciful than real. When we sit down to dinner in any large hotel we shall probably be entertained by a musical band, which is supplied without inquiry as to whether it is wanted or not. We shall be expected to pay for the music, either by contributions dropped into a hat, or by a charge of half a franc extra for each listener,



A STREET PORTER.

which we shall find in our bills with similar 'extras.'

"On some of the roads drivers of wagons or carriages, or owners of saddle-horses, are forbidden to take a return passenger. The party who has engaged a vehicle to take him to a certain destination must pay for the double journey, and if a traveller at that point wishes to hire it for the return he cannot do so. He must engage a fresh vehicle, paying for both ways, while the one he might hire at a low price is compelled to go back empty. Thus the law operates to the disadvantage of travellers and in favor of the thrifty Swiss.

"If the stranger in Switzerland sets his face against the numerous

petty swindles that are perpetrated he will be continually in trouble. The best plan is to accept them as part of the expense of travel in the country, and make a stand now and then when they become too oppressive."

Frank then narrated the experiences of several travellers who were comparing notes about Switzerland. One of them told how he found ice served at dinner to everybody, and as he was from the land where ice is customary at table he thought the scheme an excellent one. His views changed when he found that every patron of the house had been charged half a franc extra for ice—an arrangement which gave a handsome return to the landlord for his trouble.

Another told how he called for his bill once when leaving a hotel, and found it larger than he had expected. He looked carefully through it to find overcharges, but could not detect them; again he looked, but overcharges he could not discover. Then he went over the bill again, copying each item on a slip of paper in order to analyze the document more thoroughly. This time he found where the trick was, and it was certainly a very shrewd one.

It was the fifteenth of the month, and the date of the bill was so placed that the figures for it stood at the column of items. As it was read off the bill was innocent enough, but unless the recipient was especially watchful he would be pretty sure to add in the date, and thus augment the items by the day of the month. On comparing notes with others at the same hotel, the traveller found that the trick was played wherever there was a chance that it would not be detected.



TRYING FOR A FEE.

"We must make a rule to call early for our bills, so as to have abundant time to examine them," said Frank. "When we are to leave in the morning we must have our bills the night before; it is a trick to withhold the bill till the last minute, so that overcharges may escape undetected, in the hurry of the traveller's departure.

"But though they may be prone to deceive," continued Frank, "the Swiss certainly are the best hotel-keepers in Europe. We shall find excellent hotels almost everywhere we go, and it has often been said that a really bad one cannot exist here."

We may say here that Frank's prediction was justified to the full extent, as was acknowledged by all members of the party before their departure from the country. The remark applies to the small hotels in the mountain districts as well as to the great establishments in Geneva, Berne, Lucerne, Vevey, Interlaken, Zurich, Basle, and other places.

As they were turning away from the fountain of the Eusealade, with their faces towards the lake, Mary asked for the island of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or, to abbreviate its title, "Rousseau Isle."

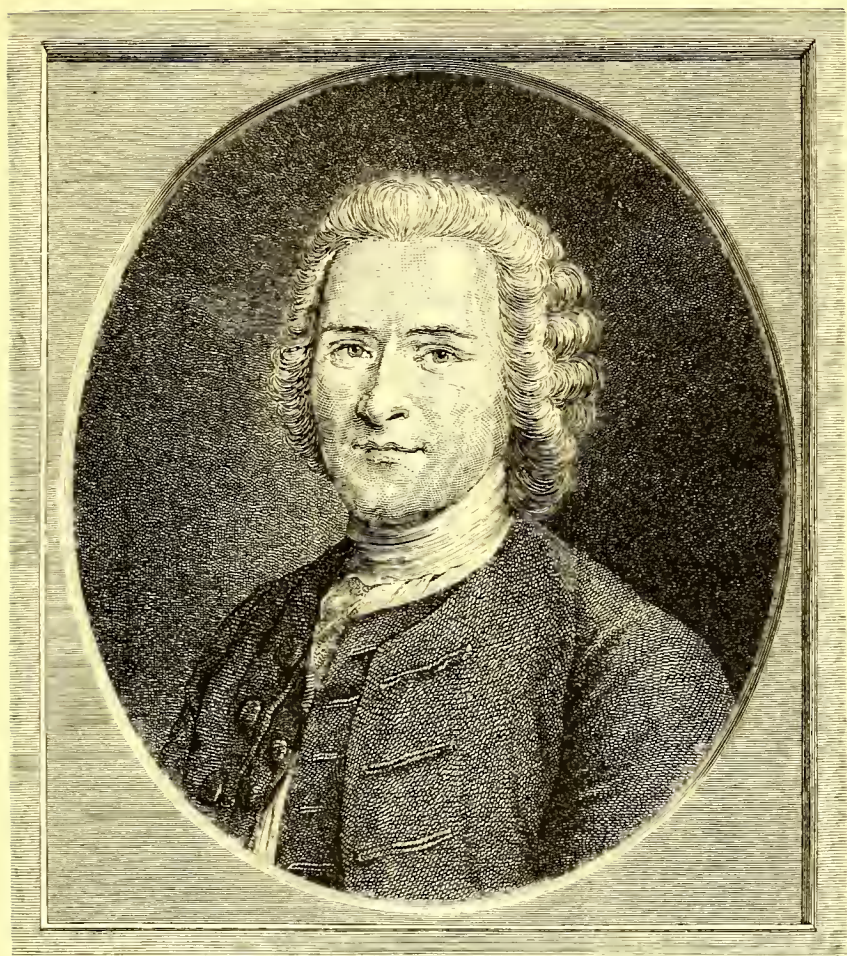
"It is the smaller of the two islands in the Rhône, just as it leaves the lake," Fred replied. "We are going towards it, and will soon be there, if we don't stop on the way."

They reached Rousseau's Island by means of the first bridge below that of Mont Blanc; the island lies between the two bridges, and is connected with the lower one by a small bridge of its own. As they were approaching it Mrs. Bassett asked whence it received its name.

"It was named after Jean Jacques Rousseau," replied Fred, "a musical composer and the author of several stories and philosophical works more or less famous. He was the son of a watch-maker of this city, and was born here in 1712; his mother died in his infancy, his father was obliged to flee from Geneva, and the boy was left to the care of an uncle. The uncle bound him as an apprentice to an engraver, but the occupation was un congenial and the apprentice ran away to Savoy, where he led a wandering life for some years."

"When did he develop his taste for music?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"He had been fond of it all his life, but in his youth devoted very little time to studying it. When he was twenty-one years old he found himself at Lausanne with no money in his pocket, and in order to avoid starvation he announced himself as 'a singing-teacher from Paris.' He obtained several pupils, though he declares in his *Confessions* that he was not at all qualified to teach even the rudiments of music. Not only did he call himself a teacher, but he set up as a composer, and actually



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

composed a piece of music which he gave to be performed at a private entertainment. His account of it is that it was a terrible discord which set the musicians and audience to laughing, the only piece of melody in the whole composition being a street air which he had 'borrowed' from somebody, a practice not unknown in our day."

"I don't believe he remained long in Lausanne after that performance," Mary remarked, as Fred paused.

"Exactly how long he remained I can't say," was the reply, "but until he went to Paris, in 1741, he never remained long in one place.

He had invented a system of musical notation by figures which he hoped would bring him fame and fortune; but it brought him neither, as the experts to whom it was referred for examination said that it was neither new nor useful. He lived in great poverty for a while, but all the time he was improving in musical knowledge, and engaged in literature. Fame came to him in due course of time through his books and his musical compositions, and he was a favorite at the royal court. But the favor in which he was held came to an end when he published a letter on French music, and in it said 'there is neither measure nor melody in it, because the language is not susceptible of them.' This remark, with others of a similar nature, roused such a burst of indignation that he fled from France and returned to his native city."

By this time our friends were at the little island which is dedicated to Rousseau and contains his statue, shadowed by several tall trees. The tradition is that this island was a favorite retreat of the philosopher, and here he composed some of the works that made his name famous. Another story is that very little of his life was passed at Geneva after his flight from it in his youth, the city honoring him far more since his death than it ever did during his life.

The attention of Mary and Fred was divided between the statue of the philosopher and the colony of swans that occupy a wire enclosure at one side of the island, and it is the positive averment of Frank that the swans had by far the most of it. The girl and her cousin invested a goodly amount of copper coin in buying bread wherewith to feed the swans, whose appetites seemed to be as limitless as the snows on the summit of Mont Blanc, and a great deal more active.

The other island which has been mentioned is much larger than that of Rousseau, and is crowded with tall houses, which are densely peopled by men and women of the working classes. It is a part of the Geneva of the time of John Calvin. The new Geneva is much larger than the old, and its population is increasing from year to year at a rate which promises to carry the municipal limits very much farther along the borders of the lake at no distant day.

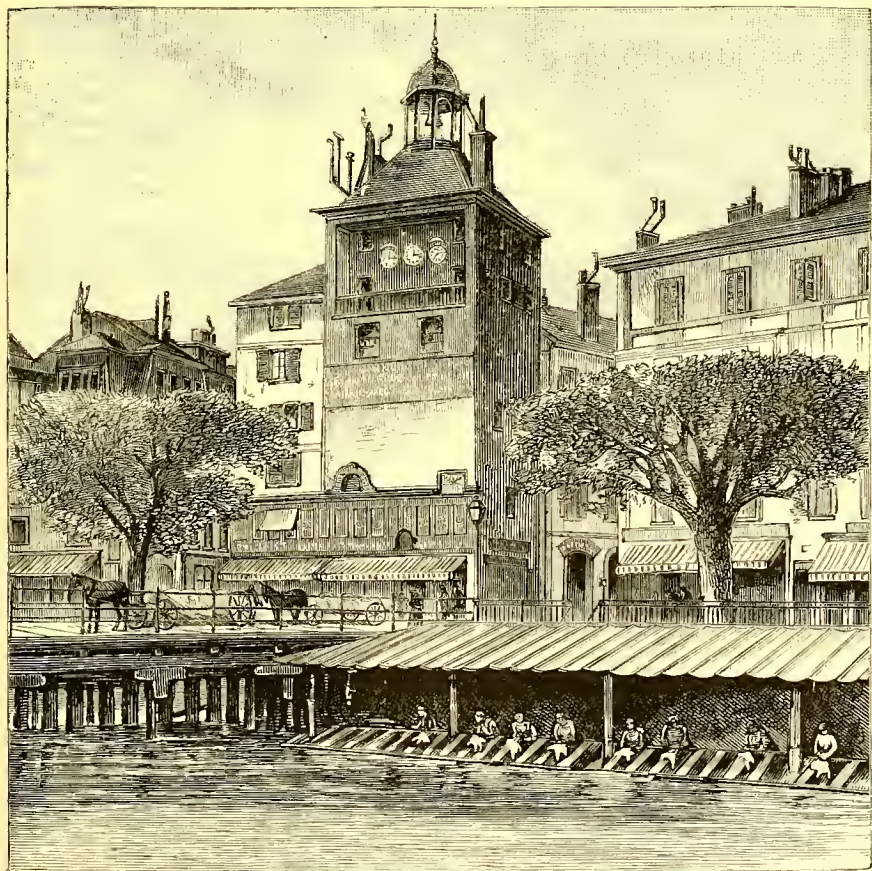
"What do the people do for a living besides keeping hotels?" Mrs. Bassett asked, as they sat beneath the shade of the trees on Rousseau's Island and looked out upon the water.

"Geneva is an important centre of the watch-making industry," replied Frank. "Out of the population of nearly eighty thousand there are probably six thousand engaged in the various branches of watch-making, and three thousand in the construction of musical boxes and

the manufacture of jewelry. Then there are factories for the production of velvets and other goods of silk, and for musical, mathematical, and surgical instruments. There are no duties on imported goods, and therefore an important industry is that of smuggling into France and Italy, which are close at hand."

"It would be a good place to supply ourselves with watches," said Mary, "if we happened to want any."

"Theoretically, yes," was the reply; "but practically I believe it is otherwise. The dealers in watches must take care not to injure their trade with retailers elsewhere, and consequently the retail prices at Geneva are nearly, if not quite, the same as the retail prices elsewhere. Sometimes they are said to be higher."



TOWER OF CÆSAR, AND THE LAUNDRESSES.

"Don't think of buying a watch in Geneva, my dear," said Mrs. Bassett, with a very decided emphasis in her voice.

"Why so, mamma?" queried Mary.

"Because—well, let me tell you my experience. When your uncle, Doctor Bronson, made one of his early trips to Europe, and was intending to visit Geneva, your father asked him to buy a watch here for me. He bought it, and was assured by the makers that it was one of the very best of its class. They told him that if it should happen to go wrong at any time he had only to take it to their agents, any one of their agents in America, and it would be set in order at once. They gave him a list of their agents, and he came away satisfied that he had made a fine purchase for me.

"When I began to carry the watch it did not keep good time; something was out of order, and your father took it to the agent in Boston, where we lived at the time. The agent looked hastily at the watch and then handed it back, with the remark that he did not hold himself responsible for any watches purchased elsewhere than in his own establishment. He repudiated utterly the promises of the Geneva house, and all other agents of ——— & Co. to whom the watch has been shown have done likewise. It proved to be worthless as a time-piece, and was sold long ago for the value of the gold in the case. Take my advice, my dear, and if you buy a Swiss watch buy it of a first-class dealer in the city where you live. But, better yet, be patriotic and buy an American watch—one that is likely to be more satisfactory as a timepiece than anything you will find in Switzerland."

Frank and Fred echoed Mrs. Bassett's opinions upon the subject of watches, the former explaining to his sister that Swiss watches are nearly all the product of hand-labor, while the American watch is made as far as possible by machinery.

Mary asked if the Americans put the material for their watches into one end of a machine and brought out the finished product at the other. Frank laughed at the suggestion, but said it was not so far from the facts of the case as might be imagined.

"All the parts of an American watch—wheels, screws, pinions, and other things"—said Frank, "are made by machinery. When watches of any given grade are produced, the different parts for a hundred or a thousand of them may be thrown into a heap together. Then if enough to compose a single watch are picked out and put together they will be found to fit exactly. This is not the case with the different parts of Swiss watches, as they are mostly made by hand and require a great

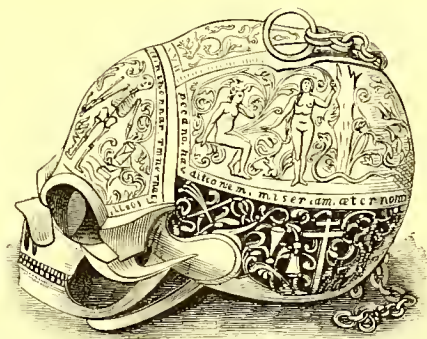
deal of work to fit them together properly. If you break any part of your watch your jeweller has only to send to the factory for a duplicate, and it will not need any filing or adjusting to fit it into place."

"Is not the same principle followed in other lines of American manufacture?" Mary asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "it is followed in the manufacture of fire-arms, sewing-machines, typewriters, agricultural implements, steam-engines, weighing apparatus, and other things almost without number. It would be much easier to tell where it is not followed than where it is; it is the American way of utilizing machinery and making it take the place of hand-labor, for the double reason that it is less expensive and has a uniform accuracy that no hand-labor can ever attain."

"I was reading the other day," said Mary, "about somebody who was designated as a 'machine politician.' Do they carry the same principle of manufacture into politics?"

"We haven't time to discuss American politics now," was the reply; "at present we are concerning ourselves with Switzerland."



SKULL WATCH OF MARY STUART.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CANTON OF GENEVA; SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY; NOTED PERSONS WHO HAVE FOUND REFUGE AT GENEVA; POPULATION, RELIGION, AND GOVERNMENT.—GOVERNMENT OF THE SWISS REPUBLIC.—THE ARMY AND NAVY.—A SWISS ADMIRAL.—HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, AND THEIR RELATIONS TO EACH OTHER.—NEUTRALITY OF SWITZERLAND.—RUSSIAN NIHILISTS.—DRIVES AROUND GENEVA.—FERNEY AND VOLTAIRE.—RELICS OF THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER.—ANECDOTES OF VOLTAIRE'S LIFE.—LAKE LEMAN.—THE STEAMER *BONNYHARD*.—THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.—VOYAGE ALONG THE LAKE.—REMINISCENCES OF BYRON AND GIBBON.—OUCHY AND LAUSANNE.

A DAY sufficed for the sights of Geneva, which are by no means numerous, as the reader has seen. "It is a small city, and has few monuments of consequence," said Frank; "but it is a famous place in history, as it has been the stronghold of liberty for many centuries. You know already about its prominence in the work of the Reforma-

tion. It has been called the printing-press of Europe, because it was the origin of many publications that were denied existence anywhere else on the Continent.



LATEEN RIG.

"Since the days of the Reformation it has been the refuge of those who were compelled to flee from their own lands because their opinions on religion or politics were not in favor at home. Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne, has lived here, and so have Queen Isabella and other

deposed monarchs. For centuries it has been the resort of Frenchmen who were exiled on account of their political opinions, and at present it is the dwelling-place of a considerable number of Russian Nihilists and other revolutionists from various European countries."

"How large is the Canton of Geneva?" Mary asked.

"It contains one hundred and nine square miles altogether, and is therefore smaller in area than some American townships. It has not

far from one hundred thousand inhabitants, and three-fourths of these reside within the limits of the city. Considering its area and population, it has certainly made a great deal of noise in the world for a place occupying so small a space on the map of Europe.

"The population is about equally divided between Catholics and Protestants, and French is the prevailing language. There is a university here which was founded in 1368, and there are schools of such excellent character that they attract pupils from all parts of Europe, and even from America and Asia. The government of the canton is republican, and is controlled by a legislature, or 'Grand Council,' which contains one delegate for every 666 inhabitants."

"I suppose these delegates make all the laws for the government of the city and canton," Mrs. Bassett remarked.

"Yes," was the reply, "and they choose from their number an Executive Committee, or 'Council of State,' of seven, whose duty is to execute the laws, regulate the police, and attend to all matters of administration. They hold office for two years. The President receives a salary of \$1100, and the other members \$1000 each."

"They are not paid very high for their services. But perhaps they do not have much to do in return for their money."

"The city and canton are peaceful enough, and probably their officers are not obliged to work very hard. They can look after their own business as well as that of the public, but the man who neglects public affairs for his own will very soon find himself unpopular."

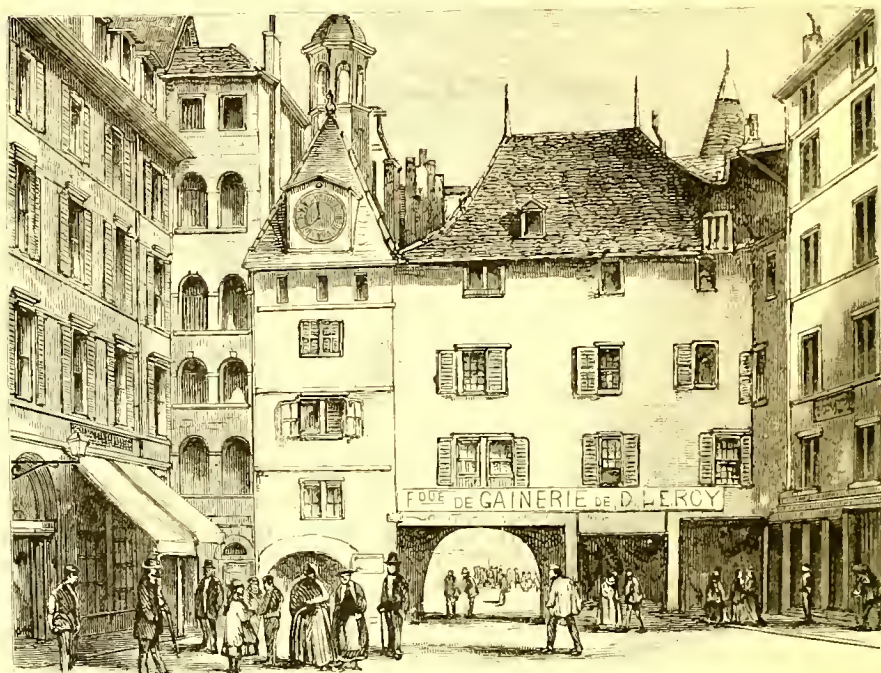
Frank then said that for a long period Geneva was a republic by itself. It was occupied by the French in the latter part of the last century and the early part of the present one. With the fall of Napoleon I., Geneva regained its freedom. It had been frequently allied with the Swiss, and in 1815 it was united with the Swiss Republic, being the last of the twenty-two cantons to join the confederation. "The Swiss Confederation," Frank added, "was formed in 1308 by the three cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwald. Five other cantons were united with it during the next fifty years, and in the sixteenth century it comprised thirteen cantons. Others were added from time to time until 1798, when it constituted the Helvetic Republic, which lasted until 1803."

"What happened then?" queried one of the listeners.

"Napoleon I. organized a new confederation of nineteen cantons, and this was increased by the addition of Wallis, Neuchâtel, and Geneva in 1815. Geneva was the last to join the confederation, as you already know."

"I suppose the cantons hold the same relation to the Central Government that the various States of the American Union hold towards the Government at Washington; do they not?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"The relation is very much the same," Frank replied. "The can-



VIEW IN OLD GENEVA.

tons send representatives to the National Council, as the lower house of the Swiss Congress is called, in the proportion of one delegate for every 20,000 of population. The upper house, corresponding to the American Senate, consists of forty-four members, two for each canton, and is called the 'Standerath,' or State Council. The representatives are elected every three years. Every citizen twenty years old may vote, and any citizen who is not a clergyman may be elected a deputy. Both houses are together called the 'Bundes-Versammlung,' or Federal Assembly; this assembly elects a Bundesrath, or Federal Council, of seven members, and any citizen is eligible, provided he is a qualified voter. The Bundesrath is the executive body of the Government; the President and Vice-president of the Bundesrath are the highest officers of the republic, and they are elected by the Federal Assembly, to hold office for one year

only. They may be elected again, but not until they have been for one year out of office. The President receives \$3000 a year, and the members of the Federal Council are paid \$2400 each for their services, which are equivalent to those of members of the President's Cabinet in the United States of America."

"Thank you very much for this explanation of the form of the Swiss government," said Mrs. Bassett. "And there's one thing more I wish you would explain, as it puzzles me somewhat."

"What is that?"

"How does it happen that this little republic manages to exist when it is surrounded by powerful monarchies? One might suppose that it would have been broken up long ago and annexed to one or other of its neighbors, or possibly divided among them."

"It is doubtless the case that any of its neighbors would be glad to possess the whole of Switzerland, but no one of them would be willing for it to go into the possession of any or all of the others. The jealousy



OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT IN SWITZERLAND.

of the powers of each other has been the protection of Switzerland. In 1815 the Governments of France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia made a formal acknowledgment of the neutrality of Switzerland and the integrity of her territory. None of them can make war upon her without bringing all the rest to her aid, and by the same treaty Switzerland is forbidden to make war upon any other country."

"But hasn't she an army?"

"Certainly she has a military organization which corresponds to our militia, as the constitution forbids the maintenance of a standing army. Every citizen capable of bearing arms is liable to military duty; he undergoes a certain amount of training, and the boys at school, from the age of eight years, are instructed in the manual of arms. In the first year of his service, when he is twenty years old, every man is called to perform from forty-two to eighty days of training, and after that, until he reaches the age of thirty-two years, he has sixteen days of training each year. From his thirty-second to his forty-fourth year he may be called out for two or three days each year, and after the last named age until he is fifty he will be required to serve in case of war. Those who are eligible to service but do not perform it may pay a tax instead, but this is only allowed in time of peace. As the country has had no war within the memory of living men, the military duties of the Swiss army are not severe. The principal use of the troops has been to guard the frontier when any of her neighbors were at war, in order that the neutrality of the country should not be violated."

"How large a navy is there in Switzerland?"

Frank paused before replying, and then suggested that the navy of Switzerland was like the snakes of Ireland.

"You mean there isn't any," said Mrs. Bassett. "Of course I should have known that a country without a seaport could not have a navy—and yet it seems that I have heard of a Swiss admiral."

"That is true; but it was only in a play on the stage. In the operabouffe entitled '*La Vie Parisienne*' there is a Swiss admiral who comes upon the stage in a nondescript sort of costume that is exceedingly grotesque and with a pair of spurs on his heels."

"Evidently a horse-marine," said Mary. And the army and navy of Switzerland were dropped from their conversation—at least for the time.

"You mentioned the Russian Nihilists among those who found refuge at Geneva," said Mrs. Bassett. "Are there many of them here?"

"I know very little about them," replied the youth. "I asked the manager of the hotel to tell me about the Nihilists, and he said he could



A NIHILIST FAMILY AT HOME.

not give me much information, for the reason that they kept very closely to themselves and were rarely seen around any of the hotels. Most of them are very poor, so he told me, and live in cheap lodgings in obscure parts of the town. Those who have money spend it for the benefit of those who have none, or for the Nihilist cause. They are popularly supposed to be constantly plotting against the Government of Russia, and it is charged that some of the assassinations of high officials in the empire had their origin at Geneva. The refugees are constantly watched by spies, and it has been said that sometimes the city contains more spies than Nihilists. The latter aver that the spies try to incite them to do things that would lead to their expulsion from Geneva. The Swiss Government has given warning that plots against the Russian Government or against the lives of any of the Czar's officials will not be permitted; and it happens now and then that a refugee comes under suspicion, and is ordered to leave the country. The Nihilists claim that they keep within the requirements of the law, and the accusations against them are false."

A considerable portion of the Nihilist literature that is circulated in Russia is said to be printed at Geneva. It is introduced into the empire in various ways, and as fast as one channel of introduction is discovered and closed another is opened. Other cities of Switzerland are the abodes of Nihilists, and there is a considerable number of them in Paris. The recent friendliness of Russia and France has operated unfavorably for the Nihilists in Paris, and some of them have been compelled to move to places where they are less closely watched than in the capital.

The number of Russian refugees at Geneva varies considerably from time to time, being influenced by the activity of the revolutionists in Russia, and by the leniency or severity of the French authorities. They vehemently declare that they have no revolutionary organization in Geneva, Paris, Zurich, or any other city where they congregate, as such an organization would bring them in conflict with the local laws concerning conspiracy. It is pretty certain that their acts, meetings, and correspondence are the subject of a great deal of falsehood, and are represented as many times worse than is really the case. The great number of spies maintained by the Russian Government is responsible for most of the stories of Nihilist conspiracies. The spies are obliged to make a pretence of activity for fear of losing their employment, and hence they are forced to invent treasonable plots against the Czar and his Government, and send long accounts of Nihilist meetings that never took place.

After inspecting the city to their satisfaction, our friends turned their attention to its suburbs and the points of interest in the immediate neighborhood. Their eyes had already been attracted to the villas that studded both banks of the lake, and Mrs. Bassett had eagerly asked to whom they belonged.

"The list is too long for me to remember," said Frank. "We will engage a carriage and take a drive along the shore, so that we can see the villas in detail, and visit such as are open to the public."

The carriage was taken accordingly, the driver arranging to act as guide and point out the objects of interest. One after another he named the most important of the villas along the route, including the one formerly occupied by the Empress Josephine, the villa of the Countess Gasparin, and the Villa Tronchin, which was once the property of Voltaire. Most of the time our friends were in sight of the lake, and now and then they had a fine view of the snowy tops of Mont Blanc and his fellow-mountains, fifty miles away.

When they reached the boundary between France and Switzerland the driver paused a few moments to narrate an incident in his experience in showing strangers about.

"One day a gentleman, a stranger in Geneva, engaged me for a drive, and said he wanted to see all the sights in the neighborhood. I drove him around the city, and then came out by this road, pointing out the villas, and giving him the names of the various mountains that were in sight. He seemed very much interested, and when we crossed the frontier he was talking about something, so that I did not have an opportunity to tell him we were at the border.

"We were in France half a mile or so before I told him where we were. Then he sprang to his feet, turned pale as a ghost, and in a voice that was trembling quite as much as his body was shaking all over, told me to drive back to Geneva as quickly as I could.



VOLTAIRE.

"Of course I did as he told me and put my horses to the gallop, and when I crossed the boundary, and was once more on Swiss soil, I ventured to look around. There was my gentleman almost in a faint. When I told him he was safe the color came back to his face, and he did not tremble so much, but he didn't want any more sight-seeing in the environs of Geneva for that day at least."

The individual thus described was a noted, or rather a notorious, Frenchman, who had been in a condition of hostility to the French Government for the past thirty years; whether imperial or republican, has made no difference in the character of his hostility. After his escape from New Caledonia, whither he was banished, he took up his residence in Geneva, in order to be as near as possible to Paris, and at the same time safe from arrest.

Our friends reached Ferney, which owes its existence to Voltaire. He bought the land about 1760, invited colonists there, and built factories and a handsome residence for himself. He also built a church for the use of the colonists who settled in the neighborhood, and would not be likely to remain unless they had suitable religious privileges.

"It is said that in Voltaire's time," Frank remarked, "the village of Ferney had more than a thousand inhabitants; now there are little more than one-third that number. The church is not regularly used for religious worship, and for some years it was occupied as a farm-house."

"Can we see the house where Voltaire lived?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"I believe it can be seen in the absence of the owner," was the reply. "The driver can tell us whether we can view it."

That worthy said they would be permitted to inspect a portion of the house, and see relics of the man who used to entertain kings, emperors, grand-dukes, and other great personages.

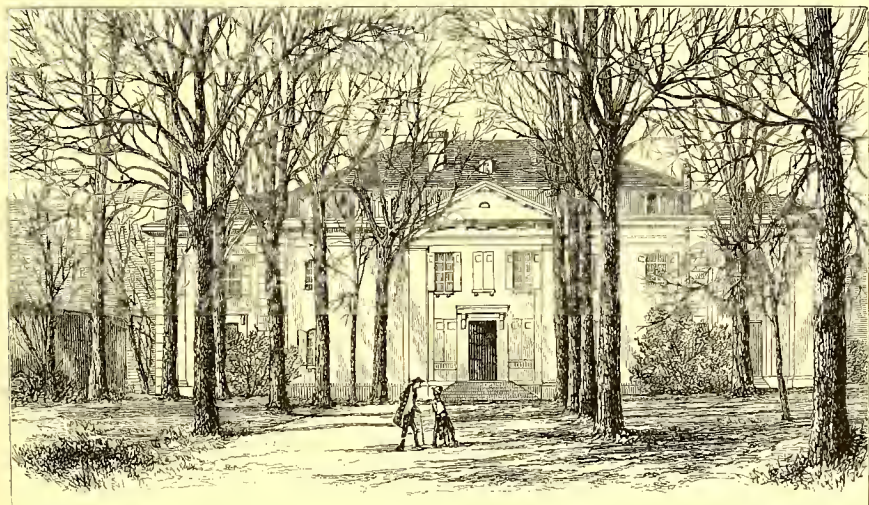
"We were shown through some of the rooms of the château," said Fred, "including Voltaire's bedroom and study. The pictures on the walls were there in his time, and we specially observed that there were two engravings in good condition, one representing Washington and the other Franklin. Near them is a portrait of Catherine II., Empress of Russia, and there is an inscription on it which shows it to have been painted by order of the Empress as a present to the philosopher. There is also a bronze bust of the Empress in the same room, while in the other is a great stove which was a present from Frederick the Great. There are portraits and landscapes on the walls of the study, but there is no landscape which equals the view from the garden just behind the study, to which we were shown after our inspection of the rooms was com-

pleted. This view includes Mont Blanc and Lake Leman, and in the garden we saw an arbor where Voltaire did much of his writing during the twenty years that he lived here and kept open house."

Mrs. Bassett naturally asked for what Voltaire was most famous. Fred replied that it was difficult to name any one thing in which he was more famous than in all others. He wrote nearly everything—plays, poems, histories, novels, and essays upon all sorts of subjects. Most of his novels had usually some doctrinal object—social, political, religious, or scientific—and he never hesitated to discuss any subject, no matter what, that was brought to his attention.

"The worst thing I ever read or heard about him," said Mrs. Bassett, "is that he was an atheist. Was he really an unbeliever in the existence of a Deity or any overruling power?"

"His biographers claim that he was not in any sense an atheist," was the reply, "and they point to many passages in his later works to



VOLTAIRE'S HOUSE AT FERNEX.

prove the correctness of their assertion. In his earlier writings it was his custom to sneer at religion, and at everything else which right-minded people hold in reverence, and it is from these writings that he has been classed as an atheist. He had a great influence upon the literature of his time, and it is pretty certain that the evil part of it is remembered more than is the good."

"He was a good financier," said Frank, as Fred paused, "and his

fortune may be said to have come from misfortune. He was so badly treated in Paris that he went to England to live for a few years. He became a favorite at the English court, and wrote a poem which he dedicated to the Queen. The royal lady subscribed for the poem, and everybody about the court followed her example, so that Voltaire made forty thousand dollars by the publication of his work. He returned to Paris not long afterwards and engaged in several lucky speculations, out of which he made so much money that he soon had an income of thirty thousand dollars a year."

"I have read somewhere that he was a very generous man," said Mrs. Bassett. "Was that really the case?"

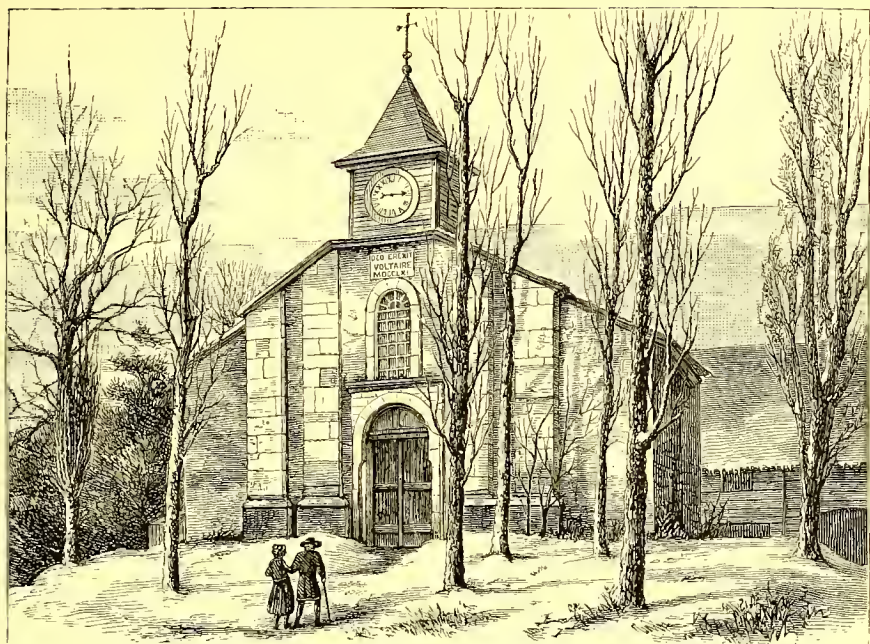
"In his younger days he spent money recklessly and was often in debt; in the latter part of his life he was more careful of his income, though he was not at all economical. Many stories are told of his charity, and this village of Ferney is an instance of his gifts to the people. Once he learned that a young girl who was descended from the 'Grand Corneille' was living in poverty. He at once sent for her to come to Ferney, where he provided her with teachers and gave her a good education, and at the time of his death he settled upon her a life annuity of fourteen hundred francs.

"He never failed to denounce acts of cruelty and oppression, no matter where they occurred. When the English executed Admiral Byng because he was unable, with the small fleet at his command, to destroy a French fleet more powerful than his own, Voltaire was outspoken and earnest in defence of the unfortunate admiral, who was sacrificed in order to shield the British ministers from public odium. Another instance of the same sort was that of Jean Calas, who was executed for a crime of which he was innocent. Voltaire devoted much time and effort to securing a reversal of the sentence and a partial indemnity to the family; and though he tried very hard to have the persecutors of poor Calas punished, he was unable to bring them to justice."

"I have read somewhere that his name wasn't Voltaire," said Mary.

"That is quite true," replied Frank; "his real name was François Marie Arouet, and he was the son of a French notary. The name by which he is known was an assumed one which he made up himself.

"You have already heard," Frank continued, "that he disliked Geneva and its people. Some of his sarcastic sayings concerning them have been preserved; the most celebrated is the one in allusion to the smallness of the country: 'When I shake my wig I powder the whole republic.' The Emperor Paul, of Russia, rivalled the wit of Voltaire



CHURCH BUILT BY VOLTAIRE.

when he said, 'It is a tempest in a glass of water,' in reference to a threatened revolution in Geneva."

A drive was taken along the southern shore of the lake as far as the Villa Deodati, which was once occupied by Lord Byron. Other places of interest were visited, and then our friends arranged to proceed by steamboat to the other end of the lake.

"If our boat should happen to sink under us," said Mary, "we need not hope to be able to walk ashore. I have just been reading that the lake is 1200 feet deep in its deepest part, and from 300 to 500 feet in many places."

"How long and wide is it?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"It is fifty-five miles long," Mary answered, "and in its broadest part is nine miles across."

"I wonder if there is any good fishing in the lake?" Fred remarked.

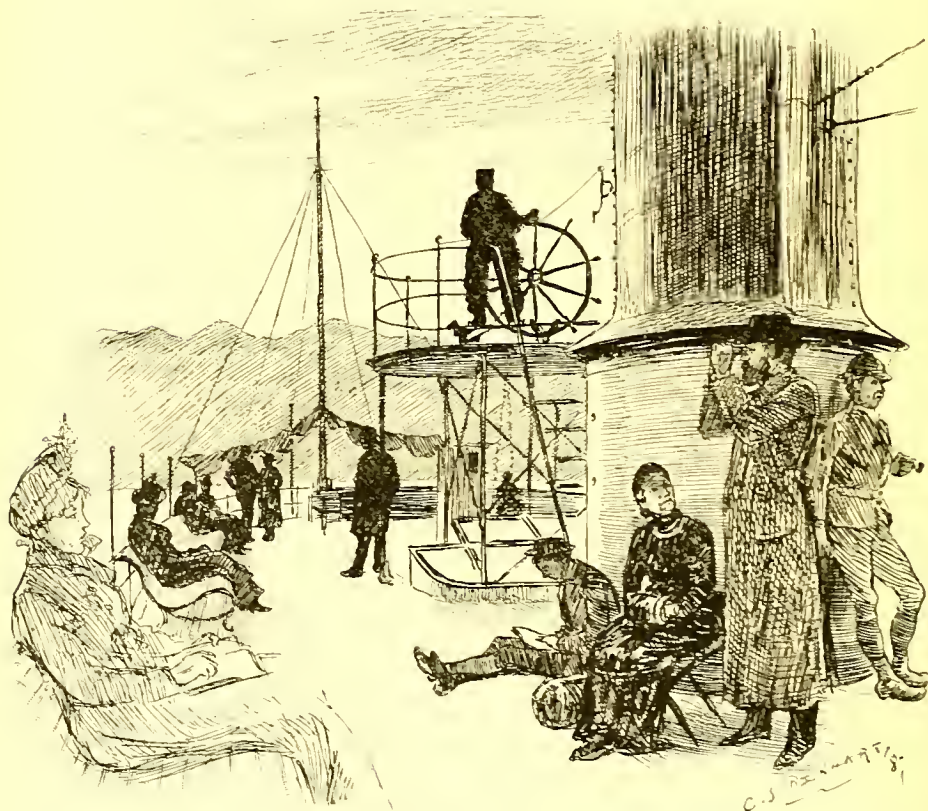
"I asked one of the boatmen about it," said Mary, "and he told me the fishing was not what English and Americans would call good. He said there were about twenty different kinds of fish in the lake, but none of them were such as sportsmen like to take."

"Then we won't go a-fishing," Fred replied. "I wonder some enterprising speculator doesn't come here with a proposal to stock the lake with fish, just as some English and American lakes have been stocked."

"The scheme has been considered more than once," said Frank, "but the experiment has not been made, for the reason that there is little in the lake on which the fish could feed. As well try to raise cattle in a desert as to make fish thrive where there is nothing for them to eat."

Fred had nothing more to say on the subject of stocking Lake Leman with fish, but called attention to a lateen-rigged sailboat which was ploughing the water a mile or more from them.

"We can imagine we are on the Mediterranean," said Fred, "as these graceful sails belong to that body of water, and are seen nowhere



STEAMBOAT ON LAKE LEMAN.

else in the world except on the Alpine lakes. Even here they are disappearing as well as on the Mediterranean, since the steamboat has obtained almost a monopoly of the carrying trade."

"This boat has a historic name," said Frank, as soon as they were on board the steamer that was to carry them over the blue waters of Lake Leman.

"What is it called?" Mary asked. "I might have seen the name as I came on board, but was too busy with the contemplation of the crowd on the quay to notice it."

"She is called *Bonnivard*," Frank replied. "You know who Bonnivard was, do you not?"

"Certainly," Mary answered; "he was the celebrated prisoner of Chillon, who wore away the stone on the floor of his prison where he was for years chained to a pillar."

"What can you tell about him?"

"He was born at Seyssel in 1493, and was brought up with his uncle, who was the prior of St. Victor, just outside the old walls of Geneva. He inherited the priory at his uncle's death, but from his sixteenth year he sympathized with the people of Geneva in their struggles with the Duke of Savoy. When he was twenty-six years old he fell into the hands of the duke, and kept in prison for two years; after this he was more earnest in the cause of the Reformation. His second imprisonment was at the castle of Chillon, and lasted for six years. I'll tell you more about it when we see the castle. He died at Geneva, where he spent the latter part of his life. He gave his library to the city, and it was the nucleus of the present public library of Geneva."

"A very good story, and well told," said Fred. Mrs. Bassett smiled with satisfaction at the success of her daughter in adding to the interest of their journey by delving into the history of the countries and places that they visited. Fred also complimented Mary on her knowledge of the story of Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," and said he would certainly call upon her for the rest of it when they arrived at the historic prison.



Bonnivard

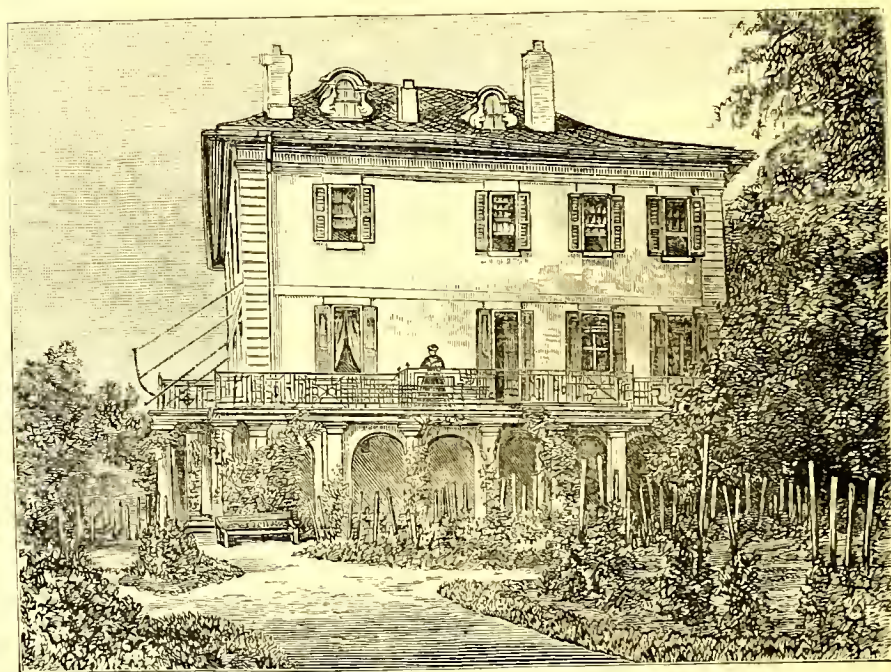
As the steamer moved along her course near the northern bank of the lake, Frank called the attention of his mother and sister to the various points of interest.

"This is Versoix," said Frank, as the steamer reached that attractive-looking place. "It was formerly in French territory, and it is said that Choiseul, the Minister of Louis XV., hated Geneva so bitterly that he determined to found a rival city at Versoix, and thus destroy the old one by turning all the French trade to the new place. The city was actually laid out, and maps were printed showing the streets, but the public did not come forward to buy the lots and the speculation failed."

"It was just like many a real estate speculation of the present day," said Mrs. Bassett. "If a historian of this part of the world wishes for modern examples, he could find enough of them in the United States."

"And he need not go farther than the neighborhood of New York and Boston to find them," Frank remarked.

There was further conversation on the subject of town sites and speculations; then the beauty of the shore of Lake Lemman, the wonderful blue of the water, the view of the range of the Alps and of the



BYRON'S VILLA, DEODATI.

mountains that lay nearer to the lake absorbed the attention of the travellers. So intent were they upon it that they almost missed seeing Coppet, which was once the home of Necker, the famous banker of Paris, who became Minister of Finance under Louis XVI.

"I read about Necker," said Mary. "He was the father of Madame de Staël, who was the first literary woman of the time in which she lived. She lived a long time at Coppet, and died in 1817, thirteen years after her father's death. Both of them are buried in the chapel which is in that clump of trees just west of the castle.

"She was one of the women who made the salon famous in Paris," the girl continued. "She returned from Switzerland to Paris in 1797, and was bitterly opposed to Napoleon I. Her salon was the resort of his opponents, and the Emperor tried to bribe her by offering to pay a large sum of money which had long been due her father on the condition that she would cease her opposition. She indignantly refused his offer, and was thereupon expelled from Paris and afterwards from France."



MADAME DE STAEL.

"What a brute the Emperor must have been, and what a coward, too," exclaimed Mrs. Bassett, "to be afraid of a woman, and drive her from the country!"

"He may have been a brute," replied Frank; "but, after all, he only acted prudently. Madame de Staël was a woman of great influence and of unusual abilities. She would make no terms with Napoleon, openly announced her distrust and detestation of him, undermined his power in every way that was open to her, and was altogether objectionable from an emperor's point of view."

"I didn't think of that," said Mrs. Bassett, as Frank paused. "Well, after all, Napoleon paid a great compliment to women when he acknowledged, by driving this lady out of France, that he was afraid of one of them."

The steamer passed Nyon and Rolle and Morges, each of which

was pointed out by Frank with whatever comment he considered essential. As they approached Ouchy, Frank said the place had a literary importance, as it was there, in the Anchor Hotel, that Byron wrote one of his famous poems, "The Prisoner of Chillon."

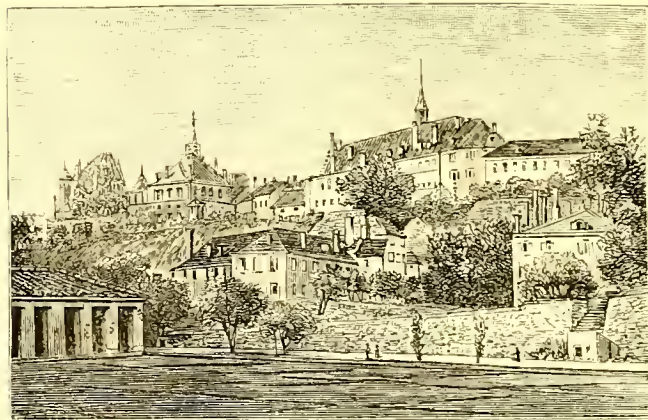
"That is the poem we were talking about a little while ago," said Mary.

"Yes," responded Frank, "and it is probable that a considerable part of the third canto of 'Childe Harold' was written in the same place, or at the Villa Deodati, which you already know of. Byron spent about a year in the vicinity of Geneva. He was greatly charmed with the lake, and it is mentioned quite often in the poetry that he composed while in this region."

"There is more literary interest here," said Fred, "than what you have just mentioned. Do you see that picturesque town on the hill above Ouchy?"

Of course it was visible to all, and they promptly said so.

"Well," continued Fred, addressing himself more particularly to Mrs. Bassett and Mary than to his cousin Frank, "up there is Lausanne, which stands on the site of the Roman Lausonium; the principal hotel there is the Gibbon, and it takes its name from the famous historian who wrote *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It was in



LAUSANNE.

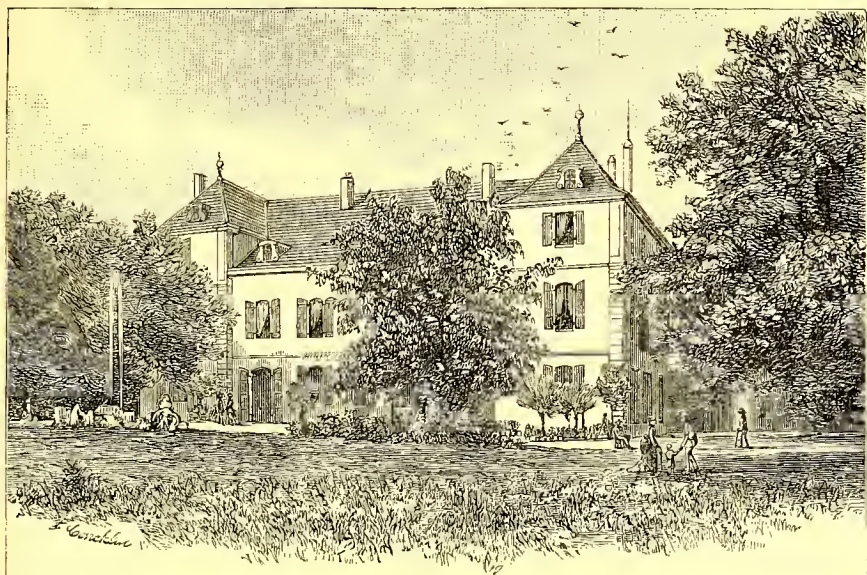
the garden in the rear of the hotel that the closing lines of the great history were written."

"How long was he occupied with the history?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"He began it in 1764, or soon after," said Fred, "and completed it in June, 1787.

Consequently, he was occupied with it for more than twenty years."

"No wonder it was a very important event for him when he wrote the closing lines. And the history has been a very important work for the world, has it not?"



VILLA OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

“Some of the critics have pronounced it the most important literary work of modern times. One writer says it is ‘the greatest achievement of human thought and erudition in the department of history;’ another says, ‘it is virtually a history of the world for thirteen centuries, during which paganism was breaking down and Christianity was superseding it.’”

Then Fred told a story about Gibbon which brought a smile to the faces of his friends. According to the anecdote Gibbon was a great “ladies’ man,” and paid court to all the beauties whom he met. In the latter part of his life he was very stout, and one day when he was declaring his admiration for one of the belles of Lausanne he fell on his knees before her. She ordered him to rise, and he endeavored to obey, but could not on account of his weight. The lady was obliged to ring a bell and summon the servants to set the illustrious historian upon his feet once more.

CHAPTER XVII.

VEVAY.—GRAVES OF THE REGICIDES.—SCENES IN THE MARKET.—MARY'S NEW HAT.—WINE-MAKING IN CANTON VAUD.—GATHERING THE GRAPES.—WINE-PRESSING.—THE GREAT TUN.—CEREMONIAL FESTIVAL IN GOOD SEASONS.—SELECTION OF BACCHUS.—HAUTEVILLE AND BLONAY.—CASTLES FOR RENT.—GHOSTS FREE OF CHARGE.—LEGENDS OF THE CASTLE.—HOW A LOVER WON A BRIDE.—HISTORY OF CANTON VAUD.—LOUIS AGASSIZ.—EXCURSION TO CHILLON.—POETICAL RECITATIONS.—THE POET'S LICENSE.—CLARENS AND MONTREUX.—FACTS CONCERNING BONNIVARD AND HIS FAMILY.—THE DUNGEON OF SEVEN PILLARS.

OUR friends left the steamer at Vevay. Frank had telegraphed for rooms at the Hôtel des Trois Couronnes (Three Crowns Hotel), which is close to the landing-place, and has a fine view of the lake and

the mountains beyond it. The distance from Vevay to the eastern end of the lake is only a few miles, and the mountains form a semicircle which seems to shut out all possibility of travel beyond them. Vevay and its vicinity are a favorite resort of English and Americans, and the hotels and boarding-houses scattered through this region are in great number and suited to all varieties of purse. The hotel tariffs are highest in summer, when the travel is greatest; with the coming of autumn the hotels are turned into *pensions* (boarding-houses), and the prices are greatly reduced from the summer figures.

Several days were passed here very pleasantly. There were drives through the surrounding country,



SWISS RAILWAY SERVANT.

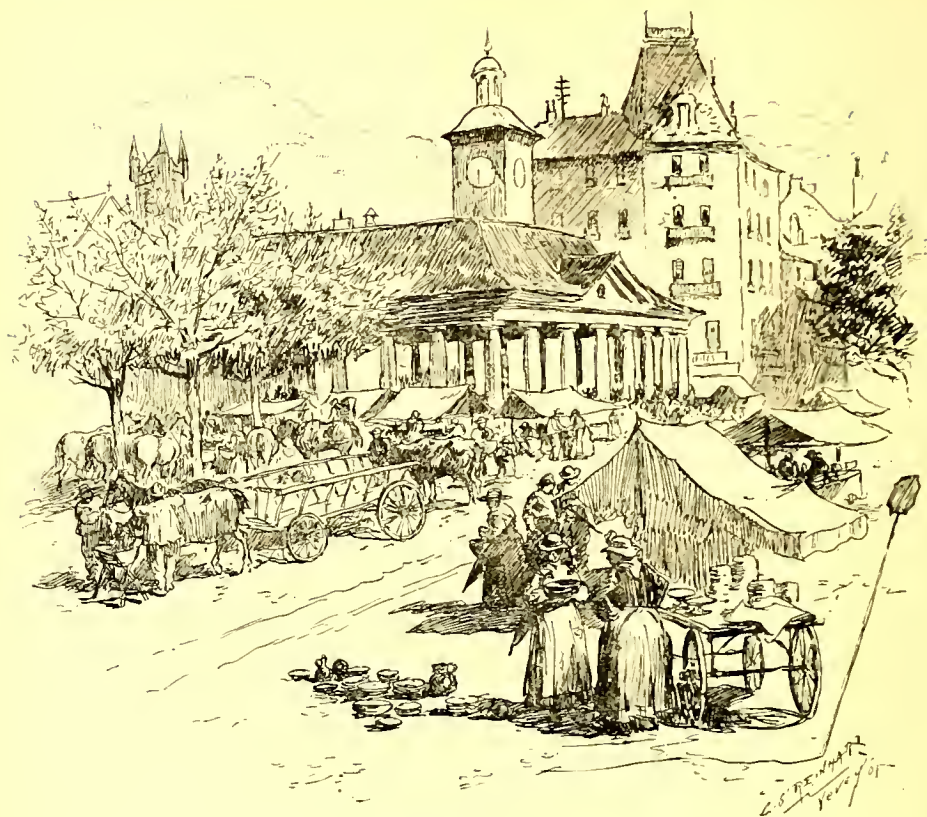
visits to old churches and châteaux, and a glance at the vineyards, which are numerous and productive.

Mrs. Bassett was particularly interested in the Church of St. Martin, which is said to have been erected in 1498, and contains the tombs of the regicides, Ludlow and Broughton. According to history, Broughton was the one who read the sentence of death to King Charles I. of England. As to Ludlow, it is said that his republicanism was of the purest kind, and that he opposed with great earnestness the ambitious schemes of Oliver Cromwell. On the restoration of Charles II. to the throne the extradition of the two refugees was demanded, but the Swiss Government refused to surrender them. Charles sent an assassin who killed one of them, but left the other to die peacefully in bed.

After the church had been duly inspected our friends strolled to and through the market-place, which Fred described as abounding in quaint sights. Provisions are sold under a roof, which is supported on pillars. The market building is open on all sides to the winds, which are pleasant enough in summer, but not always agreeable in autumn and winter. But the building is not sufficient for all the business of the place, and a considerable amount of dealing goes on under the tents, or beneath the trees outside, or even without any sort of protection. Some of the farmers who have come to the market dispose of their goods directly from their wagons, but they do not succeed in evading the tax which is levied on all sales, and these are carefully watched by the guardians of the market.

Mrs. Bassett and her daughter were interested in looking at the costumes of the women in the market-place. Some of them were quite picturesque, but for the most part they seemed a reproduction of what they had seen under similar circumstances in France and Germany. Most of the women wore straw hats to shield them from the sun. Mary saw some hats for sale in the market, and was surprised to find that the price was only half a franc (ten cents). She bought one in haste, lest the price should be advanced, and carried her purchase home in triumph. Afterwards she trimmed it with a few bright ribbons, which she unearthed from the recesses of her trunk, and made a head-covering of which she was quite proud. "And to think," said she, "that it cost only ten cents for the hat and forty cents for the ribbons! I shall take it home to America, and it will certainly rouse the envy of some of my friends."

"We were too early for the vintage," said Mary, in her account of their stay at Vevay, "but we had an excellent opportunity to see the



MARKET-PLACE AT VEVAY.

vineyards, and we bought in the market some of the early varieties of grapes. In the season when the grapes are ripe on the vines and the vintage is in progress there is a good deal of activity all along this part of the shore of the lake. The day for the commencement of the vintage is fixed by the authorities of each commune, and nobody is allowed to gather any grapes before that time except for eating purposes, and, on the other hand, he is not permitted to put off his part of the work till a later date. It seemed to me that this was a very severe regulation, but Frank explains it in this way:

“A great deal of the labor of the vintage is performed in common. The owner of every little patch of grapes cannot afford to have presses and vats of his own, and so the grapes are “pooled” (as an American speculator would say), the work is performed by all parties concerned, and the wine is divided according to the amount of grapes and labor that each one has contributed.”



GATHERING GRAPES NEAR VEVAY.

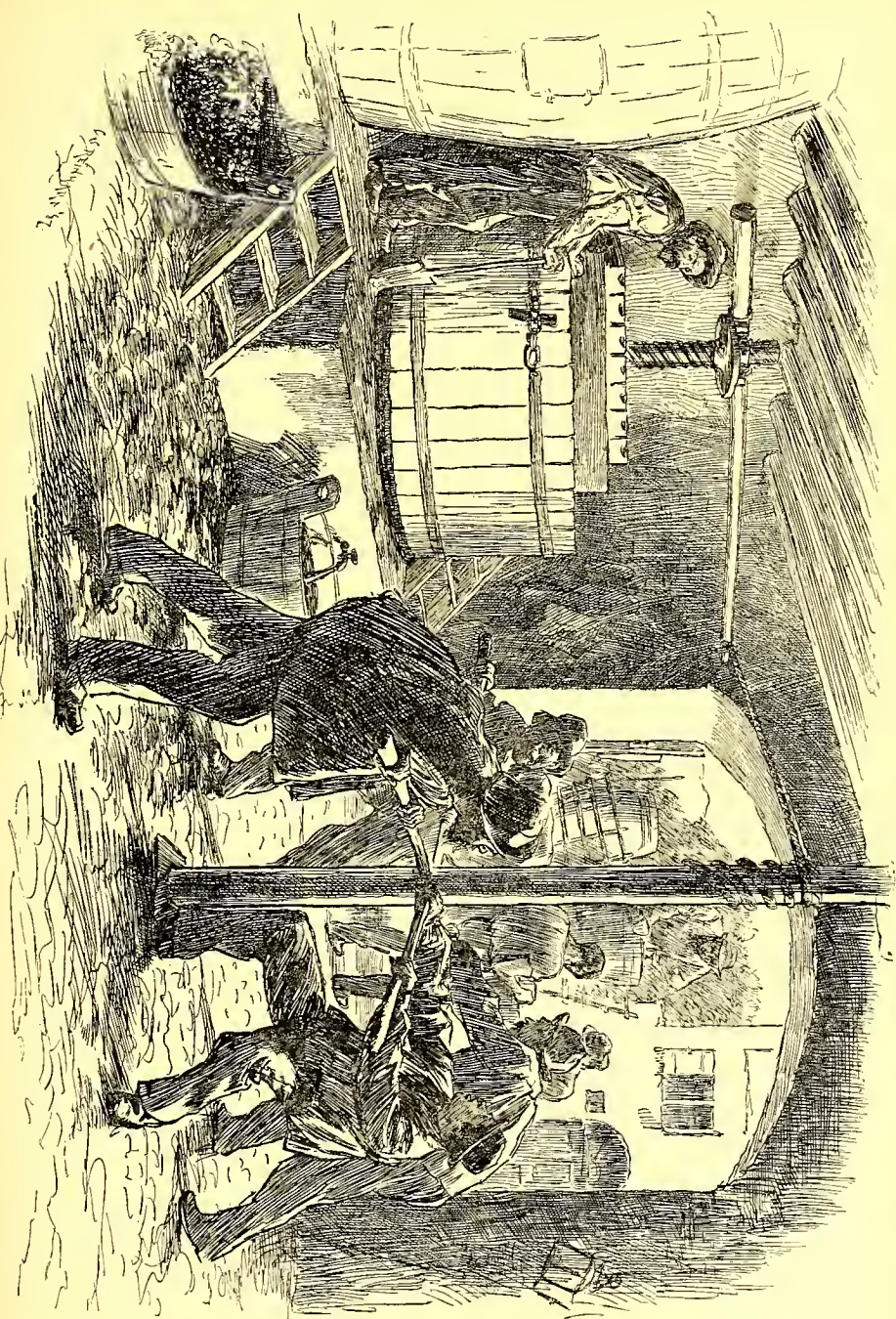
“Mamma says the same thing is done in some parts of the New England States, where the people in a neighborhood put their apples into a similar ‘pool’ for the purpose of making cider. The custom is said to be a very ancient one here—in fact, most of the customs connected with the vintage are very old, some of them dating as far back as the time of the Romans; and, speaking of the Romans, reminds me of something that I heard to-day.

“Here at Vevay they have a custom, when the yield of wine has been unusually good, of making a grand celebration, that is said to have originated in the time when the Romans had possession of the country. Unfortunately for the festival, the vintage is rarely up to the standard that induces the owners of the vineyards to celebrate it, and certainly there is no prospect of one this season. It would take too much space to tell all about it, and, besides, I have no good description of the festival to refer to. The preparations are very elaborate. The great feature of the affair is a grand procession, in which numerous characters of mythology are represented. The largest and fattest man in the community is selected to represent the god Bacchus, and sometimes when there is nobody among the wine-makers who can properly represent the character they send somewhere else and hire a suitable person.

“The festival costs a considerable amount of money, and the hotel-keepers contribute freely to it, as it brings them a large amount of business. At the last celebration of this sort it is said that fifty thousand people came to Vevay to attend it.

“We saw one of the wine-presses that they use here; it was a primitive affair, and made me think of the old cider-mill which I saw up in New Hampshire the last time I was there. The grapes are cut from the vines, and the bunches are thrown into shallow tubs, where they are crushed and broken by pestles in the hands of strong men or women. Then these tubs are carried to wagons containing large casks, and the contents are poured into these casks and driven off to the village, where the wine-press is ready for its work. The wine-press is like a great tub, without top or bottom; there are cracks between the staves of the tub, and its contents rest on a large stone or block of wood. An iron screw forces down the top of the press; the screw is turned by means of a horizontal bar to which a rope is attached, and this rope is wound around an upright post that is turned by men pushing against handles like those of a turnstile, and they have to push very hard.

“A tub catches the juice which runs from the press, and this juice is carried away to the cellars, where it is placed in great tuns to be fer-



mented. We went into a cellar and saw some of these tuns, but though they are very large they are no comparison to the Great Tun of Heidelberg that you've heard about. The Heidelberg tun is 36 feet long and 24 feet high, and is said to have a capacity of 800 hogsheads. But you shouldn't expect to find anything approaching that size in this country, as Switzerland is very much smaller than Germany.

"Some of the enterprising wine-makers have introduced the American wine-press, which is claimed to be more economical than the old-fashioned one, but the people here are slow to adopt new ideas, and the American innovation is not popular.

"The new wine, before it is fermented, is sold in the restaurants and wine-shops; it holds the same relation to the wine of commerce that sweet cider does to the manufactured and bottled article. They get two or three grades of juice from the grapes, and these grades are kept carefully apart from each other. The first grade is that which runs from the broken grapes before they have been pressed; the second is that which is brought out by the press; and the third is what is secured when the grape cake is shaken up for a second pressure and moistened with water. There is plenty of water in the lake, and the wine-makers have no occasion to be economical in using it; the result is that the third grade of wine is usually of a very watery character, and Frank says it might be warranted to do no harm to one who doesn't drink it or look upon it when it is red.

"In seasons when grapes are plenty the owner of a vineyard will permit a stranger to eat all he may desire on payment of half a franc, provided the stranger does his own picking. But it will not do to take a single grape without permission, as there is a heavy fine provided by law for all trespassing of this sort. Probably the law was passed from necessity, and to protect the owners of the vineyards from the depredations of small boys and others. A gentleman who spent several weeks here says that when boys pass through a vineyard the watchers require them to hold their hands high in air as proof that they are not helping themselves. They tell a story of a boy who whittled a false arm and hand out of wood, so that he could walk through a vineyard and keep the word of promise to the eye while he broke it to the hope.

"Yesterday Frank suggested that we would visit a castle. I thought he said Blarney Castle, and told him we saw that when we were in Ireland, and, furthermore, I didn't believe the Swiss had ever heard the word 'blarney' in their lives. He then said it was Blonay and not Blarney of which he was speaking, and that the property had been in the

possession of the family of that name ever since the time of the Crusades, with the exception of occasional intervals when they were driven out in consequence of war and had to go elsewhere.

"Of course we were willing enough to see the castle, and were ready when he gave the signal to start for the excursion.

"We had a delightful drive of about four miles before we reached Blonay. We stopped on the way to see the château of Hauteville, which has a fine park around it, and gave us a charming and extensive view of the country and the lake and the mountains in the distance. Blonay is higher up than Hauteville. It is in very good condition—so good, in fact, that the family lived there until quite recently, and of late years has rented it out to any one willing to hire it.

"It is now without a tenant, and the man in charge of it was anxious to know at once whether we had come with a view to renting the château or were merely attracted by curiosity. We disappointed him, perhaps, when we told him we were not looking for lodgings, but Frank consoled him with a liberal fee for showing us around.



EATING GRAPES.

"It would be very romantic, no doubt, to live in a castle, but after what I saw of the place I should prefer a modern house in Paris or New York. It would be very lonesome there unless there was a very large family to occupy it. I wouldn't care to sit down with two or three others to breakfast in the great round dining-room, or to dine there unless we were at least fifteen or twenty at table. The corridors where the sleeping-rooms are echo to your footfalls. The rooms are so large, the most of them, that the ordinary amount of furniture for a sleeping-room seems very lonesome, and just enough to make one wish for more. Some of the furniture is very old—perhaps five or six centuries—and some is of the present time. Frank says there are specimens of furniture from every period since the Crusades, and some of even earlier date; and I'm sure he's not far out of the way.

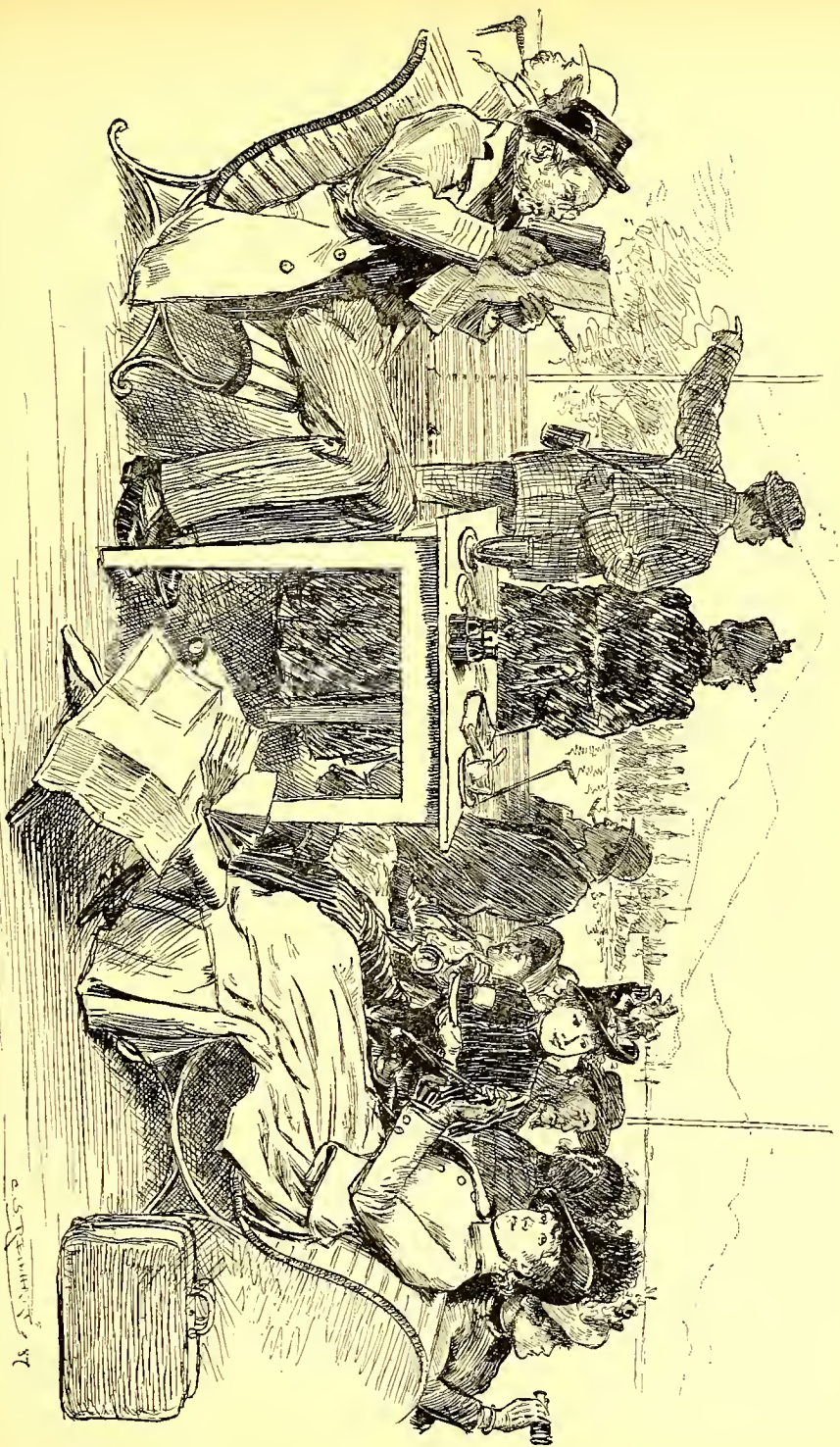
"In one room there was a couch that was made long before the birth of Columbus, and on the other side of the room was a modern bed with a spring mattress. How it would astonish some of the tenants of this place during the Crusades if they could revisit the castle and inspect its belongings as they now are!

"And this reminds me that the castle is said to be haunted by ghosts—at least, that's what the driver of the carriage told us, though the custodian of the place denied that there was ever a ghost in the place. Haunted houses are not in demand here any more than in other parts of the world, and the custodian knew that, even though the place might be crammed full of spooks, he must never admit the existence of anything of the kind. We kept a sharp eye out for disembodied spirits, but saw none. While we were in the lower rooms I saw a pair of eyes staring in the gloom, and thought we had come at last on one of the ghostly inhabitants. I called Frank's attention to the eyes, and he stopped and asked the custodian about them.

"‘That is no ghost,’ he said; ‘it's only a cat that wanders about the place night and day, and keeps it clear from rats.’

"Of course the castle has had its share of sieges and captures. Once it was saved by the quickness of a girl, who saw some soldiers approaching the place just at dusk in a time of profound peace. They had landed from the Savoy side of the lake early in the morning and lain concealed during the day. Their object was to take the castle by surprise; and they would have done so but for the girl, who shrewdly surmised that their intentions were hostile. She called out to the man on watch to close the gate instantly, which he did. The would-be assailants revenged themselves by carrying the girl with them in their

SUMMER VISITORS AT MONTREUX.



retreat, but as soon as they reached their commander he ordered her release, and praised her for her devotion to her master, the Baron of Blonay.

“We heard another story which is quite romantic, though not by any means unlike other stories that have come down to us from antiquity. You will doubtless surmise that it is a love-story, and your surmise is correct. Here it is:

“Two hundred years ago there was in the castle the beautiful Nicolaïde de Blonay, the daughter of the baron who was then in power. The lady was so beautiful and rich that she attracted admirers from all the country around, but she turned a deaf ear and blind eye to all of them, with the exception of one Tavel de Villars; and even he was obliged to propose several times before he was accepted. He was a military gentleman, and just after he had been accepted he was called away to service in the army of France.

“The fair lady had another suitor, and he improved the opportunity to press his suit during his rival’s absence. His name was Jean François de Blonay. He belonged to the Savoyard branch of the family, and was a cousin of the lady whose hand he sought. He made two appeals to her, but both times in vain, as she refused him, just as the fair lady usually does in stories of this kind. But he determined that she should be his bride, and so he assembled his friends and followers and concealed himself with them in the neighborhood of the castle. They waited patiently for several days until the baron had occasion to go away to hunt game, visit a neighboring castle, or attend a political caucus. Then they passed through the gate, sought the fair Nicolaïde, and carried her away to Savoy, where she soon became the wife of the man who had so zealously sought and captured her.

“The story does not end here. The once-accepted suitor, Tavel de Villars, came back from the wars, and was not at all pleased to find that the lady was his no longer. Then arose a bitter quarrel between the families of Tavel and Blonay; and it became so great a quarrel that the French and Italian ambassadors took part in it. The influence of these foreign representatives was so powerful that they induced the Swiss Government to pronounce a sentence against the Blonays, in which the old baron was severely censured for permitting his daughter to be carried away in the manner described. The sentence also included the runaways, but as they were living in Savoy, which was out of the Swiss jurisdiction, they were not at all troubled by it.

“There; I think I’ve done pretty well in writing about Vevay and

its neighborhood. I've read these pages over to Frank, and he says they are all right, and if he had not known they were mine he would have supposed Fred wrote them. That's praise enough for me ; but it's just possible Fred may not appreciate the compliment as I do."

Mary omitted to mention that Veray is in Canton Vaud, which is



A GROUP OF VAUDOIS.

one of the French-speaking cantons of Switzerland, the language being known as the Vaudois dialect. The religion is Protestant, and the Government is much like that of Geneva, every citizen twenty-three years of age having the right to vote. Vaud was a prosperous region in the time of the Romans. After the fall of the Roman Empire it became a part of the kingdom of Burgundy, and later on it was for a long time a dependency of Savoy. In 1536 it fell under the control of the Government at Berne, which held it until the French invasion at the end of the last century. The Berne Government ruled the Vaud district through its aristocracy, the common people having very little power. The aristocratic rule continued till 1830, when a mob assembled at Lausanne,

the capital of the canton, and compelled the granting of a liberal charter, by which every respectable citizen became entitled to a vote.

While investigating this subject Frank learned that the elections were always held on Sunday, through fear that the people would not leave their employments and give attention to politics on any working-day of the week. This speaks well for the industry of the Swiss, and the Vaudois are certainly among the most industrious of the people of this little republic. Frank also learned that they are so well educated that they send out great numbers of teachers and governesses, who are found in all parts of the civilized world.

"Apropos of this," said Fred, "the great naturalist, Louis Agassiz, of whom America is so justly proud, was a native of this canton. Did you ever see or hear the lines which were read at the dinner given to Agassiz on his fiftieth birthday? I may not give them correctly, as I quote from memory :

"It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story-book
Thy father made for thee.'"

"Yes," replied Frank; "I recall the lines, which contain a bit of 'poetic license.' Agassiz was born at Motiers Travers, in Canton Fribourg, May 28, 1807, and he was the son of a Protestant clergyman, whose forefathers for six generations had held the position of pastor of the Protestant parish of Motiers Travers. His mother was the daughter of a physician residing at Cudrefin, in Canton Vaud, and this was sufficient to justify the poet in locating the child's cradle in the canton that was its mother's old home. You see, Fribourg isn't a good word to use in poetry; it doesn't rhyme well, while Vaud rhymes with go, hoe, blow, erow, dough, woe—"

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed Fred; "there are probably fifty words that rhyme with Vaud, and we don't want to hear them all just yet. Tell us more about Professor Agassiz."

"Very early in his youth he became interested in natural science, and began to collect specimens. His first collection of fishes dates from his school-days at Biel, where he was sent when ten years old to be

educated. He studied medicine at the earnest wish of his parents, and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine when he was twenty-two years old. Meantime he had given much attention to natural science, especially to ichthyology, and he published, during his twenty-first year, a volume describing the fishes that had been brought from Brazil by a German scientific expedition.

"He spent two years in Paris, and then became Professor of Natural History in the college at Neuchâtel, where he remained until he came to the United States in 1846. During that period he published several volumes concerning the fossil fishes of the world, and at the same time made observations on the glaciers of Switzerland, which were published in two volumes, and were the first careful studies of the glaciers that had ever been made. He went to the United States in 1846 on a visit, which was intended to be of a few months only, but he was so warmly received that he determined to make the Western Hemisphere his home. For an account of his career in America you have only to ask any man of science, or any one who has been a student in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the last fifty years. Cambridge and its near neighbor, Boston, hold the great scientist in affectionate memory, and never fail to sound his praises when the occasion offers."

The Castle of Chillon is some six or eight miles to the east of Vevey, and was one of the sights which our friends had placed on their list.

One morning there was a gentle breeze from the west, and Frank proposed that they should take advantage of it to make their excursion to Chillon and its immediate neighborhood.

"We will go by sailboat," said he, "and will have an easy run before the wind. Then we will let the boatman take us to Villeneuve, a mile and a half farther on, and from Villeneuve we can return by train to Vevey and be back by dinner-time."

"Do you know," said Mary, "that I was going to propose that very



LOUIS AGASSIZ.

scheme—boat, Villeneuve, train, and all. I thought of it as soon as I looked out of the window and saw that the wind was from the west.”

“It’s a trite saying that great minds think alike,” Fred remarked, seeing that Frank hesitated in his reply to Mary’s suggestion. “I confess that I didn’t think of it at all, as I was busy about something else, and laying plans for our next move.”

Mrs. Bassett and Mary equipped themselves with veils and parasols to protect their faces from the effect of the sun on the water, but the boys did not take any trouble of that sort, as they did not mind a little blistering of their faces in the cause of sight-seeing on Lake Lemán. The party had a very pleasant sail of an hour and more, the boat hugging the shore, by Frank’s direction, so as to give them a view of Clarens and Montreux, which are the favorite resorts of a great many English and American visitors to Switzerland, especially of those making a prolonged stay.

As they sailed along over the waters which have been the theme of poets for many centuries, Fred repeated the well-known lines of Byron, in the third canto of “Childe Harold:”

“Clear, placid Lemau! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth’s troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean’s roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister’s voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e’er have been so moved.”

As they passed Clarens, Frank recalled the lines, also of Byron, that describe the spot which Rousseau had made famous in one of his stories:

“Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought,
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colors caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permauent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.”

“I must contribute something to the poetry of the occasion,” said Mary. “What shall it be?”



A FIELD NEAR CLARENS.

“We are approaching the Castle of Chillon, and will soon be there,” said Frank. “Can you repeat Byron’s sonnet on Chillon?”

“Certainly I can—or, at any rate, I believe so. Please correct me if I make a mistake in any of the lines:

“‘Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
 To fetters, and the damp vault’s dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom’s fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for ’twas trod,

Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

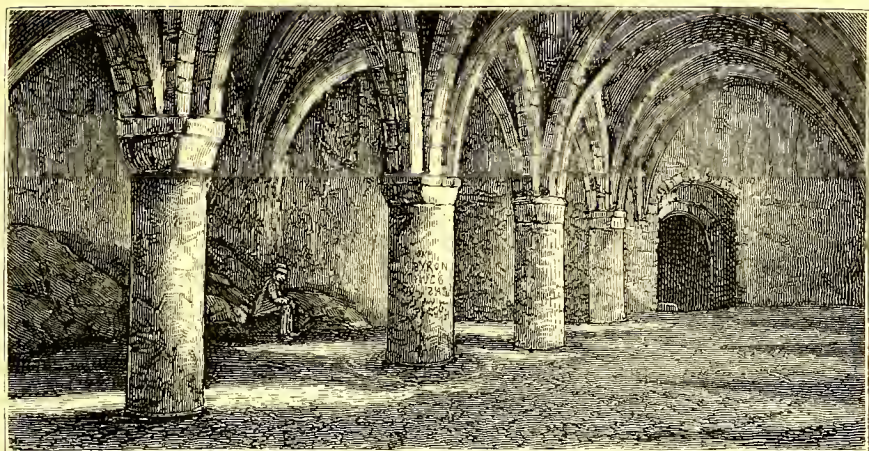
"Quite correct!" exclaimed Frank. "You have every word exactly as in the original." While Mary repeated the sonnet her brother kept his eyes fixed on a page of *Byron's Poetical Works*, which he had bought on the day of their arrival at Geneva. It had been carefully perused by all the party, especially the portion relating to Lake Lemman and the country that surrounded it. This may account for their familiarity with the lines they have quoted.

Mrs. Bassett had shared the perusal of Byron with her children and nephew, and was ready with a question as soon as Mary paused.

"I was reading 'The Prisoner of Chillon' yesterday," said she, "and came upon something I want to ask about."



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.



BONNIVARD'S DUNGEON.

Frank closed the book, turned towards his mother, and respectfully awaited her query.

"Was it really the case that Bonnivard had two brothers who were imprisoned with him, and died in the same dungeon where he was chained to the pillar and kept so long?"

"That is not true," replied Frank; "neither is it true—or certainly there is no record or tradition—that there were seven Bonnivards who all came to violent deaths at the hands of their persecutors, with the sole exception of the one who tells the story."

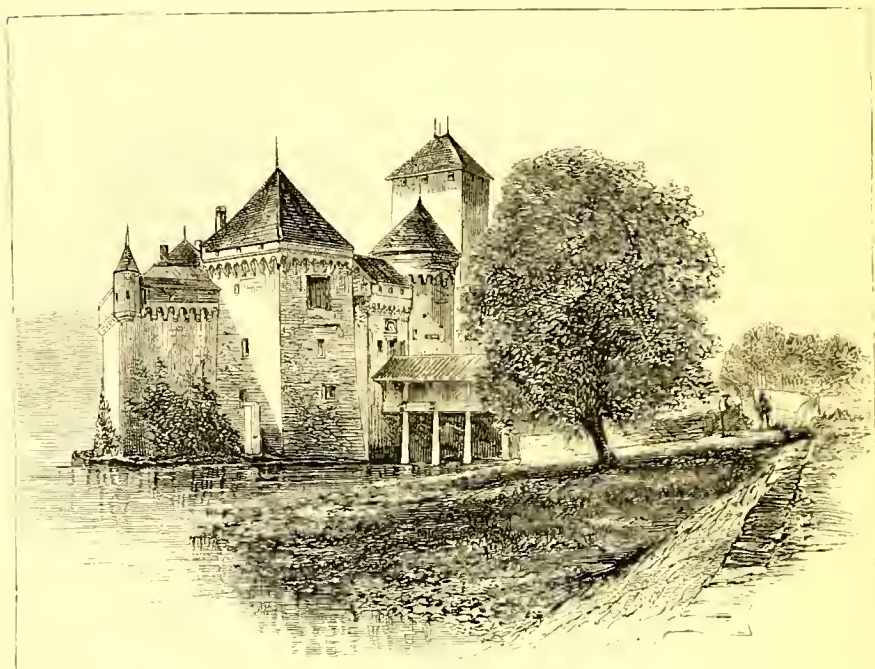
"Then Lord Byron must have been deceived by some one when he was investigating the story on which his poem was founded," Mrs. Bassett remarked, in a tone of disappointment.

"I don't think he was deceived at all," replied Frank. "He wrote the poem before he troubled himself about the history. When he saw the dungeon, with its 'seven pillars of Gothic mould,' he probably thought it would be more poetical to have each of them occupied by a prisoner than to give the place over to the solitary Bonnivard. And of course the prisoners would be more interesting if there were two or more members of the same family among them. After he had written the poem, Byron looked up the history of Bonnivard. He says in a prefix to the poem that he was not sufficiently aware of the history of the illustrious prisoner at the time he penned the composition which has become famous through the English-speaking world."

"I understand better than I have comprehended before," was the

reply, "what is meant by poetic license. It means that a poet may sacrifice the truth of history, or pay no attention to it whatever, in order to make his production more interesting than it would be if it adhered to facts as the historical student finds them."

"That is a fair statement of the case," responded Frank—"and here we are at the castle."



CASTLE OF CHILLON, LAND SIDE.

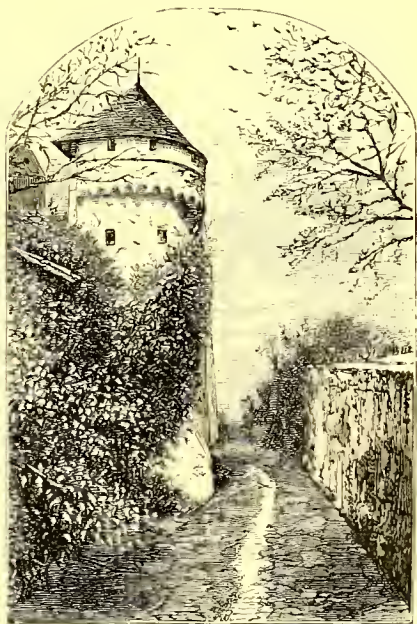
CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON; ITS ANTIQUITY.—THE LAKE-DWELLERS OF SWITZERLAND; WHO THEY WERE AND HOW THEY LIVED.—LOUIS LE DEBONAIR.—THE COUNTS OF SAVOY.—SIEGE OF THE CASTLE.—ILLUSTRIOUS PRISONERS OF DIFFERENT TIMES.—HALL OF THE KNIGHTS.—WILLIAM BOLOMIER.—BONNIVARD.—INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.—THE PATH WORN BY BONNIVARD'S FEET; INSPECTION OF HIS DUNGEON.—THE LITTLE ISLE.—VILLENEUVE; SIGHTS TO BE SEEN THERE.—SHEEP, GOATS, AND COWS.—MOUNTAIN PASTURES.—FOUNTAINS OF VILLENEUVE.—WASHING IN THE LAKE.—A RIDE BY RAILWAY.—VALLEY OF THE RHÔNE.—MARTIGNY.—THE LANDLORD'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE party was hospitably received at Chillon, as it was regarded good for not less than four francs of the coin of Switzerland. There, as everywhere else through the country, the visitor is expected to pay for the privilege of sight-seeing at every step.

"The castle has been represented many times in pictures, and its outline is familiar to the eyes of thousands of persons who never looked upon Lake Lemán or any of the places along its shores," wrote Fred in his journal. "It is a very old castle—at least, there are parts of it that existed more than a thousand years ago, and many antiquarians think there was a fortress of some kind here in the time of the Romans. Other antiquarians go further back than the Romans, and say there was a place of defence here occupied by those curious and prehistoric people, the lake-dwellers of ancient times."

"What do you mean by lake-



MOAT TOWER OF CHILLON.

dwellers?" Mrs. Bassett asked, when Fred made the above statement. "I don't remember to have heard of them."

"They were people who lived in huts which stood on piles driven into the water in shallow places along the borders of the Swiss lakes, generally not far from land."

"How long ago did they exist?"

"The exact period cannot be given, but it was before the days of iron or even of bronze, though some of the settlements seem to have lasted down to the time those metals were introduced. Remains of the villages of the lake-dwellers were first discovered in 1854, when the Lake of Zurich was unusually low; since that date search has been made for them, and they have been found in all the lakes of Switzerland. The wooden posts on which the houses stood have been preserved by the water, though most of them are so soft that they can be easily cut with a spade. Implements and weapons of stone, bone, and horn have been found, together with pieces of pottery and other things."

"Thank you," was the reply. "Now let us talk about the Castle of Chillon and its history."

"The castle first appears authentically in history," said Fred, "during the ninth century, when Louis le Debonair, son and successor of Charlemagne, sent his uncle, Count Wala, into the dungeon beneath it as a prisoner."

"What did he do that for?" Mary asked.

"Well, it seems that Count Wala, who was an abbot of high standing, spoke disrespectfully of Judith of Bavaria, the wife of Louis; this happened while Louis was away from home, and when he returned his wife asked to have the count put to death. Louis was a man of very nice notions of honor; he thought it would not be a refined and gentlemanly act to murder his uncle, and so he compromised the matter by shutting him up in prison. Fearing that the count's friends might attempt his rescue, Louis sent the captive to a castle in Lombardy, where he was securely kept until he died in the year 836.

"According to history," Fred continued, "the castle was then much smaller than it is at present. The dukes of Savoy obtained possession of it in the eleventh century, and they at once proceeded to enlarge it and give it its present shape. Count Peter of Savoy was besieged in it by the barons of the surrounding country, who regarded him as an interloper; but they did not besiege it very earnestly, for one night the count sallied out with all his men, fell upon the barons and their forces, and defeated them very badly. The old chronicle says that eighty-



VERNEX AND MONTREUX.

eight of the barons were captured and taken to the castle, after the most of their followers had been killed by their assailants."

"Did the count keep them all here in prison?"

"No; the chronicle says that he feasted them and commended their courage, and then allowed them to go home. Some years later the castle was besieged and taken, but Peter of Savoy raised an army sufficiently large to recapture it. That he had hard work to do is shown by the statement that he launched fifty thousand shafts and arrows against it before he succeeded in starving out the garrison.

"The next important event in the history of Chillon," said Fred, "was in the fourteenth century, when there was great persecution of

the Jews all through Europe, and especially in this region. They were accused of a conspiracy to poison the wells and springs everywhere, and to develop the disease known as the 'pestilence,' or 'black death.' Hundreds of these unfortunates were shut up in the Castle of Chillon—men, women, and children. Some were burned alive by order of the judges of Savoy, but the people of the region thought the judges were proceeding altogether too slowly, and consequently decided to take the law into their own hands as judges, jurors, and executioners."

"What did they do?"

"A mob of them came to the castle, and were readily admitted by the guards. They killed every one of the prisoners, without distinction of age or sex, many of the victims being burned alive. The only action



A FOUNTAIN AT VILLENEUVE.

ever taken against this outrage was an apology from the judges for not having been more expeditious in their work."

"Are there any more horrors connected with this prison before we get down to the time of Bonnivard?" Mary asked.

"Yes; a hundred years before Bonnivard's time there was a prisoner of state at Chillon—William Bolomier, Chancellor of the Duke of Savoy. His only crime is said to have been that of raising himself from a humble condition to the position that he held at the time of his arrest on a charge of 'calumny.' He was kept here for some time, and then taken from the prison at night to be drowned in the lake at the hands of the executioner of Savoy by order of the judges.

"That brings us down to Bonnivard's time," said Fred—"to Bonnivard, the most famous prisoner that Chillon ever held, his fame being due to Byron's poem about him. You know who Bonnivard was, and I need not repeat our conversation soon after we left Geneva on board the steamer which bears his name."

"Has the place been used as a prison of state since Bonnivard was kept here?" Mrs. Bassett asked, as Fred paused.

"Yes, it was repeatedly used for the incarceration of captives more or less distinguished, but their fame has not descended to us, with now and then an exception. During the latter part of the last century the castle became known as 'The Bastile of Switzerland,' as it was used by the authorities of Berne as the place of imprisonment of two citizens of Canton Vaud, whose offence was the organization of a banquet to celebrate the fall of the Bastile at Paris. During the Revolution a goodly number of magistrates and other officials were shut up in Chillon, but they were not kept there very long. It is said that the only difference between their treatment and that of the boarders in the numerous *pensions* in the neighborhood was that they were deprived of their liberty."

With the knowledge thus obtained of the Castle of Chillon and its inmates for ten centuries, the visit within its walls was specially interesting to our friends. Mrs. Bassett was somewhat surprised to find that the castle contained so many and such spacious rooms as she found there. She lingered in the apartments of the dukes and in the Gothic chapel, which is said to date from the fourteenth century, but has been deprived of many of its decorations through the zeal of the Reformers, who covered everything, or nearly everything, with whitewash. The guide said that on Sundays they had preaching in the chapel by the pastor of the church at Villeneuve, and sometimes by visiting clergymen from other parts of Switzerland.

They lingered also in the great Hall of the Knights, which recalled similar halls in the castles of the Rhine and other parts of Germany. A place which possessed a terrible interest was the Hall of Justice, with which was connected a torture chamber. It was well for the comfort of the visitors that the walls long since ceased to echo the screams of those who suffered there when the rack was used to extort confessions from prisoners, or to compel witnesses to tell the exact truth and nothing but the truth, or anything else desired.

"We saw the instruments of torture that were used here," said Fred, "and they were enough to make us shudder as we looked at them. Then they showed us the pits where the condemned were thrown into the lake to be drowned; there were knives in the sides of these pits, so that it was more than probable the victim was killed by them, or certainly was terribly lacerated, before he reached the water. The pits have long been choked with sand, and I don't believe anybody wants them cleared out—certainly not for their former uses. There was a bed hollowed out of the rock, where the condemned slept on the night before the execution. Doubtless it had plenty of occupants in former days; but for a century and more it has been without tenants, and is likely to be so for centuries to come.

"I had been a little sceptical about the path worn in the rock by the feet of Bonnivard; but, sure enough, there it is, and no mistake. It is about three feet long and a foot wide, with a depth of something more than an inch. According to history, Bonnivard was fastened to the ring that still remains in the pillar by a chain that was attached either to his waist or his ankle; the authorities are not explicit on this point. He had just been on a visit to the Bishop of Lausanne when he fell into the power of the Duke of Savoy, and here is his own brief account of his capture and his imprisonment in the castle:

"He (the bishop) gave me such good cheer that I resolved to return to Lausanne. Bellegarde gave me one of his own servants on horseback to accompany me, but when we had reached St. Catherine on the Jorat the commandant of the Castle of Chillon, Messire Antoine de Beaufort, with certain others, came out of the wood where they had been in ambush and confronted me. I was riding at the time on a mule, while my guide was on a powerful work-horse. "Spur on!" I cried to him, "spur on!" and I used my spurs, while putting my hand to my sword. But my guide, instead of leading on, turned his horse, rushed upon me, and, using the knife which he had had in readiness, cut the belt of my sword. Upon this these honest people fell upon me in a



THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

body and made me the duke's prisoner, and, notwithstanding the safe conduct which I showed them, they bore me away, securely bound, to Chillon, where I was forced, without other help than God's, to endure my second passion.'

"Bonnivard tells us that for two years he was treated more as a guest than a prisoner, as he had a fine apartment close to that of the commander of the castle and his table was well supplied. At the end of that time the duke visited the castle and was evidently displeased with the way Bonnivard was treated. 'For after his departure,' says the famous reformer, 'the captain threw me into a vault lower than the lake, where I remained four years. I cannot say whether it was done by the duke's orders or from his own notion, but I do know that after that time I had so much leisure for walking that I wore a little path into the rocky floor of my prison, as though some one had made it with a hammer.'

"He does not tell us how he was fed, or if he was allowed any companionship with other prisoners. In each of the pillars there was a ring just like the one where Bonnivard was bound, but there are no paths worn in the rock like the one which he made with his continual pacing back and forth. Byron's name is on the pillar, and there are other names near it—in fact, the whole place is scribbled over with the autograph of visitors, the great majority of them being quite unknown to fame. We saw where Eugene Sue and Victor Hugo had recorded their visits; we heard that our great poet Longfellow had made a record of his presence at Chillon, but we did not see it.

"Perhaps you will wonder how Bonnivard's imprisonment came to an end. The people of Geneva did not forget him, and after Berne had captured the Vaud country the Genevese proposed a joint expedition of Berne and Geneva for the capture of the Castle of Chillon. The Bernese invested the castle by land, while the Genevese advanced upon it with a fleet of boats. At an appointed time the attack was made by both parties, and the commandant thought it best to offer the surrender. The fighting was suspended just before nightfall. During the night, while the parley was going on, the commandant retired with his garrison, and the next day the allied forces took possession.

"They found seven prisoners from Geneva, including Bonnivard. When they told him he was free and could go wherever he liked, Bonnivard asked, 'How about Geneva?'

"'Geneva is free, too,' was the reply; and then Bonnivard's chain was unfastened, and he went again into the open air, from which he had

been shut in for four years. What long years they must have seemed to him in his dreary place of confinement!"

Mrs. Bassett asked for the island which is mentioned in Byron's poem in the following words:

"And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze."

Fred pointed out the island, which had been called to his attention by the guide while Mrs. Bassett was looking at something else. Fred told his aunt, on the authority of the guide, that the three trees were planted in the last century, and consequently were not in existence during the imprisonment of Bonnivard. But they were on the islet when Byron visited the castle, and therefore they found a place in the poem. The little spot of land is called Ile de Paix, and is about one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide.

When our friends had completed their inspection of the famous castle they returned to their boat, and continued the voyage on the lake to Villeneuve. The wind had freshened somewhat, but as they were in the bay which terminates the lake they were not disturbed by the motion of the waters, and enjoyed the sail very much.

As they neared Villeneuve they perceived that it was a walled town that had evidently changed very little for a long time. Frank said there was a town there in the time of the Romans, and it was then called Pennilucus or Penneloci. Quite possibly they might find some dwellers there who would claim descent from the Roman rulers, and be prepared to prove it in case of dispute.

"Doesn't Villeneuve mean 'new city?'" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "that is the meaning of the word."

"And this is one of the oldest cities or towns along the lake?"

"Yes, one of the oldest. And that's probably the reason they call it Villeneuve, just as the oldest city in Russia is called Novgorod, which has exactly the same meaning in Russian that Villeneuve has in French. Each of those places was 'new' at the time of its foundation, and it has adhered to the name of newness ever since."

"Just as Mr. Peaslee's twenty-year-old horse is called 'the colt,'" said Mary.

"And just as Mr. Webster's eighteen-year-old daughter is called 'the baby,' for the sole reason that she is the youngest of the family, and was designated 'the baby' to distinguish her from the elder children."

Fred remarked, as soon as he had the opportunity to speak.

"And I suppose those may be



WASHING CLOTHES IN THE LAKE.

called babies of Villeneuve," said Mrs. Bassett, as her eyes rested upon three women who were standing in a large tub in the water at the edge

of the lake. Two were bareheaded, and the third wore a straw hat. Their arms were bare to the elbow, and they were holding an animated conversation, and at the same time occupied with the work of the laundress. In front of each was a sloping board, one end of which rested on the tub, while the other was in the water. This was the Swiss equivalent of the "washboard," that is such a familiar object in the New England household at the present day.

There were several groups of laundresses along the lake shore, and if one could judge by the quantity of linen hanging on the lines they had plenty of occupation. The great number of strangers sojourning in the *hôtels* and *pensions* gives these women all they wish to do during the summer months. When the autumn comes their business declines, and many of them are forced to turn their attention to other means of livelihood. The women of this part of the country do a great deal that is not generally regarded as woman's work in America; they toil in the fields, carry heavy burdens, handle coal and paving-stones, and when the time of the vintage comes there are more women than men engaged in it. Laundry work is one of the highest of their occupations. They are said to be good house-keepers, and certainly such of the houses as our friends were able to peep into were the perfection of neatness.

"Villeneuve is a quaint old place," wrote Fred, "and we were charmed with its apparent willingness to keep things as they are. The houses are mostly old to a degree that cannot be readily estimated, but are built so solidly that they may stand for as long a time in the future as they have stood in the past. The pavements are such as you might expect to find in a town which boasts of its antiquity; they are rough to walk upon and equally rough to ride over, especially if you happen to engage one of the rheumatic vehicles that ply here for the use of the stranger within the gates, or anybody else who ventures to patronize them from disinclination to walk.

"As we strolled about the town we encountered two or three flocks of sheep and as many of goats. They were generally driven or led by boys, and the closeness with which they followed their young guides showed that they were attracted to them by some other feeling than that of fear. The Swiss are very kind to their dumb animals. Of course there will be occasional instances of cruelty, but they are the exceptions and not the rule, as our observation goes.

"We did not see any herds of cattle in the vicinity of Villeneuve, and so we asked an intelligent boy, who had attached himself to us as a volunteer guide in the hope of prospective reward, where all their



CATTLE AT THE FOUNTAIN.

cows were. He told us they were up in their mountain pastures, where they are sent during the summer, accompanied by the young men and women, mostly the former, who are to take care of them, and prepare the butter and cheese for market. We found that the Swiss custom of sending cattle to the mountain pastures in summer, and returning them to the lowlands in winter, is exactly like that of the Norwegians which we have already told about. In fact, the two are so nearly identical that one description will answer for both.*

"Goats and sheep are also sent to the mountains in considerable numbers, where they fatten upon the rich grasses that grow in the little valleys and along the slopes. Sometimes the cows and goats run together; and it is a noticeable circumstance that where two or three sheep or goats have been kept for a while with the cattle, they will not

* See *The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe*, chapter xxvi.

thereafter associate willingly with their own kind. They prefer the companionship of the larger animals, but whether through a sense of protection in the superior size of the cattle, or from what other cause, I am unable to say. The goats in Switzerland are superior to the specimens that one finds in the upper portions of New York City; in fact, none of us have ever seen in America any goats that equal the Swiss ones in size and beauty. The milk of the goat is far superior to cows' milk, as every one who has ever used it will readily admit. The thrifty Swiss dilute it with water before bringing it to the table, and the dilution is such that Mary says she is sure water is a great deal cheaper than milk, or they wouldn't be so liberal with it.

"We passed the post-office during our stroll, and Mary suggested we might stop and ask for letters, just for the sake of seeing the place. We peeped in at the door, but did not enter. The post-office was not large, and evidently its business is not extensive, if we are to judge by the general appearance of the place. We could not see any man about the post-office, and if there was one in charge of it he had evidently gone out, and left it to the care of the woman who was trying to understand the very poor French of two Englishmen who were seeking their letters,



POST-OFFICE, VILLENEUVE.

and were unable to make her comprehend the pronunciation of their names, which were strange to her ears.

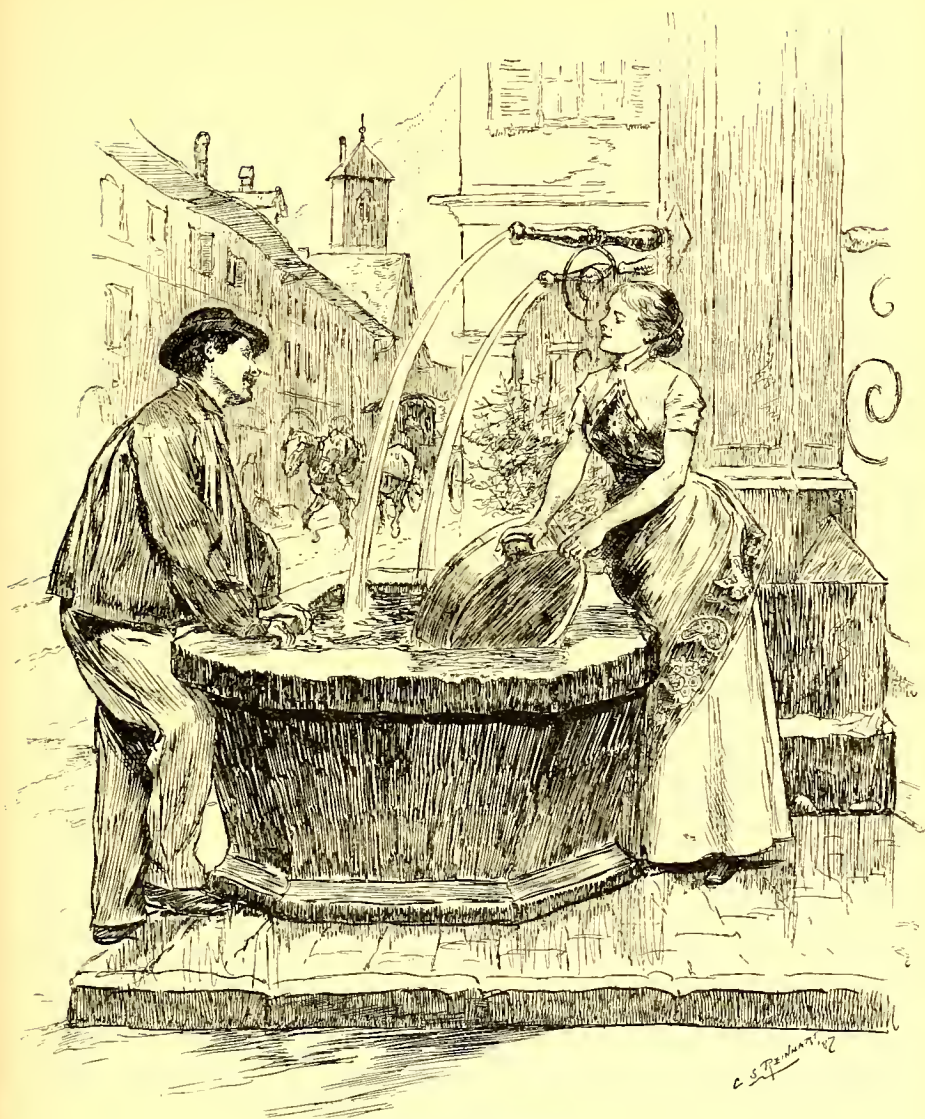
"As we came away Mary said she felt like telling the strangers to show their visiting-cards, or some other piece of paper on which their names were printed in plain type.

"This is the sensible thing for everybody to do when he is in a foreign country. If you carry a passport in your pocket have your name stamped in large letters on the case; then when you call at a post-office for mail matter you have only to show the stamped name, and your desire will be understood at once by the official.

"The fountains of Villeneuve, like those of all other Swiss cities and towns, are centres of sociability to a degree unknown in America. Cattle and other domestic animals drink from them; servants come with buckets, which they fill at the spouts whence the water flows steadily, and as the buckets are filling the opportunity is embraced for a friendly chat with whatever acquaintance may be there. Mary detected, or thought she detected, a pair of lovers exchanging sweet words at a fountain, the swain leaning on one side of the stone trough, while the maid pretended to busy herself with the polish of a pan which she had brought there for cleansing. Mary made a hasty sketch of the scene, which she afterwards elaborated. The hero and heroine were so attentive to each other that they did not see the artist, who was putting them into a picture from the nearest corner.

"The streets of Villeneuve, like those of all the old continental towns, are narrow and not always straight, and on most of them the entire width of the street serves as sidewalk. Frequently the buildings are connected by means of arches across the streets. This feature is not peculiar to Villeneuve, as we have seen it in Geneva, Lausanne, and Vevey, and expect to see it wherever we go in Switzerland. The archways are convenient resting-places when it rains, and it is proper to remark that this part of Switzerland is usually supplied with rain in great abundance. Perhaps it is for this reason that so many archways have been built here; at least a philosopher might so argue, just as one wise man is credited with saying it is a very fortunate circumstance that great rivers nearly always run past large cities."

Mary made note of the fact that the language of Villeneuve was French, and her inquiries developed the circumstance that many of the servants in Swiss families there came from the German-speaking cantons in order to acquire French. In the same way young people go from the French-speaking districts to learn German in cantons where



FLIRTATION BY THE WATER.

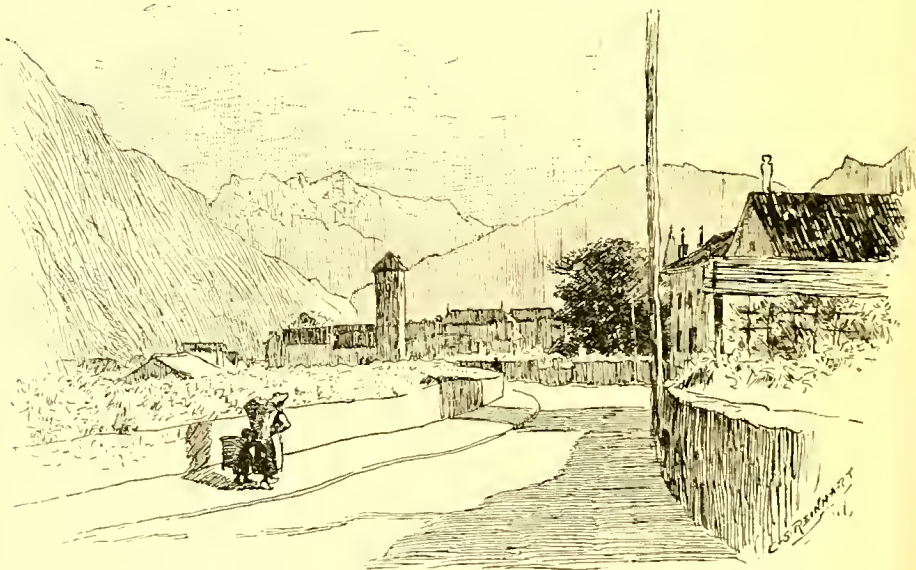
that language is spoken. German is spoken by the majority of the inhabitants in fifteen cantons, French in five, Italian in one, and Romansch in one. More than two-thirds of the people of Switzerland speak German as their native language, but a considerable number of these have a fair knowledge of French, and the same may be said

with regard to German of those people in various parts of the country to whom French is the mother-tongue.

"We returned to Vevay by rail, as had been arranged when we left there," said Mary, "and it was our first ride upon a real Swiss railway, the line by which we came to Geneva from Culoz being distinctively a French one. The carriage we rode in was more like an American one than anything we had seen on the Continent, as it had a passageway through the centre, with seats arranged on both sides of it. The train signal for starting was given by blowing a horn. At the crossings we saw, as we looked from the windows of the train, signal-women standing with flags in their hands and horns at their lips. They were there to warn people against crossing the track while the cars were approaching; they certainly did their duty, as we did not run over anybody, or, if so, we did not know it.

"The railway station of Villeneuve is outside the town, and the same is the case with that of Vevay; but the distances are not great, and as the groups at the stations are more or less picturesque, and there is plenty to see, I liked the arrangement better than if the train had brought us to the door of our hotel or taken us directly from it.

"Our ride by rail was a short one, as the distance between the two places is only seven miles. We took seats on the left side of the car-



OUTSIDE OF VILLENEUVE.

riage, so as to have the lake and mountains in the picture that was revealed from the windows. Of course we had another glance at Chillon, which will always remain in my memory as a very interesting place. The sunset on the mountains in the distance was well worth coming a long way to see; long after the shadows had fallen on the lake and on the valley of the Rhône, where the river pours its turbid stream into Lemán, the mountains were bright with the sunlight, which seemed to linger as though unwilling to leave the world in darkness.

"In the evening we had the moonlight on the lake, and it was so enjoyable that we remained up somewhat later than is our custom. We hired a boat for an hour on the water, and mamma and I liked it so much that



ARCHWAY AND SHEEP.

Frank told the boatmen we would keep them for two hours. When we came back to shore and found it was a late bedtime Frank said we need not be in a hurry to get up in the morning, and breakfast-time could be half an hour later than usual. He said something about continuing our journey, provided the weather should prove favorable, but if it wasn't we would stay another day at Vevay."

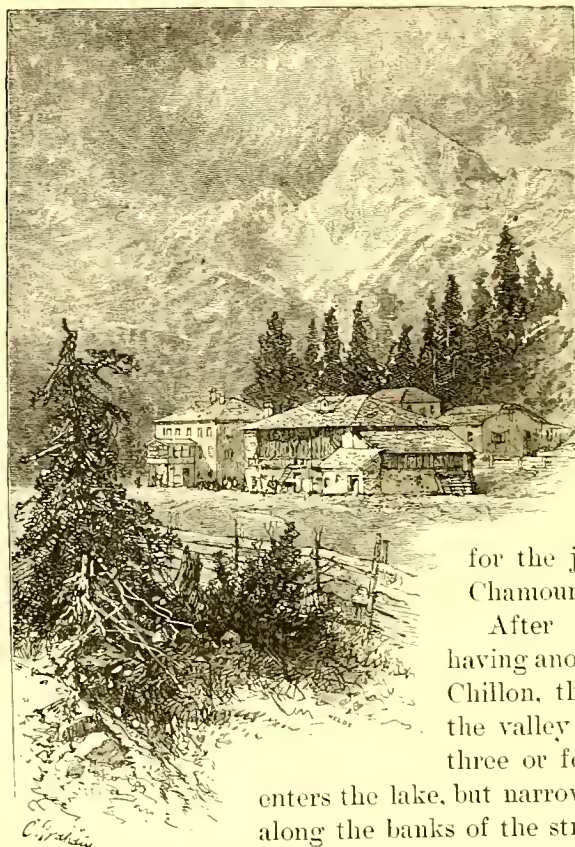
As soon as the party was seated at breakfast the next morning Mrs. Bassett asked Frank where they would go next.

"If you do not object to a little fatigue," the youth replied, "I propose to take you to Mont Blanc as soon as possible."

"Will the journey be very fatiguing, do you think?"

"Not particularly," was the reply. "We will go this afternoon by train to Martigny, which is thirty-one miles from here—a ride of an hour and a half; then to-morrow we will go by wagons over a mountain road from Martigny to Chamouni. It will be necessary to start in good season, as the ride will take about nine hours, and we will stop an hour or more for dinner at the Tête Noir Hôtel, which is half way."

"There will be no great fatigue about that, I'm sure," said Mrs. Bassett, "and I think the journey ought to be an interesting one."



VALLEY SCENE.

Of course Mary was quite ready for her part of the scheme, as she would have been had the proposal been much more terrifying. It was accordingly settled that they would leave by a train early in the afternoon, which would bring them to Martigny in ample time to make all necessary arrangements

for the journey over the hills to Chamouni and Mont Blanc.

After passing Villeneuve, and having another view of the Castle of Chillon, they found themselves in the valley of the Rhône, which is three or four miles wide where it

enters the lake, but narrows rapidly as one ascends along the banks of the stream. The valley is flat, and contains many marshes: it has been filled by the earthy deposits which the river has brought

down from the mountains during the ages and ages of its flow, closing up what was originally an arm of the lake.

At her first sight of the rushing Rhône, Mary called attention to the gray and muddy waters, which were in such marked contrast to the beautiful blue of the river as it emerges from the lake at Geneva. Then the girl became scientific, and asked Fred to help her with a calculation as to how many years would be required for the river to fill the lake altogether with the *débris* which it is bringing down.

"That's easy enough to find out," said Fred. "Tell me how many cubic feet of water there are now in the lake, and the number of cubic feet of solid matter brought down every year by the Rhône, and I'll do the rest if you allow me time enough."

Mary decided that she would leave the calculation for the present, and turn her attention to subjects less difficult, especially as the lake was likely to last as long as they would have any use for it.

In due time the train reached Martigny, and our friends proceeded to one of the hotels of the busy little town. Frank immediately set about arranging for their journey to Chamouni, and inquired of the hotel keeper as to the facilities for procuring carriages. The man directed him to the office of an association of drivers, and in reply to a question by the youth he asserted positively that there was no other association or office of the kind in Martigny.

The party went to the office which the landlord indicated, and the bargain for the carriages was quickly made, in accordance with the printed tariff. The vehicles for the mountain road are light wagons, with two seats for two persons each; consequently, they have room for three passengers, the driver occupying one of the four places. Engagements were concluded for two wagons at fifty francs each, and it was stipulated that no other passengers were to be taken. The money was paid, and the contract, duly signed and stamped, was handed over to Frank as the leader of the party.

Then our friends went for a stroll through the town, and one of the first things to catch their eyes was a carriage-office, over which was a sign announcing that vehicles for two persons to Chamouni could be had there for thirty francs each. On their return to the hotel Frank called the landlord's attention to the sign they had seen, and mildly suggested that it conflicted with his statement that there was no carriage association other than the one to which they had been directed.

"There is no other," was his reply. "The one you are talking about is a rival concern, and we do not recognize its existence."

Frank and Fred endeavored to argue the case with the man, but soon gave it up in despair. Over and over again he repeated, "We do

not recognize its existence," and he seemed to think that his answer ought to satisfy any reasonable being.

"He reminds me," said Frank, "of the French philosopher who said that when a man owes money which he does not intend to pay he really is out of debt and owes nothing."



CHURCH TERRACE, MONTREUX.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM MARTIGNY TO CHAMOUNI.—HOW THEY “CHANGE HORSES” IN SWITZERLAND.—PASS OF THE GREAT SAINT-BERNARD.—WHO WAS ST. BERNARD?—LIFE AT THE HOSPICE IN THE PASS.—DOGS OF THE SAINT-BERNARD.—ORIGIN OF THE STOCK.—HOW THE HOSPICE IS MAINTAINED.—A MEAN STREAK OF HUMAN NATURE.—HOW OUR FRIENDS TRAVELLED BY WAGON.—THE DRIVER’S TRICK.—TÊTE NOIR HÔTEL.—CHAMOUNI.—STUDYING MONT BLANC.—MONUMENT TO JACQUES BALMAT.—DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS OF THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.—CATASTROPHE TO A PARTY CAUGHT IN A STORM.—DR. BEANE’S NOTE-BOOK.—GUIDES THROWN INTO A CREVASSE.—MONTANVERT AND THE MER DE GLACE.—MARY’S ACCOUNT OF THE EXCURSION THITHER.

ALL went to bed early in the evening, and were up in good time for breakfast, and the start for Chamouni by wagon road.

Mrs. Bassett and Fred led the way in one of the wagons, and were closely followed by Frank and Mary in the other. Each vehicle was drawn by a pair of sturdy horses accustomed to mountain work, and the animals settled down to the toil before them as though perfectly willing to do the bidding of their drivers. Fred asked the driver of his wagon if he went through to Chamouni without a change of teams, and the latter promptly answered in the negative. “We change at the Tête Noir,” said he; “it would be too much for the horses to go all the way to Chamouni, as the road is very hard.”

Fred agreed with him, and complimented the driver on the regard he showed for the faithful creatures that were taking the wagon up the slopes of the mountains at a good pace. But when, later in the day, he found the exact character of the change of horses at the Tête Noir he was inclined to laugh at the way he had been deceived.

The Tête Noir Hôtel is half way between Martigny and Chamouni, and the streams of passengers from each place for the other meet there a little past



“ALPENSTOCK.”

noon. The wagons exchange passengers at this point. When our friends came out from dinner their drivers turned them over to two drivers who had come that morning from Chamouni with loads of



MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY.

passengers. There was certainly "a change of horses," but only to horses that had already done a morning's work equal to that of the teams that had brought the travellers from Martigny. This arrangement enables the drivers from either end of the route to reach home the same evening, and the fiction of "changing horses" is well calculated to amuse the passenger who sympathizes with the animals in the hard work they have to perform over the mountain route.

Half a mile or so out of Martigny a guide-post indicated the road to the Saint-Bernard Pass of the Alps—a pass that has long been famous. Mary suggested that she would like to visit the hospice at the top of the pass, and asked Frank how long it had been maintained there.

Frank replied that he could not say exactly, as the early history of the pass and hospice is not at all clear. "The account most generally believed," said he, "is that Bernard de Menthon established the hospice in the year 962. He was afterwards canonized as St. Bernard, and it is from him that the pass and the mountain it crosses received their names."

"But did he discover the pass?" Mary asked. "Was he the first traveller over it according to history?"

"Not by any means," responded Frank. "The pass was known long before his time. The Romans crossed the Alps here in the year 100 before the Christian era; several Roman armies crossed here at different times, and the Emperor Constantine caused the road to be greatly improved in the year 339. An uncle of Charlemagne invaded Italy by this pass in A.D. 773, accompanied by an army of 30,000 men."

"I was all wrong in my supposition that the pass was named for its discoverer," said Mary, meekly. "I don't think I'll be quite as hasty in future when talking about the Alps."

"Your supposition was a very natural one," Frank answered, "and you are by no means the first traveller who has entertained it. It is very proper that the pass bears the name of St. Bernard, as he was the first man to establish a monastery there for the benefit of his fellow-men and entertain all comers."

Then Frank told his sister that the monastery comprises a society of about forty members of the Augustinian order of monks. Ten to fifteen of the number are constantly on duty at the monastery or hospice, and they have seven attendants or assistants. There is an asylum for the sick and aged at Martigny, and the monks retire to it occasionally to gather strength for their life on the mountain, and they go there permanently when no longer able to withstand the very severe hardships of their abode of snow.

"They begin their service at the age of nineteen or twenty," said Frank, "and long before they reach their fortieth year their health is generally broken, and they retire to the milder climate of the valley. Snow lies on the mountain in the neighborhood of the hospice for nine months in the year, and there is a little lake close to the monastery that is frequently covered with ice in midsummer. In winter the cold is intense, and it is then that the monks go out with their dogs to look for unfortunate travellers who may have been caught in the storms."

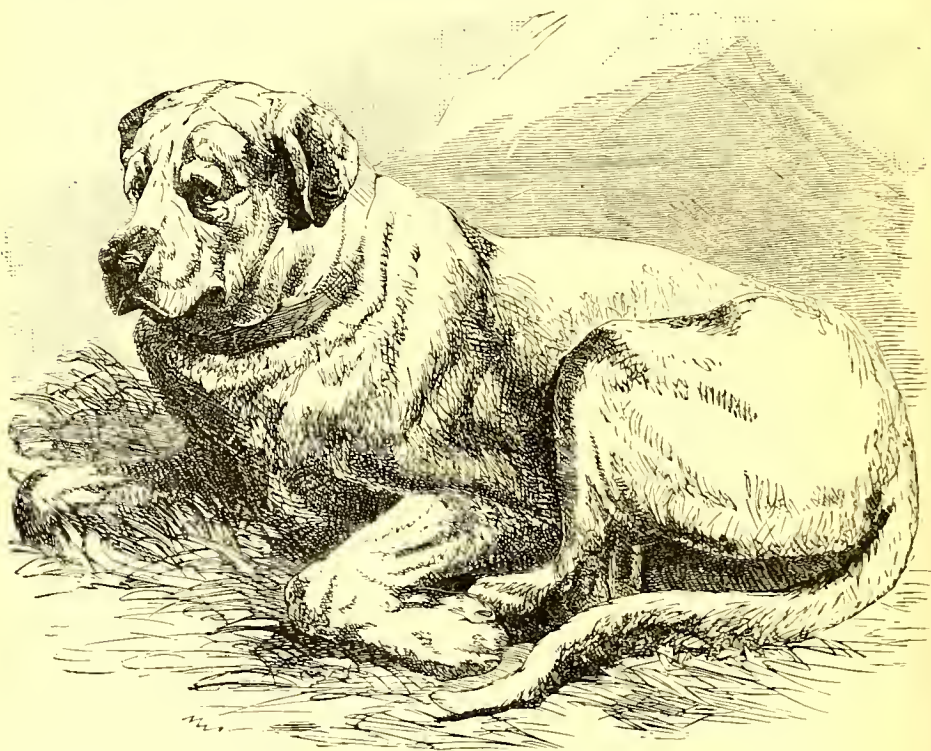
"This is where the Saint-Bernard dogs come from, I suppose."

"Yes," was the reply; "the stock is believed to have come originally from the Spanish Pyrenees, but the genuine breed of Saint-Bernard dogs became extinct long ago. It resembled the Newfoundland dog in many ways. The present breed of Saint-Bernard dog is short-haired, and is generally of a fawn color, with very broad feet, and it has a remarkably loud and deep bark. Many lives have been saved by the intelligence and strength of the dogs; they are trained to go out in the

morning with food and wine and blankets fastened to them for the relief of sufferers. There are usually two dogs together, so that when a person is found in the snow one can remain with him while the other returns to the monastery or goes back on his track till he meets some of the brethren, as the latter generally follow the dogs soon after their departure. In the museum at Berne there is the stuffed skin of the dog Barry, which is said to have saved the lives of fifteen persons before he broke down in strength and was brought to the valley. Another dog is credited with saving twenty-two lives."

Mary asked if many people try to cross in winter and are lost in the snows of Saint-Bernard at the present time.

Frank answered that since the improvement of the roads over the mountain, and the establishment of railways through Mont Cenis and Mount Saint Gothard, the number of travellers over the Saint-Bernard Pass in winter is greatly reduced. "Altogether," said he, "there are from twelve to fifteen or sixteen thousand travellers crossing here



SAINT BERNARD DOG.

every year, but by far the greater number is in summer. The hospice is maintained gratuitously, and it costs eight or ten thousand dollars a year to support it. People are lodged and fed free of all charge, but there is a box in the hall of the hospice, where those who can afford to pay are expected to give as much as they would give at a hotel in Martigny or Chamouni for the same entertainment."

"The contributions they receive in this way from travellers ought to be very large," said Mary, as Frank paused.

"To the discredit of human nature," replied Frank, "I am compelled to say that they are very small. The gifts from the twelve or fifteen thousand travellers annually entertained at the hospice do not equal what would be the charges for one thousand patrons of a hotel, so the monks say, and very moderate charges at that."

"What a shame!" the girl exclaimed.

"I agree with you," said Frank. "There's Fred stopping and signalling to us to come along. Wonder what he wants."

Frank's wagon overtook Fred's in a few minutes. It seemed that Fred had learned from his driver of a short cut by the old road which was much less than the new one. The driver had suggested to Fred that perhaps they would like to walk along this short cut while the wagons went around with Mrs. Bassett and Mary.

Frank negatived the proposal, as he had taken pains to inform himself about the peculiarities of the road. The old road was rough and stony, and the walking anything but easy. The driver was evidently more concerned to lighten his load than to entertain his passengers; and however much the young people might have welcomed the walk as a variation from the monotony of the ride, Frank knew that his mother would not care to take it. And, furthermore, the so-called short cut would have required an hour of vigorous walking with a constant ascent to reach the other end of it.

So the party remained in the wagons, and the ascent was continued. Looking behind them now and then, our friends had views of the valley of the Rhône, while around them they had the peaks of the Alps, with valleys like great gashes cut between. Up and up they climbed, till they reached the Col de Tricent, which is also known as Col de Forclaz, at an elevation only a few feet short of five thousand above the level of the sea, and very far above the valleys.

Mary suggested that they would climb to the top of the little tavern where they halted for a few minutes, and thus would gain an elevation exceeding five thousand feet. The proposition was not carried out, as

all were busy with the view which they had of the valleys below them on either side and the mountains around.

While they were resting, the drivers made fast the few articles of baggage that were stowed in the wagons. They explained that the road they were about to descend was steep, and it would be necessary for the travellers to look sharply to avoid being thrown forward from

As they continued

their journey each member of the party obeyed the injunction of the drivers, and after a few minutes Fred suggested that

it would be just as agreeable to him to

walk a part of the way down the slope. Frank and Mary assented, but Mrs. Bassett decided that she was perfectly contented with the wagon; consequently the young folks indulged in a walk, which Fred said was not at all fatiguing, as their weight carried them along. They looked far down below them, where a little river, the Trient, was dashing among the

rocks and through stretches of forest. At the village of Trient they resumed their places in the



SWISS MOUNTAIN ROAD.

wagons and reached the Tête Noir (Black Head) Hôtel in due season, quite ready for the dinner which was shortly announced.

The hotel takes its name from the mountain near which it stands, and Frank suggested that the mountain was called the Black Head because it wasn't any blacker than its neighbors. Shortly after leaving the hotel in the direction of Chamouni the wagons passed through a series of arches cut in the rock on the side of the mountain. The driver explained that formerly the road here was very dangerous, and fatal accidents were by no means infrequent. There are yet a good many places along the road which Mrs. Bassett characterized as "pokerish." When they reached Chamouni she declared that she had greatly enjoyed the ride and was glad to have made it, but she did not care to return by the same route unless it was the only one.

While yet six or eight miles from Chamouni our friends reached the top of a ridge which separates the waters of the Rhône from those of the Arve. It is in the valley of the latter stream that Chamouni lies. What interested them more than the water-shed was the view which was here presented of the chain or group of mountains of which Mont Blanc is the centre. There were the mountains right in front of them, and very much nearer than when seen from Geneva. Mary said it almost seemed as though she could reach out and touch the mountains. She extended her hand towards them as she spoke, but not with the movement that indicated an expectation of pressing the tips of her fingers against the perpetual snows of the summit and upper slopes of the monarch of the mountains of Europe.

From the veranda of the hotel at Chamouni they had an excellent view of the side of Mont Blanc. There was a powerful telescope on the veranda, and looking through it they could easily make out the details of the picture which the mountain presented. Frank directed the telescope to a little point of rocks, which he said was Les Grands Mulets (The Great Mules), and then called his mother to look through the glass without moving it in the least from its position.

Mrs. Bassett looked, and after a few moments said she could see something that resembled a house, but she did not suppose any human beings would desire to live there even for a day.

"There is a house there," said Frank, "or perhaps it would be better described as a hut. It was built by the guides to facilitate the ascent of Mont Blanc. There are two huts there, and for the past few years they have been kept open in summer for the accommodation of travellers. Now let me adjust the glass again."



ROCK OF THE GRANDS MULETS.

He directed the glass so that it pointed at the slope of snow above the Grands Mulets and in the direction of the summit of the great mountain. When Mrs. Bassett looked again she exclaimed that the snow was covered with tracks, as though a drove of cattle had been along there and strayed considerably.

"There certainly must be no small number of people travelling over that snow," said she. "One might almost call it a beaten road where the tracks are most numerous, just beyond the huts."

"The ascent of Mont Blanc is not so momentous an affair as it used to be," was the reply. "It is fatiguing, of course, and there is a certain amount of danger connected with the journey; but when everything goes well, and storms do not interfere, the time for the ascent and return may be calculated almost to an hour. So surely is this the case that tourists accustomed to mountain climbing, and having two days to spare for the ascent, will engage places in the diligence for the third morning, and write or telegraph for rooms at the hotels in Geneva."

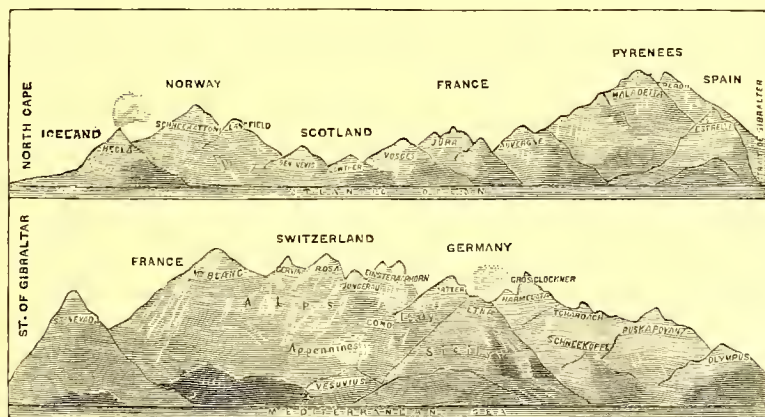
"And how long is it since the first ascent of the mountain was made?" was Mrs. Bassett's next inquiry.

"I will answer that," was the reply, "in a few minutes, when you have seen a monument which is one of the sights of Chamouni." So saying, Frank led the way out of the hotel and along the street of the village whose principal revenues are drawn from the summer visitors who wish to see Mont Blanc and its neighbors more closely than they are seen from Geneva or elsewhere on the lake.

It did not take long to reach the monument to which their steps were directed—the monument to the memory of Jacques Balmat, who was the first human being to stand on the summit of Mont Blanc. His feat was accomplished in the summer of 1786. Several attempts had been made in previous years, but all had failed, and it was only after enduring great fatigue and showing the most dogged perseverance that Balmat succeeded in his effort to reach the top.

"On his return to Chamouni," said Frank, "Balmat was so exhausted that he slept for forty-eight hours without waking, and when he did wake he was delirious. Dr. Paccard was called in, and was astonished to hear from the lips of his patient, who talked all through his delirium, what he had accomplished, as up to that time the summit of the mountain had been considered inaccessible.

"Balmat recovered in the course of a month, and then he and the doctor made the ascent together. The secret of Balmat's success was



MOUNTAINS OF EUROPE.

his discovery of a practicable route. All previous attempts had been made by the way of the Dôme du Gouter, which is connected with Mont Blanc by a long and narrow ridge. It is so narrow that nobody

could walk on it, but was obliged to creep on all-fours; and if by any accident he fell off on either side he would go down hundreds of feet upon the sharp rocks or into crevasses in the ice, and in either case death was certain. Balmat crept farther along this ridge than any one else had done, but even he was unable to go far enough to reach Mont Blanc.

"After his failure there he spent the night alone on the Grand Plateau, his companions returning to Chamouni. Then he tried to go up another way, and succeeded, and thus he has the reputation of being the first man to reach the summit of the great mountain."

"Do the climbers of the present day follow the route of Balmat?"

"To a considerable extent they do, but the guides now know the mountain so well that the ascent is many times easier than it was a hundred years ago. They have put bridges across the crevasses, and ladders in the places where they are most needed, and they have made steps in the walls of rock and ice, and smoothed down many other difficulties. From fifty to a hundred tourists make the ascent every year, and as each tourist requires not less than two guides and porters to accompany him, you can understand why those tracks across the snow look like a well-marked road. There is an association of guides here, whose regular business it is to accompany travellers, and they have a code of rules by which they are governed."

"I beg your pardon for speaking to you," said a man who was standing near the party. He spoke English with an accent, and not altogether with grammatical correctness, but it was sufficiently good to enable him to be perfectly comprehended. He added that he was a member of the association of guides, and had been several times to the summit of Mont Blanc with tourists.

"I heard you talking of it," said he, "and perhaps I can tell you something about the journey. And if any of you want to go up you may probably wish to have English-speaking guides."

Frank said they had no intention of ascending Mont Blanc or any other of the snow-covered mountains of Switzerland; but, as a matter of curiosity, they would like to know the time and expense of the excursion, so that they could tell others.

"If you are good walkers and climbers," said the guide, "you can start from here in the morning and reach the Grands Mulets in seven hours. You will be tired enough to go to bed very early; anyway, you must get up so as to start at four in the morning, and if you do you can be on the summit of Mont Blanc an hour before noon. Stay there two hours and then start down the mountain, and you may be at the hotel

in Chamouni before the sun goes down, or very soon after sunset. Most travellers stay the second night at the Grands Mulets, and come back to Chamouni in the forenoon of the third day."

Turning to Mary, the guide said that a good many ladies had been up Mont Blanc, the first of the sex being a Frenchwoman, who required



MONT BLANC FROM THE MER DE GLACE.

her guides and porters to hold her at arms' length in the air on the summit, so that she could claim to have been higher up than any one else. "Hardly a year passes," he added, "that the journey is not made by American or English women, and you can see their names at the office of the association, where the books are open."

"But you haven't told us how much it costs to make the journey to the top of the great mountain," said Mrs. Bassett.

"I was coming to that," he answered, promptly. "The fee of a guide is one hundred francs, and of a porter fifty francs; and then you must buy provisions, alpenstocks, and other things. There should be a guide and a porter for each tourist, though sometimes they have only one guide for all, and a porter for each one. But really each traveller should have a guide and a porter to himself."

Fred entered into a brief mental calculation, and decided that the

ascent of Mont Blanc would require a disbursement of not less than fifty dollars for each one who made it. As he announced the result to the others the guide interrupted him with the suggestion that if they did not care to ascend to the top of Mont Blanc they could ascend the Dôme du Gouter, which would only take about four hours from the Grands Mulets. "That will not cost as much," said he, "as the fee of the guide is only sixty francs."

The conversation then turned upon accidents, and the guide assured them that they need have no fears on that score. "You must not think of going up in rainy or foggy weather," he said, "and when the guide says 'stop' you must do as he tells you. Sometimes storms come up suddenly, but generally we can foresee them, and get to shelter before they come. The worst accident up to this time is the one that happened in 1870, when a party of eleven were lost in a snow-storm. There were two Americans in the party—Mr. Randall, of Newburyport, and Dr. Beane, of Baltimore—and one Englishman, Rev. Mr. M'Corkendale. The rest were guides and porters from Chamouni."

Mrs. Bassett asked how it happened, and the guide thus explained:

"They were watched from Chamouni, as all parties are watched, through the telescopes, and were seen on the summit of Mont Blanc. The weather was fine when they started from here, and it was fine the next morning and all the way up to the top. The storm came on while they were coming back: it was on a Tuesday morning, and the last seen of them they were huddled together and clinging to each other on a point of rock we call the Dromedary's Hump. The snow was whirling all around them, and it was the whirling snow that shut them out of sight. Wednesday they did not come back, and Thursday a party was organized to go in search of them. All the guides were ready to volunteer, but the chief said that no married men could go, as it was a dangerous journey. I was the youngest of the guides then, and wasn't married, and so I was one of the party.

"The storm did not stop, and we could not get to where the party was last seen, though we tried our best to do so. We came back, and three days later we went again, with the same result. It was not till ten days after the party was last seen that any trace of it was discovered. The telescopes had been sweeping the sides of the mountain, and finally some black spots were seen on one of the slopes and searchers went out at once to see what they were.

"Those black spots were the bodies of the men who had perished. On that of Dr. Beane, the Baltimore gentleman, was a note-book, in



MONT BLANC AND ITS NEIGHBORS.

1. Mont Blanc, 15,739 feet.—2. Doine du Gontier, 14,400 feet.—3. Aiguille du Gontier, 15,650 feet.—4. Glacier des Possons.—5. Glacier de Tacconay.—6. Aiguille du Midi, 12,850 feet.—7. Chaine du Brevent et des Aiguilles Rouges.—8. Aiguille du Gontier, 14,400 feet.

which he wrote that they were caught in a snow-whirlwind, and had spent the night between Tuesday and Wednesday in a grotto of snow. The last entry was made on Wednesday evening, and he said they were out of provisions, his feet were already frozen, and he had only strength to write those words. The same year an English lady and a guide fell into a crevasse and were killed. Once a party of three gentlemen and twelve guides and porters were climbing the slope of Mont Blanc, when the new snow slipped on the old and carried it along with them. Three of the foremost guides were thrown into a deep crevasse and killed; the rest of the party escaped with their lives almost by a miracle, but most of them were severely bruised."

Mrs. Bassett asked the guide to describe a crevasse.

"Well, madame," he answered, "a crevasse is what you would call, in English, a gap or an opening, and I believe you apply the term in America to a break in the banks of a river. Here with us it is a crack in the ice or rock; it varies all the way from a few inches or a foot or more to many feet in width at the top, and it narrows at the bottom, so that it has the shape of a wedge. When a person falls into a crevasse of great depth his rescue is impossible; and if he is not killed by the fall, he is soon chilled to death by the cold of the sides of the rock or ice against which he is pressed."

Then the guide explained that every mountain climber carries an alpenstock, which is a wooden staff six or seven feet long, and pointed with iron at one end. This staff is used to assist in ascending the steep slopes, or to check the speed when one is descending too fast. When a man is walking on new snow that may conceal crevasses in the ice below it the alpenstock is held horizontally beneath the right arm, and grasped about midway; if he breaks through the snow and is in danger of falling into the crevasse, the alpenstock, catching on the two sides, may save him. As an additional precaution the members of a party are fastened together with ropes around their waists, and about six feet apart. The most experienced guide takes the lead, and chooses the path of least danger. If any one of the party sinks through the snow into a crevasse the rope saves him from falling. In several instances lives have been lost in consequence of a neglect of this precaution.

The guide narrated several incidents of Alpine climbing, and the conversation came to an end at the door of the office of the association, where Frank arranged for a guide and four saddle-mules to take the party to Montanvert on the following morning. The youths declined the suggestion to ascend Mont Blanc, and also that of going as far as

the Grands Mulets. The guide assured them that it was an easy journey, and almost equal to climbing the great mountain, but all his assurances and persuasion availed nothing.

"It was a jolly ride on the backs of mules," said Mary, "although the mule I started on had a motion very much like that of a camel. At every step I was shaken back and forth, and we had not gone a mile before I asked Frank or Fred to change with me, as I was afraid I might get sea-sick. The guide said the mule would be all right after a while when he got his joints properly lubricated. The prediction proved to be fairly correct, but I'm sure the beast will never be popular, except with persons suffering from dyspepsia. But this isn't telling of the Montanvert.

"It is a low mountain on the east side of the valley of Chamouni, and the object of going there is to see the famous glacier known as the Mer de Glace, or Sea of Ice. It is formed by three glaciers that come together up in the mountains, and unite into a stream twelve miles long and a quarter of a mile wide that flows down into the valley of Chamouni where it is melted by the warmth of the place and forms the source of the river Arveyron.

"Up and up along the bridle-path we went, and in little more than



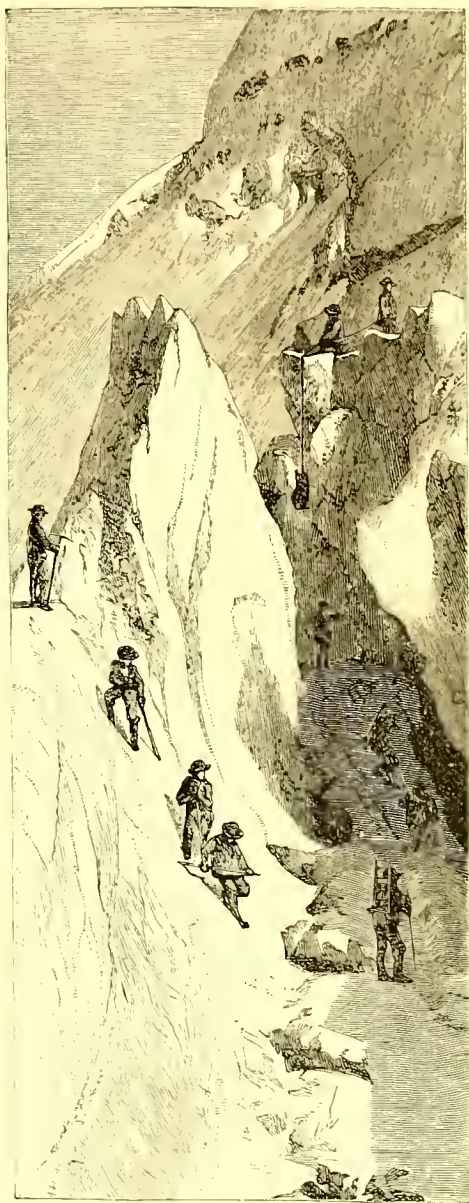
FALLING INTO A CREVASSE.

two hours from the time we started we were at our destination, and descended from our long-eared steeds. There was the Mer de Glace in

full view for about six miles up in the mountains. I can best describe it by quoting the words of De Saussure, the famous naturalist, who first studied it scientifically. Here is what he says about it :

“The surface of the Mer de Glace resembles a sea suddenly frozen—not during a tempest, but when the wind has subsided, and the waves, although still high, have become blunted and rounded. These great waves are nearly parallel to the length of the glacier, and are intersected by transverse crevasses, the interior of which appears blue, while the ice is white on the surface.”

“This description was written a hundred years ago, and is as correct to-day as when it was penned. If I were to criticise it at all, it would be that the ice is not altogether white on the surface; it is discolored by the dirt that it accumulates on the way, and by the dust that has blown over it from the roads that have been made of late years, but had not been thought of when the great professor was here. But perhaps you may not know what a glacier is, and what causes it. Well, if you don't, just listen to Fred, who has been ap-



A DIFFICULT ROAD.

pointed scientist for this exploring expedition from Chamouni to Montanvert and the Mer de Glace."

"A glacier," says Fred, "is a mass of ice that flows like a river, with the difference that where a river flows one, two, or more miles an hour, the glacier only moves a few inches in a day, perhaps only an inch or two, and in winter hardly any perceptible distance. It is formed of the granular snow that falls in the highest Alpine regions above the snow line (eight or nine thousand feet), and accumulates in the valleys and in the clefts of the rocks. It is partially melted by the heat of the sun during the warm days, but when the cold nights come on it is frozen into a solid mass; then another layer of snow falls on it and is turned to ice, and after this another and another, till it has attained many feet in thickness, sometimes as much as a thousand feet or even more, and fills the valley where it formed.

"As the glacier is warmed by the sun shining upon it, it becomes softened a little, and then the great weight of the mass causes it to slide down the valley, where it lies. It tears away the rock and ploughs up the earth as it moves along, and this is what makes the ice at the edge of the glacier more or less dirty. Scientists say that the progress of the glacier is mainly due to mechanical pressure of the mass above. Snow and rain keep the upper portions of the glacier supplied, while the heat in the valleys at the lower extremity melts it away and makes it the source of a river.

"Perhaps you will ask how it is known that a glacier moves, when its motion is so slow that it cannot be seen. Agassiz and others found this out by setting up rows of stakes from one side of a glacier to the other. The rows were perfectly straight across, and marks were made on the rocks at each end of a row.

"The next day it was found that the stakes near the middle were just a little out of a straight line, being curved towards the lower end of the glacier, and this curvature increased day by day and week by week. In this way they have found in some years that the flow of the Mer de Glace, opposite where we are now standing, has exceeded eight hundred feet, but is usually not more than six hundred. The progress is less during the winter than in summer, and in the coldest part of the winter it ceases almost entirely.

"The ice of a glacier is granular, and not like the solid ice which forms in a pond or river in winter. Take a piece of common ice and pour a little claret wine or red ink upon it, and the liquid will run over the surface without penetrating the interior; do the same to a piece of



ALPINE ROSES.

glacier ice, and you will find that the red liquid goes all through it, as it would through a hard snow-ball."

Mrs. Bassett remained on the veranda of the hotel which overlooks the Mer de Glace, while the younger portion of the party descended the steep hill-side to take a walk on the ice. They went about half way across and then returned. By the time they reached the hotel they were quite red in the cheeks, and possessed excellent appetites, which they proceeded to appease in the customary manner. Mary thought it was capital fun to sit at a neat and well-supplied table, and look out of the window upon the great river of ice that stretched away till it was lost in a bend of its rocky channel among the Alps.

CHAPTER XX.

SOUVENIRS OF SWITZERLAND.—WOOD-CARVINGS AND ALPENSTOCKS.—INTERESTING SOUVENIR OF TRAVELS THAT WERE NOT MADE.—EXCURSION TO THE FLEGERE.—CHAMOUNI TO GENEVA AND BERNE.—THE SWISS CAPITAL.—HAUNT OF THE BEARS.—THE CATHEDRAL AND ITS TERRACE.—VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE BERNESE OBERLAND.—THE “AFTER-GLOW.”—CURIOUS FOUNTAINS.—PROCESSION OF THE BEARS.—VISIT TO THE BEAR-PITS; HOW THE ANIMALS ARE FED.—THE CHAMOIS, AND HOW HE IS HUNTED.—BURGDORF AND PESTALOZZI.—BALE.—ON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.—CATHEDRAL AND MUSEUM.—HANS HOLBEIN.

THE traveller in Switzerland is frequently urged by dealers to purchase souvenirs of his visit, and in no place is there a greater number of curiosities offered and pressed upon him than at Chamouni.

There are specimens of the stones of the mountains made into paper-weights, statuettes, and other ornaments; there are wood-carvings in endless variety; alpenstocks of varying lengths and sizes; Swiss laces and other household productions; stuffed birds and quadrupeds of the Alps; and last, but not by any means least, a great variety of carefully dried and pressed flowers of the country.

These souvenirs had a great attraction for Mary, and she depleted her purse in the purchase of little albums of pressed flowers, which she found very convenient to send by mail to her friends at home. The Swiss show a great deal of taste in arranging their floral prod-



A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

ucts for preservation in this way, as every visitor to the country can testify from personal observation.

The most famous of the flowers of Switzerland is the edelweiss; it grows in the higher elevations of the mountains, and is popularly supposed to flourish at the edge of the snow and ice. It is often found growing within a few inches of a bank of snow, and many a climber among the mountains has sat down to rest where he could cool his lips with snow lifted from its resting-place with one hand while he plucked and tenderly held the edelweiss with the other.

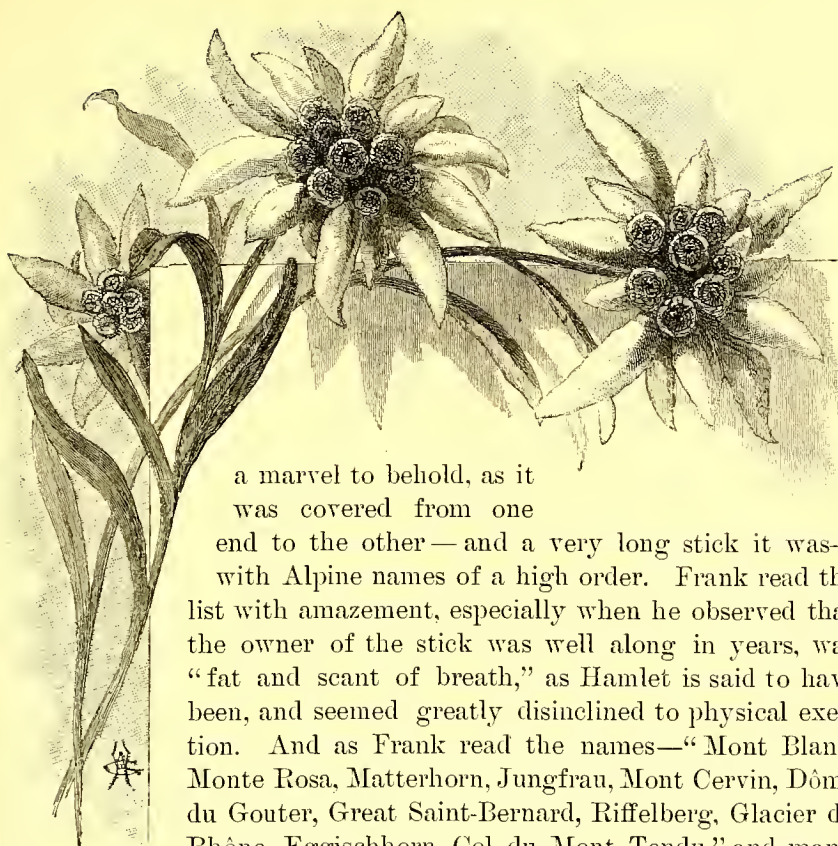
Mrs. Bassett became much interested in Mary's account of this floral favorite of Switzerland, and asked the meaning of its name.

"*Edel* means 'noble,'" said Mary, in reply to her mother's query, "and *weiss* means 'white.' The scientific name of the flower is *Leontopodium alpinum*, and they say it is found nowhere else in the world. I am not quite sure of this, as there is a flower very much like it, and growing under similar conditions, in the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas of America; but whether it is identical with the edelweiss or not I'm unable to say."

Mary obtained several fresh specimens of the flower, and after making a careful sketch of one of them, she placed it and its companions between the leaves of a book, where they would be safely preserved.

Our friends declined to equip themselves with alpenstocks, much to the regret of the dealers in those articles. Tourists who climb the hills and mountains of Switzerland preserve their alpenstocks as souvenirs and records of their journey. It is the custom to burn into the surface of the stick the name of each place visited, and the custom has become so general that the business of thus marking alpenstocks has grown to no small importance. In every village can be seen the announcement, "*Ici on brule des batons*" (Here we mark sticks); and for a few cents one can have his alpenstock marked with the name of any place he has visited, and also with any other names for which he is willing to pay. The marking is done with steel or iron types set in a frame, and held in a fire until warmed to redness; then the hot types are applied to the surface of the stick, and the name is burned into it deep enough to remove all possibility of erasure without cutting away a portion of the wood. The burning is begun at one end of the stick, and the names run around it in a spiral form, sometimes the entire length.

At the hotel in Chamouni our friends made the acquaintance of an American, an elderly man from a western city of the United States, who was accompanied by his family. The alpenstock of this man was



THE EDELWEISS.

a marvel to behold, as it was covered from one end to the other—and a very long stick it was—with Alpine names of a high order. Frank read the list with amazement, especially when he observed that the owner of the stick was well along in years, was “fat and scant of breath,” as Hamlet is said to have been, and seemed greatly disinclined to physical exertion. And as Frank read the names—“Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, Matterhorn, Jungfrau, Mont Cervin, Dôme du Gouter, Great Saint-Bernard, Riffelberg, Glacier du Rhône, Eggischhorn, Col du Mont Tendu,” and many others—his wonder grew apace. Of course he was too polite to indicate by word or manner that he doubted the record, but he certainly did question it mentally.

The American tourist relieved his perplexity by explaining as follows :

“Don’t suppose I’ve been to all the places on that stick. I bought it at a shop here yesterday morning, and told the man who sold it to me just how I wanted it fixed. I wanted him to cover it with as much of Switzerland as it would hold, and I guess he’s earned the ten francs he charged me for the job. He wanted half a franc for each name, but I told him it was a wholesale affair, and he must make a big discount. Ten francs is cheap for seeing all those places. Won’t that stick make a sensation among my neighbors when I get it home and show it !”

Frank agreed with him that it would certainly make a sensation, and then the subject was dropped. It is fair to say that this enterpris-

ing American is not by any means the only traveller who has exaggerated the record of his travels in Switzerland by means of the names of mountains and other places on his alpenstock.

On the second day of their stay at Chamouni our friends visited the Flegere, an excursion similar to that to Montanvert, as the time and mode of travel are very much the same. From the Flegere they had a view of the entire chain of Mont Blanc, from the Col de Balme to the Glacier des Bossons. The view embraced the slope of Mont Blanc from base to summit, and Mrs. Bassett said it was almost as good as climbing the peak, and nowhere near as fatiguing. Mary thought it was the nearest that she was ever likely to come to climbing Mont Blanc, and her brother and cousin declared themselves of the same opinion.



A SWISS VILLAGE.

The day after the visit to the Flegere our friends made an early start for Geneva. They were intending to travel by diligence, but while on his way to the diligence office Frank was accosted by a man who offered a large landau for the same price as the seats in the diligence. The carriage and horses were inspected and found satisfactory, and the bargain was quickly completed. Opportunities for securing return carriages occur daily, as the travel from Geneva to Chamouni is greater than that in the contrary direction.

They were whirled rapidly over an excellent road, and accomplished the journey (fifty-three and one-half miles) in little more than seven hours, including a halt at Sallanches for dinner. At Geneva they drove directly to the railway station, where they caught a train for Berne, and were in the capital of Switzerland soon after sunset.

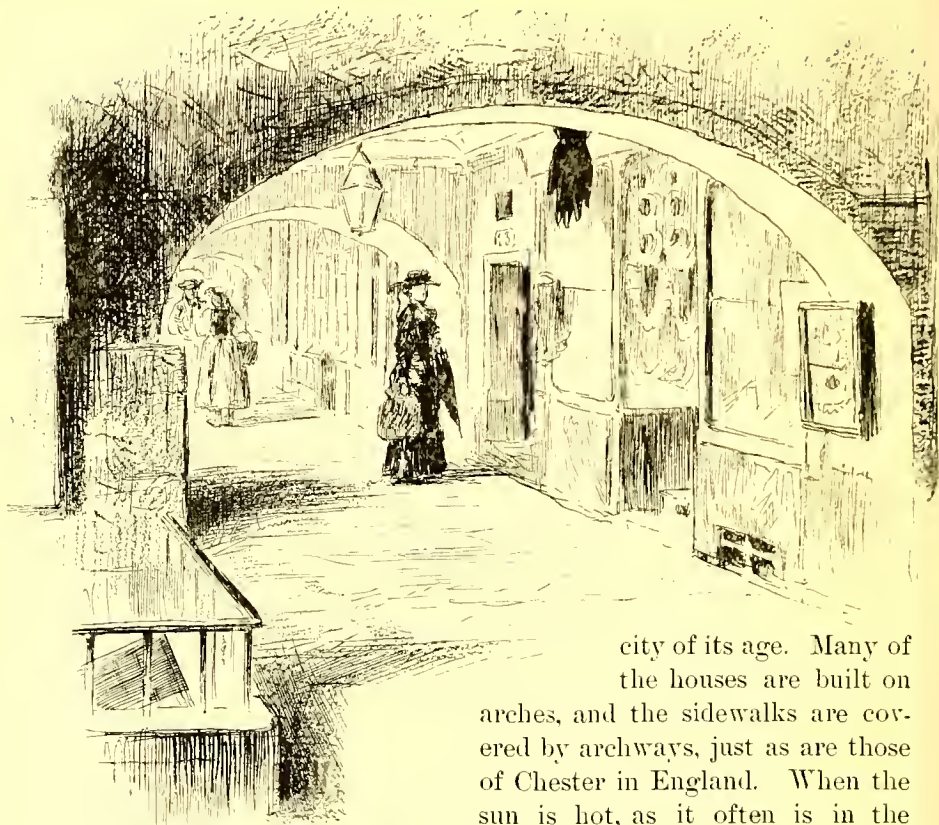
Fred was appointed the historian of the occasion, and here is what he says of this venerable and picturesque city:

“Berne looks older than Geneva, because it has preserved more of its ancient features, but in point of fact it is quite modern by comparison. According to history and tradition it was founded in 1191 by Berthold V, who killed a bear on this spot, and therefore gave it the name of Berne, which means ‘bear.’ Mary says that while we are in this city we should heed the motto, ‘Bear and forbear.’ I suppose she means this for a joke, though she does not say so.

“I don’t wonder that the site was chosen for building a city, as it was an excellent one in the time when Berne was founded. The river Aar surrounds it on three sides, and therefore makes a natural ditch for protection. Fortifications were erected all around the inside of the bend of the river and across the neck of the land, which was unprotected. The city is about one hundred feet above the river, and altogether the position was easy of defence in the days before the invention of artillery. It was besieged several times, but was never taken by an enemy until 1798, when the French captured it. They found it an excellent prize, as the treasury contained \$6,000,000 worth of coin.

“Berne isn’t a large city, although a rich one. It has a population of 40,000, and all but 3000 of them are Protestants—in fact, the whole Canton of Berne is very much more Protestant than Catholic. The Bernese took the side of the Reformation in 1528, and the great majority of them have been sturdy Reformers ever since.

“We have had some delightful walks around the city, and the delight comes from several conditions. The streets are well paved, straight, and certainly wider than one expects to find the streets in a



AN ARCADE IN BERNE.

city of its age. Many of the houses are built on arches, and the sidewalks are covered by archways, just as are those of Chester in England. When the sun is hot, as it often is in the middle of the day, the arcades are charmingly shaded. In many places the arches are built over the cross

streets at the intersections, so that you may wander all about without needing umbrella or parasol against rain or sun.

"Of course we went to the cathedral, which is one of the sights of Berne; it is a Gothic edifice, which was founded in 1421 and completed one hundred and fifty years later, and it has been restored and repaired thoroughly within the last half century. We went through the form of admiring the paintings, sculpture, and monuments, but did not stay long in the building, as we found a good deal of attraction in the Cathedral Terrace, which was formerly the church-yard, but is now a pleasure resort for the public. There are gravel-walks among the trees, and there is an abundance of seats, where one may rest as long as he likes.

"What makes the terrace specially attractive is the fine view it presents of the mountains of the Bernese Oberland. The southern horizon

is filled with these mountains, and their snowy peaks cut sharply against the clear blue sky. Between us and the mountains is the undulating lowland of the canton, and its dark colors make a delightful contrast to the whiteness of the snowy range. We sat there a long time studying the scene, and we came again just at sunset in the hope of seeing the much-talked-of 'glow of the Alps,' and the *nachluhen*, or 'after-glow.' We were fortunate in both, and shall long remember the occasion.

"There were thin clouds in the western horizon, and the setting sun seemed to be struggling to pierce them, and succeeding in the struggle. The valleys grew dark with the evening shadows, and even the mountains seemed to have lost the evening light and were threatened with speedy obscurity. Then a new light came, and from base to summit the whole range of the mountains was warmed into a brilliancy that revealed all their outlines with perfect distinctness, as though a million electric lights had suddenly been turned upon them. This was the famous 'after-glow,' of which the Bernese people are very fond, if we may judge by the numbers of them who were there to see it.

"We haven't yet seen a city so well supplied with water as is the capital of Switzerland. There are many fountains in the streets, and all are abundantly supplied; there is plenty of water for all the houses, and there are rills in most of the streets, so that there is no excuse for any but the cleanest of walks and drives. Most of the fountains are old and some are very quaint. The quaintest of all is the Kindlifresser-Brunnen, or Fountain of the Ogre. On the top of it is the figure of an



FOUNTAIN OF THE OGRE.

ogre, who is represented in the act of eating a child, while several children, who are evidently intended for the same fate as the one in his mouth, are sticking from his pockets; below him is a troop of armed bears, and altogether the fountain is a great deal more grotesque than handsome, and attracts much attention.

“Speaking of bears is a reminder that wherever you go in Berne you see bruin in one form or another. Bears are here in statues, on shields and bass-reliefs, carved in wood as toys or souvenirs, printed in innumerable pictures, or painted on walls and canvas. On the clock-tower in the principal square is a troop of bears that go through a performance two minutes before every hour, and they have been going through it without change for several centuries. We timed our visit so as to ‘take in the bear show,’ as Mary expressed it; in fact, we have seen it several times, so that we ought to tell exactly what the animals do. Mary has made a memorandum of the performance, and here it is:

“‘A wooden cock crows at three minutes before the hour, and he flaps his wings quite naturally while he crows. Then the bears march out in procession before an old man with a beard, who is in a sitting posture. A harlequin then strikes on a bell the number of strokes indicating the hour, and when the last stroke sounds, the old man with the beard turns an hour-glass, and immediately proceeds to count the hour by raising his sceptre and opening his mouth. He represents Father Time, and each time he opens his mouth the bear that is nearest to him nods his head. While Time and the bear are busy in this way, a figure in the tower strikes the hour on a bell, and then the cock crows and ends the show; he also crowed after the harlequin indicated the hour, so that we had three crows from him altogether. His voice is cracked, and no wonder, when you remember how long a time he has been here and never missed an hour. Poor old fellow, how I pity him!’

“After seeing the bears at the clock-tower, Mary said it was time for us to see the real live bears in the bear-pits on the other side of the Aar. We agreed with her; and as we had been walking and lounging for some time, we engaged a carriage, which was neither new nor handsome but very comfortable, to take us to the home of the bears, or *Baren Graben*, as they call it here.

“To get there we had to cross the river, which we did on a magnificent viaduct, called the Nydeck Bridge. I call it a viaduct, because the part over the river is the least of it, the prolongation on the town side consisting of a series of arches; over the river there is an arch 100 feet high, with a span of 160 feet, so you can understand what a fine bridge

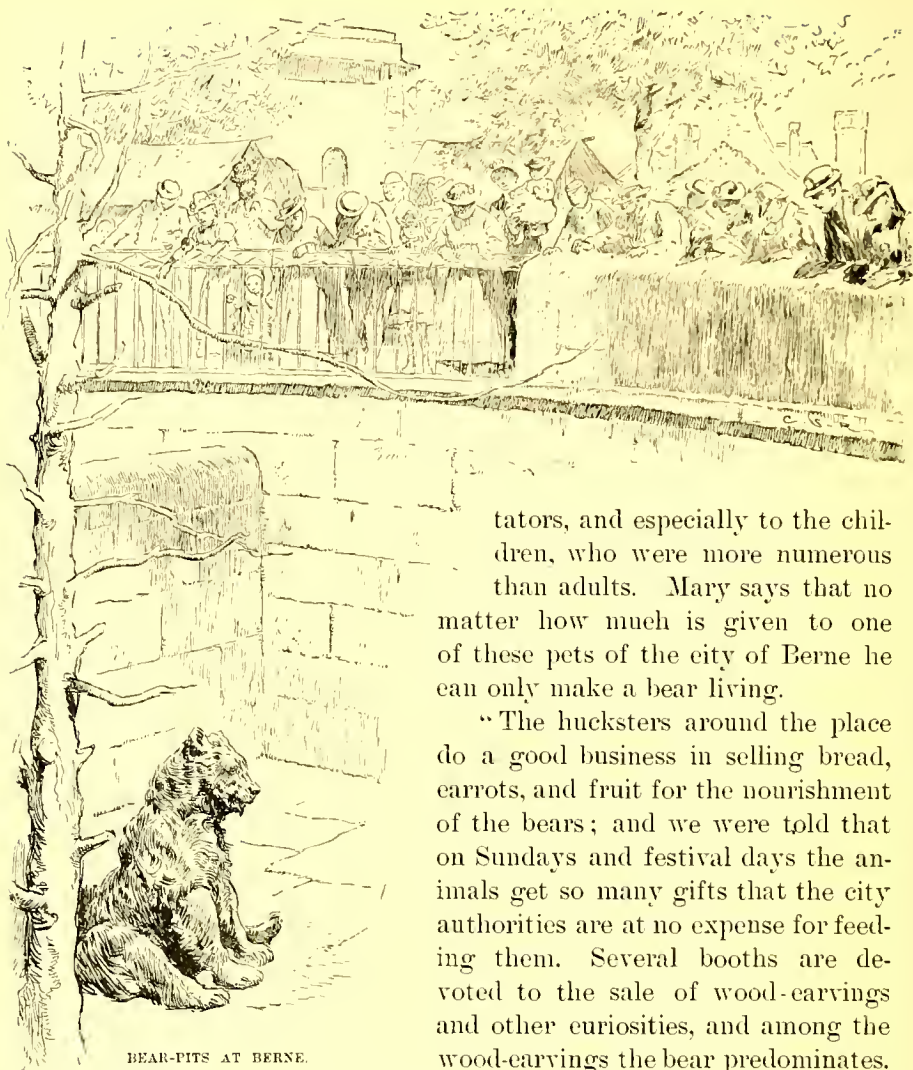
it is. We were still admiring it when the carriage stopped at the bears' den, which is close to the farther end of the bridge.

"Tradition says that bears have been maintained by the municipality of Berne ever since the city was founded. This may not be literally true, but it is certain that they have been kept for several centuries, with the exception of a short time in 1798, when the French captors of Berne took the bears that were then here, and sent them to Paris. Just as soon as they could do so the authorities bought a new lot of bruins and restocked their pits, and they have never been without the animals for a single day since that time.

"The den, or pit, is a sort of circular well of stone with an iron railing around the top. In the bottom of the pit there are retreats, or dens, for the bears, and these dens have sliding doors of iron, so that the animals can be shut in and protected on cold nights. There is a dividing wall across the centre of the pit with a doorway through it, and by coaxing the bears into one side and closing the doors their keepers can clean out the pit without danger of being attacked. The bears are ugly fellows, and the story goes that an English officer who fell into the pit several years ago was torn in pieces by them.

"Mary bought some bread and carrots to give to the bears. The creatures have good appetites, and one of them sat down on his haunches and held his mouth open while our gifts were tossed into it. When we had fed him to our hearts' content it was evidently not to his, as he sat there with his mouth open and waited patiently for additional offerings. They were not long in coming, as a fresh crowd of visitors arrived and supplied him. The rules forbid giving the bears anything but bread and fruit. A few days before our visit an American youth thought it would be fine sport to give one of the bears a lighted fire-cracker in an apple, but he evidently doesn't think so now, as he is doing penance in the city jail—at least, so the guide tells us.

"Somebody took half a dozen carrots, and fastened them together with a cord in such a way that they looked like a string of sausages. He flung these so that they caught on one of the lower limbs of a tree in the pit. The big bear that had been standing with his mouth open like a trap gave a glance at the carrots, and evidently concluded that he was too large to climb for them. But this was not the case with a young brown bear that had just come out from his den. He clasped his legs around the tree, and ascended. When he reached the carrots he speedily devoured them, and then descended, bear fashion, to the floor of the pit again. The performance gave great amusement to the spec-



BEAR-PITS AT BERNE.

tators, and especially to the children, who were more numerous than adults. Mary says that no matter how much is given to one of these pets of the city of Berne he can only make a bear living.

"The hucksters around the place do a good business in selling bread, carrots, and fruit for the nourishment of the bears; and we were told that on Sundays and festival days the animals get so many gifts that the city authorities are at no expense for feeding them. Several booths are devoted to the sale of wood-carvings and other curiosities, and among the wood-carvings the bear predominates.

You can see him in all shapes and in many occupations. He is represented smoking a pipe, holding a parasol or umbrella, wielding sword or other weapon, singing from a sheet of wooden music, or eating wooden fruit from a wooden table. There was a group of bears representing a school: a large bear wearing spectacles and holding a rod in one paw was presiding over a dozen little bears busy at their studies, and evidently in wholesome fear of the rod in their teacher's hand. At one side of the enclosure is a café,

in which beer, soda-water, and other light beverages were sold, and we observed that the place was well patronized by the Bernese.

"When we had finished with the bears we drove to the Rosengarten, and afterwards to the Schanzli, whence we had a more extensive view than from the Cathedral Terrace, which I have mentioned. Afterwards we returned to the city and visited the museum, where Mary saw the stuffed skin of the famous dog Barry that she heard about when we were going from Martigny to Chamouni. We also saw what was of interest to all of us: a collection of all the animals indigenous to Switzerland, and said to be the largest in the country.

"The animal that interested us more than any other was the chamois, for the very simple reason that we have heard more about him than of any other wild quadruped of the Alps. I was disappointed as to his size, as I supposed he was much larger than we found him, according to the specimens in the museum. I had pictured him as a deer, when really he is more like a goat. According to some scientific men he belongs to the goat family, while others class him with the antelope. *Wood's Natural History* calls him *rupicapra* (rock-goat), and another name for him is *antelope rupicapra*. He is about the size of a large goat, but his neck is longer and body shorter than in the common goat.

"Horns of the chamois are for sale all through Switzerland, but I must be pardoned for believing that the greater number of them—in fact, nearly all the so-called chamois horns that we saw—grew on the heads of domestic goats. There are not enough genuine chamois killed to supply a quarter of the demand for horns.

"Hunting the cha-



SCENE IN A BERNESE CAFÉ.



ANIMALS OF THE ALPS.

mois in Switzerland is something that a good many sportsmen long for, but not all of them undertake. It is a sport attended with a great deal of hardship and danger, as the creature inhabits the higher parts of the mountains, and can get about with ease where a man cannot go. He can leap over ravines fifteen or eighteen feet wide, and is said to be able to fall twenty or thirty feet without injury. Mountain slopes or steeps that take a man hours to pass can be covered in a few moments by the chamois, and when he has discovered his pursuer and taken flight it is as useless to follow him as to follow an eagle, or any other bird of strong wing.

"The dangers and difficulties of chamois hunting are very attractive to many of the Swiss peasants, and some of them devote the best part of their time to this sport. Some hunters go out alone, but the favorite way is for several to pursue the animal together. The chamois is gregarious, and flocks of them are often seen together. The hunters divide into parties, and one party conceals itself in a course it is supposed the animals will run when they catch sight of the other party. In this way they are shot from ambush, and occasionally several of them may be killed in a single day. So many chamois have been shot that their number is greatly reduced, and the few that are now taken must be sought in the most inaccessible portions of the mountains. We have been invited to join hunting parties in the mountains, but have respectfully declined, as we do not wish to leave Mrs. Bassett and Mary behind us, and it would be impossible for them to accompany us among the rocks and hills."

When our friends had seen the sights of Berne, they held a council as to where they should go next.

Frank suggested a visit to Interlaken and the Bernese Oberland, and thought it might be desirable to see some of the mountains and glaciers of the Bernese region, and make a nearer acquaintance with them.



THE CHAMOIS.

"I think I've seen as many mountains as I care for," said Mrs. Bassett. "Mont Blanc ought to be a good sample mountain of Switzer-

land, and as for the glaciers, those that we have seen will give us an excellent and satisfactory idea of what the others may be."

Like a dutiful girl, Mary did not oppose her mother's ideas of what was desirable to be seen, however much she may have wished to spend more time among the mountains. She remarked, with a good deal of philosophy, that she hoped to visit Switzerland again, and was willing to leave something to be seen in future visits.

"I've been studying the map," said Mrs. Bassett, "and think I would like to go from here to Bâle. By-the-way, what is the right spelling and pronunciation of that word? I've seen it spelled three different ways on the maps and in the guide-books."

"It is a single syllable, with the *a* as in father," Frank replied.

"The Germans pronounce it Bar-sel, in two syllables, and they spell it 'Basel;' the French spell it 'Bale,' and the English follow the French form, except that they generally add an *s*. French and English pronunciations of the word are just the same, 'Bâle.'"

"Well, how about going there?"

"It is an interesting city," was the reply, "and well worth visiting. Probably more foreigners enter Switzerland by way of Bâle than through Geneva. The route from London to Switzerland is shorter by Bâle than Geneva, and so is that from Germany and Russia. Bâle stands on the Rhine, and it has stood there for a very long time."

"Then, if no one opposes," said Mrs. Bassett, "we will go to Bâle, and from there we may find an excursion of interest."

In accordance with this arrangement the train was taken for that city, sixty-six miles from Berne—a ride of about three hours.

"There was not much of interest in our ride," said Mary, "except pretty scenery, which was almost constant from beginning to end of our journey. The most important place we passed through was Burgdorf, a picturesque town on the side of a hill, and the guide-book says it is a busy town, too. It also says it was at the Château of Burgdorf, in 1798, that Pestalozzi established his famous educational institution. When I read this aloud Fred began to quiz me as to what I could tell about Pestalozzi, and what he did for education.

"I put on my thinking cap, and, after wearing it a moment, I said:

"Pestalozzi was a Swiss teacher and educational reformer, and his first name was Johann Heinrich, or, in English, John Henry. He was born in Zurich in 1745, and, after being liberally educated, he tried to be a farmer, but failed. Then he wrote a novel and some works on education, and then he established a school at Stanz, and afterwards at Burg-

dorf. This school became celebrated, and so did another, on the same plan, which he founded in 1804 at Yverdun."

"What a memory you have!" exclaimed Fred.

"Thank you," said Mary, "but that is not all I can tell you about Pestalozzi. He was one of the most successful teachers the world had



SWISS FARM-HOUSE.

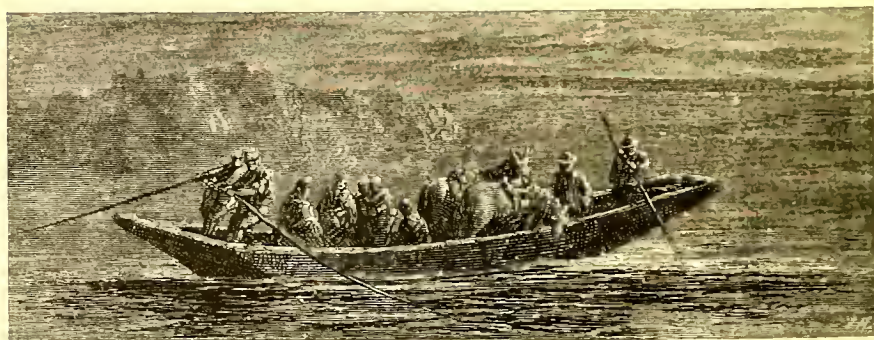
ever seen, and his methods of training and instruction were adopted in Germany and other countries of Europe, where they are still in use. The great principle of his system was that all teaching should begin with the concrete, and proceed from that to the abstract; for example, he taught arithmetic by beginning with the addition of four apples to five apples, not by adding the abstract numbers four and five. One of

his biographers says that in his hands objects became the subject of lessons to develop the reasoning and observing powers of his pupils, not lessons about objects.

“And one thing more about this famous man. Though he was an accomplished and original teacher, he was totally unable to manage his business affairs, and all through his life he was in pecuniary difficulties. His death was hastened by his mortifications and disappointments, and he died before the value of his system of teaching had been generally acknowledged by the educational world.”

Frank had telegraphed for rooms at the Three Kings Hotel (Hôtel des Trois Rois), which stands on the bank of the Rhine, and he found the rooms ready on the arrival of his party. Mrs. Bassett welcomed the Rhine as an old acquaintance, and it is quite possible that the recollections of her journey from Cologne to Mayence, as described in *The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe*, formed a part of her incentive to visit Bâle. Mary was not less enthusiastic than her mother in praise of the famous river, and was equally glad to look on it again.

“According to history,” said Fred, “Bâle was founded by the Romans. It is mentioned as Basilea in the fourth century, and the ruins of a Roman fort can be traced at the village of Augst, a few miles from here. Bâle has been a place of importance since the tenth century. It belonged for a time to the kingdom of Burgundy, and afterwards to the



CROSSING THE RHINE BY MOONLIGHT.

German empire; then it joined the Swiss confederation. Its history has been marked by several revolts, and it has had its share of the horrors of war at various epochs. Some of its troubles have come from religious quarrels which grew out of the Reformation, in which the Re-

formers generally had the winning side, for the reason that they were more numerous than their adversaries."

"Is not this the place where Luther's writings were printed when no other city would permit their publication?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"I cannot say that no other city would allow them to be printed within its limits," replied Fred, "but it is a matter of history that Luther's writings were printed here from the year 1519, and it was from Bâle that they were distributed throughout Europe. By 1539 Bâle was so thoroughly allied to the Reformation that the chapter of the cathedral had left the city, and the convents had been suppressed; and it has been a city of the Reformation, or of Protestantism, ever since. Out of its fifty thousand inhabitants not more than one-fourth are Catholics."

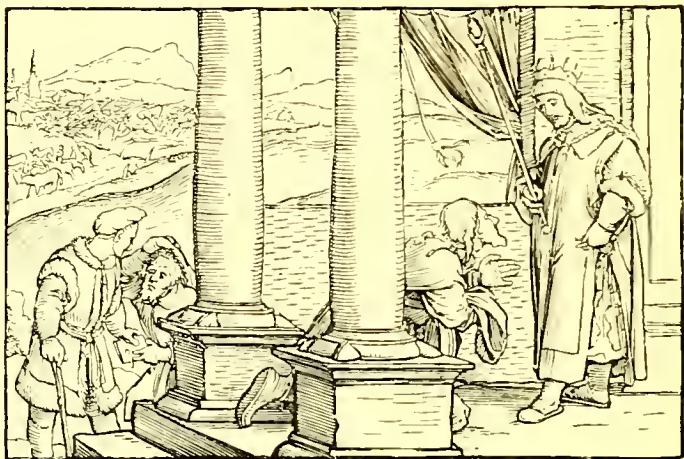
Frank suggested that they would visit the cathedral, which is one of the oldest and finest in this part of the world; formerly it was the Cathedral of the Apostolic See of Bâle, but it has long been a Protestant church. The bishopric was founded by Charlemagne. The church was built in the eleventh century, restored in the twelfth, again restored in the thirteenth, after being badly injured by an earthquake, and repaired and decorated at various times in the last four centuries, the most recent changes having taken place less than forty years ago. Portions of the work of every epoch can be seen, and for this reason, if for no other, the church is of unusual interest to the student of architecture.

A great religious council assembled here in the year 1431, for the ostensible purpose of "reforming the Church in head and members." The members of the council disputed for years without coming to any conclusion, and as there seemed no prospect of their agreement, the council was dissolved in 1448. The council-room is preserved in the same condition as when the members left it, and our friends contemplated it with a great deal of interest. They went through other rooms, which contain a fine collection of mediæval antiquities, and altogether they felt amply repaid for the time they spent in the historic building, whose towers of red sandstone are a conspicuous object to the traveller approaching Bâle, no matter from what direction.

"From the church we went to the museum," said Mary, "where we saw an excellent collection of paintings, both old and modern, together with drawings by some of the old masters who lived at Bâle at some periods of their lives. Holbein occupies the most prominent place. There is a perplexity about him, as there were two Holbeins, father and son, and each bore the name of Hans. Holbein the younger is the one of which Bâle is especially proud. He lived here for several years,

until he was sent to England by the celebrated scholar Erasmus, with a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas More. Sir Thomas introduced him to Henry VIII. of England. The King gave him all the employment he wanted, and also a pension, which he drew regularly until his death of the plague in 1554. Some authorities say he died in 1443.

"They showed us some of Holbein's frescos in the famous 'Dance of Death,' and a great number of his drawings. Then we saw some of



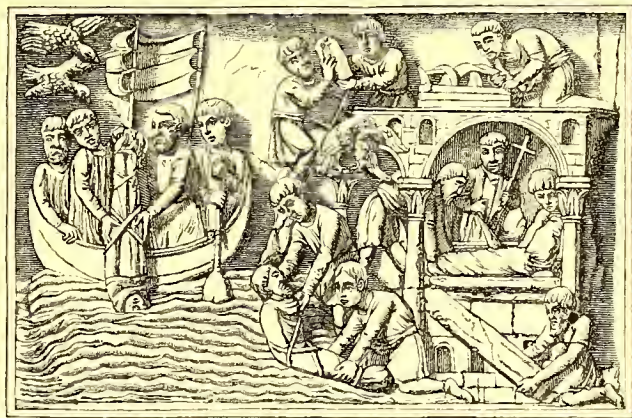
"NATHAN REBUKING DAVID."—[Holbein.]

his paintings—I don't know how many, for I was so interested in looking at the pictures that I didn't think of counting them. Several of them are portraits, and they are such as any painter of any period could feel proud to have put on canvas. In addition to his skill as a painter, Holbein is honored for his work in wood-engraving, and he is often spoken of as the father of this kind of illustration. Frank says this is not literally the case, as engraving on blocks was known a long time before Holbein was born, though undoubtedly this famous artist did much towards its development."

CHAPTER XXI.

MEETING OLD FRIENDS.—THE CHAPMAN FAMILY.—EXCURSION TO THE FALLS OF THE RHINE.—A DIVISION INTO TWO PARTIES.—WHAT FRANK AND FRED SAW.—LAKE CONSTANCE.—SUMMER HOMES OF NOTED PERSONS.—QUEEN HORTENSE.—AN UNHAPPY LIFE.—MARTYRDOM OF JOHN HUSS.—THE GREAT COUNCIL AND ITS HALL.—RAGATZ AND PFÄFFERS.—IN A HOT CAVERN.—THE WALLENSEE.—ZURICH.—SIGHT-SEEING AND DRESS-MAKING.—UP THE RIGI.—MARY'S ACCOUNT OF WHAT THEY SAW THERE.—THE RIGI RAILWAY.—ASCENT BY COG-WHEELS.—SUNRISE ON THE RIGI.—THE ALPINE HORN.—GENERAL VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT.—LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS.—LUCERNE.

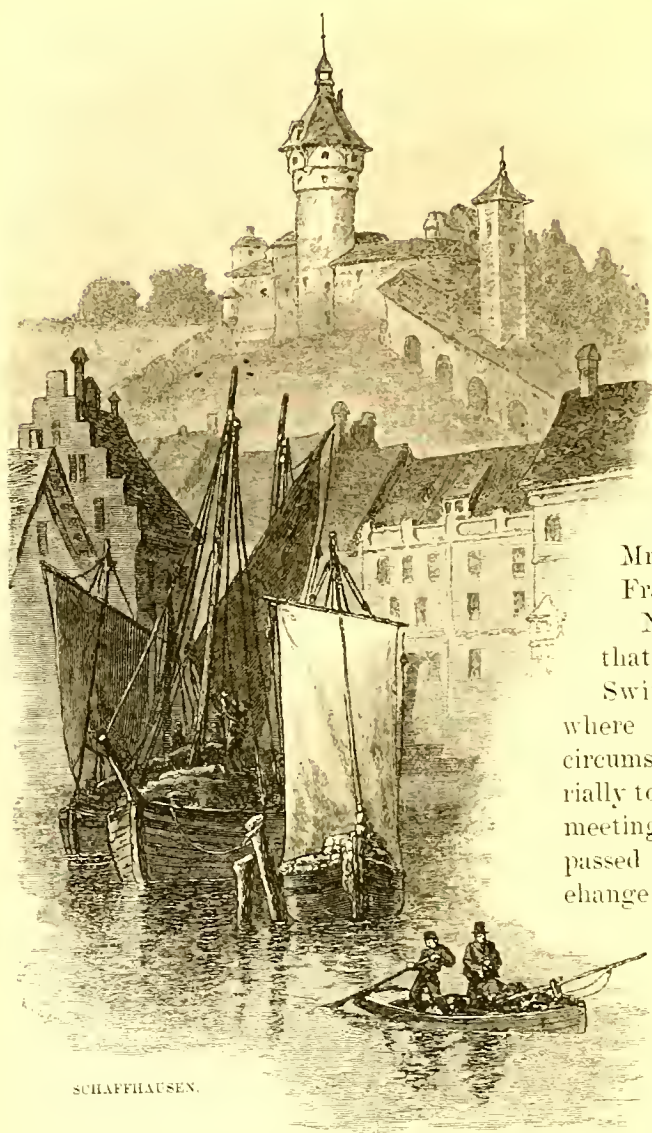
WHILE walking through the hallway of the hotel Mrs. Bassett met an old friend and neighbor from America. The two women rushed into each other's arms like sisters after a ten years' separation; and it was evident to any observer that their greetings were of the most friendly character. Almost in the same breath each asked the other how she happened to be in Bâle at that particular moment.



CARVING IN CATHEDRAL, BÂLE.

Mrs. Bassett explained where they had been, how it happened that they came to that city, and also why they put up at that particular hotel.

Then it was the turn of Mrs. Chapman to answer, "I've just come from Wiesbaden," said she, "with my husband and my daughter Katie. The doctor ordered Katie there for the baths, and they've done her a great deal of good."



SCHAFFHAUSEN.

Presently Katie appeared. At the same time Mary came in sight, and the greetings of the mothers were repeated in those of the daughters. Then there was an adjournment to the parlor of the hotel, where shortly the feminine contingent was joined by Mr. Chapman, and by Frank and Fred.

Neither party knew that the other was in Switzerland or anywhere near it, and this circumstance added materially to the interest of the meeting. An hour quickly passed away in the interchange of experiences and information, and before the parties separated it was arranged that they would dine together that very day, and discuss plans

for an excursion to some part of Switzerland in each other's society.

During dinner it was arranged that they would go the next day to the Falls of the Rhine. The details of the excursion were left to Frank, and after dinner he excused himself, while he consulted the railway time-table and completed his plans.

In a little while he joined the party in the parlor and unfolded the following practical and comprehensive scheme :

"We will leave here by the train at 9.50 A.M. to-morrow," said he, "and go to Neuhausen, the station for the falls of the Rhine. We shall be due at Neuhausen at 12.45, and it will not take long to see the falls. There are two or three trains in the afternoon which will take us to Zurich in two hours. We can send our trunks to one of the hotels at Zurich, and find them there when we arrive."

The plan was approved unanimously, and was carried out as indicated. Mrs. Bassett asked Frank if he was entirely correct as to the station for seeing the falls. She had heard they were at Schaffhausen, and presumed that Neuhausen might possibly be a nearer station than the other place for leaving the train.

"That is precisely the case," replied Frank. "If you look at this map you will see that Neuhausen is nearer to the falls than the better known city. Schaffhausen is above the falls, and the rapids that precede them; and from that place to Lake Constance the Rhine is without a break, so that it is navigated by steamers and other boats."

So saying, Frank handed the map to his mother, and as he did so he indicated the position of the two towns in question. The course of the river from the falls to Lake Constance was also indicated. Mrs. Bassett studied the map attentively for several minutes, and then declared that she had received an excellent lesson in geography.

The impression made by the falls was not the same on all the members of the party. The girls were charmed with the view, and went into raptures over it, while their mothers looked on with a calmness that may be credited to experience and riper age. Frank and Fred thought America could produce dozens of falls which would surpass those of the Rhine, and Mr. Chapman remarked that any water would come down just like that if it were put in the bed of the river at Schaffhausen and allowed to take its course.

"The falls of the Rhine," wrote Fred in his journal, "are known here as the Lauffen. Mary thinks this local name comes from the fact that it is no laughing matter to look at the cascade from any point of view. The river here is about three hundred feet wide. All the way from Schaffhausen the water tumbles in rapids, and at length breaks over the precipitous rocks in three leaps, and not in a single cascade, as many people expect to find. On the right bank the fall is about fifty feet, while that on the left is perhaps ten feet higher. Adding to this the descent of the rapids and a slight break just above the falls, there is

a difference of fully one hundred feet between the level of the Rhine at the steamboat pier at Schaffhausen and the basin below the falls.

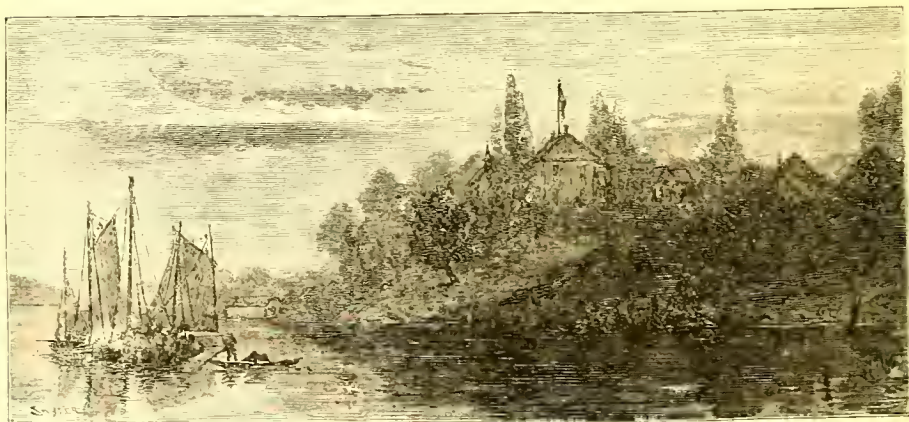
"We were taken to half a dozen points from which the falls were to be seen, and each of them was something 'that should not by any means be missed.' The views that we liked best were those from Schloss Lauffen, which is on a wood-covered rock on the left bank of the river and close to the cataract. From one point we could see the falls and the rapids all at once, and at the foot of the rock there is an iron platform overhanging the fall, and so near to it that we could feel the spray in our faces and almost touch the plunging stream.

"Half an hour before we were to take the train for Zurich, Mr. Chapman asked Frank and myself if we wanted to go on to Lake Constance, either by rail or river.

"If you do," said he, "I will accompany the ladies to Zurich, and wait for you there. They will be perfectly content there for a few days, as Zurich is attractive from the shopping and dress-making point of view, and, as for myself, I will enjoy seeing them enjoy themselves."

"This was a chance not to be missed," continued Fred, "and it didn't take two minutes to arrange everything. Mr. Chapman and the ladies took the train for Zurich almost at the same moment that Frank and I were on the boat for Constance.

"We had a very delightful ride on the boat, and found the Rhine quite as picturesque as on the part of the stream which we had already travelled. Perhaps there are not as many castles, nor possibly quite as many legends connected with those that exist, but there are certainly



ARENENBERG.

enough of castles and legends to supply any reasonable want. And there is history as well as legend to make this part of the Rhine interesting to any observant traveller.

“Not far from Stein, which is about half-way from Schaffhausen to Constance, our attention was called to several castles and châteaux among the trees along the slopes of the hills. The château or villa of Arenenberg was especially pointed out. It was the home of Queen Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, step-daughter of Napoleon I., and mother of Napoleon III. She died here in 1837, after being refused a home in other countries, where she sought an asylum after the fall of the great Emperor. Just think how unhappy she must have been! Her father died on the guillotine; her mother married the great Napoleon, and was divorced to die of a broken heart; Napoleon, her step-father, died a prisoner in English hands; she married a king, Louis Bonaparte, who occupied the throne of Holland only four years, and then abdicated; her life with the King was not a happy one, and ended in separation and divorce; and at the time of her death her whole family was under the ban in France.

“Frank reminded me to note that it was Queen Hortense who wrote that famous French song, ‘*Partant pour la Syrie*,’ which is as popular with the soldiers of France as ‘*Hail, Columbia!*’ is with those of our own land and ‘*Rule, Britannia!*’ with the English.

“Not far from this place is one which is sometimes occupied in summer by the Emperor of Germany. Then there is at Mainau a castle which belongs to the Grand-duke of Baden, and there are other royal, princely, or grand-ducal residences along this part of the Rhine and around the shores of Lake Constance. The owners have shown good taste in their selections, as there is charming scenery all around, the pure air of the mountains is abundant and free, and the waters are pleasing to look upon, to drink, or to bathe in. What more could one ask in selecting a summer residence?”

When Fred read the above to Frank, the latter said there was one thing he had not mentioned which made the place attractive to royalty.

“What is that?” queried Fred.

“Don’t you see,” replied Frank, “when you look at the map?”

Fred studied the map for a few minutes, and then remarked:

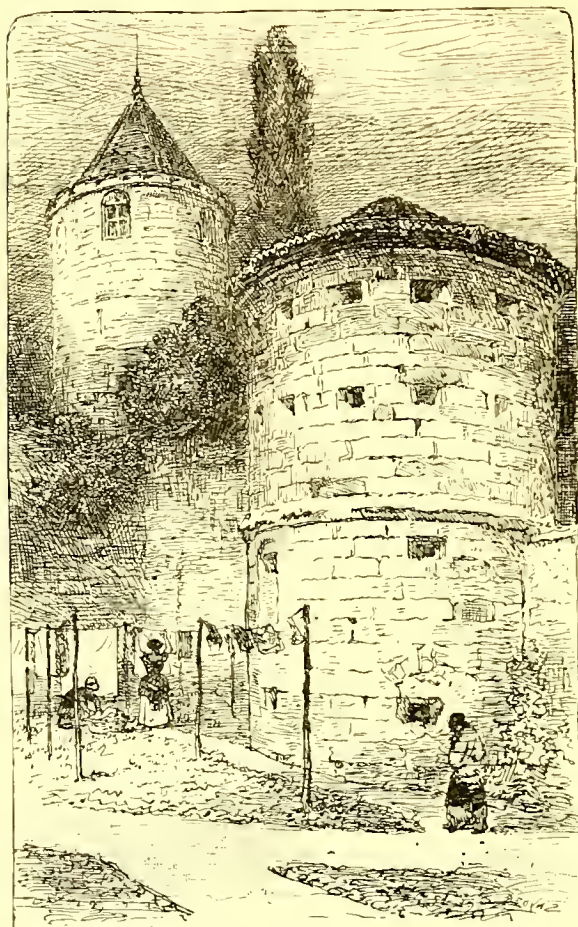
“I think I understand what you mean. Lake Constance is only forty-two miles long and eight miles across in its widest part; but, small as it is, the shores of the lake represent five different Governments: Switzerland, Austria, Bavaria, Baden, and Württemberg, with Italy not

so very far away on the other side of the mountains. Thrones are uncertain seats at best, and it is well for the occupant of a throne to have a retreat where several different Governments are within easy reach. Is

that your idea?"

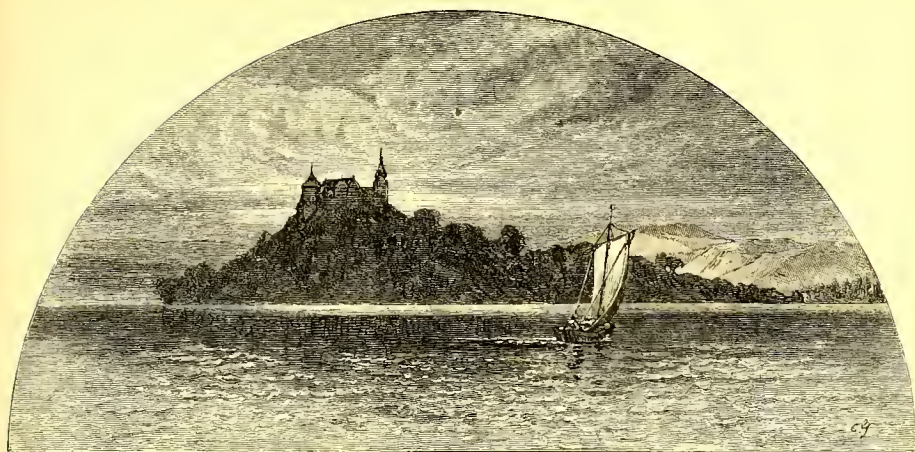
"Precisely," was the reply. "Any royal or imperial exile would be reasonably safe here, as the people are democratic, and consider a king or emperor just as good as any of their own people—so long as he behaves himself. They are liberal in their views, as they welcomed Queen Hortense when Geneva refused its permission for her to live in that city."

"We found Constance an interesting old place," said Fred, "though much smaller than it was in former times. Once it had 40,000 inhabitants, but there are now not more than 12,000 in the limits of the city. Constance was once a free city of the German empire. After the Ref-



CASILE OF MAINAU, LAKE CONSTANCE.

ormation it was subject to Austria, and in 1805 the Treaty of Presburg gave it to the Grand-duchy of Baden. We visited the cathedral, which was founded in 1052, and was rebuilt, substantially as we find it now, in the early part of the sixteenth century. Then we went to the hall of the Great Council, which was summoned to meet here in the year 1414, and continued its sessions for four years. According to his-



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF GERMAN EMPEROR.

tory, the Council consisted of the Emperor Sigismund, Pope John XXIII., 26 princes, 140 counts, 20 cardinals, 7 patriarchs, 20 archbishops, 91 bishops, 600 doctors and prelates, and about 4,000 priests! What a convention it must have been! But probably they were not all assembled at one time. This was the Council that deposed three rival popes and elected another (Martin V.), and its most famous—or infamous—act was the arrest, condemnation, and burning at the stake of the great Reformer, John Huss, and that other Reformer, Jerome of Prague, in consequence of their religious teachings.

“We saw the great hall where the Council held its meetings; it measures 150 feet by 100, and is now used as a market-place. The Dominican monastery where Huss was kept a prisoner happens to be the hotel to which we went, and so we did not have to take a walk in order to see it. We did have to walk, though, to see the house where Huss was arrested, and there is no mistaking the place, as it is marked by a tablet and a bust of the martyr. A guide wished to show us the spot outside the town where Huss and Jerome were burned to death, but we declined his offer to take us there. We preferred devoting the time to a row on the lake and to sight-seeing of a less painful character—so far as the recollections were concerned.”

From Constance, Frank and Fred went to the farther end of the lake by steamboat, terminating their voyage at Bregenz. They found the scenery less wild and interesting than that of Geneva Lake, but it was by no means monotonous or devoid of beauty. From Bregenz they



VILLAGE OF PFÄFFERS, NEAR
RAGATZ.

went by rail to Ragatz, whence they paid a brief visit to Pfäfers, both places being famous for baths. Here is what Frank said about them:

“Ragatz has the general appearance of a popular watering-place in Europe, as it has its kursaal, reading-room, bath-house, promenade, music pavilion, and the other attributes of a fashionable resort. It is a village rather than a town, as it has less than two thousand inhabitants, and until 1840 was of very little consequence. In that year the former residence of the abbots of Pfäfers was converted into a

hotel and bathing establishment, and since then other hotels and boarding-houses have come into existence. Fifty thousand people are said to come here every year, their patronage being divided between Ragatz and Pfäfers, and some years there are more.

“Pfäfers is not quite three miles from Ragatz by the road, and 500 feet above it in elevation. It lies in a gorge of the Tamina (not Tammany) River, and the gorge is so narrow that it often threatens to crowd the road into the creek. We were under the impression that the baths and village of Pfäfers were one and the same, but before leaving Ragatz we learned that we were mistaken; they are quite distinct, and some distance apart. We went first to Bad-Pfäfers, or the bathing-place, and found it a large building, with a gloomy exterior but very comfortable on the inside. The water in which people bathe gushes out in a great volume; it is as clear as any water you ever saw, and has neither taste nor smell, and the temperature keeps very close to 100° Fahrenheit during the entire year. The water from Bad-Pfäfers is carried to Ragatz in a large conduit, and the only advantage of Pfäfers over Ragatz is that you get your baths nearer the source.

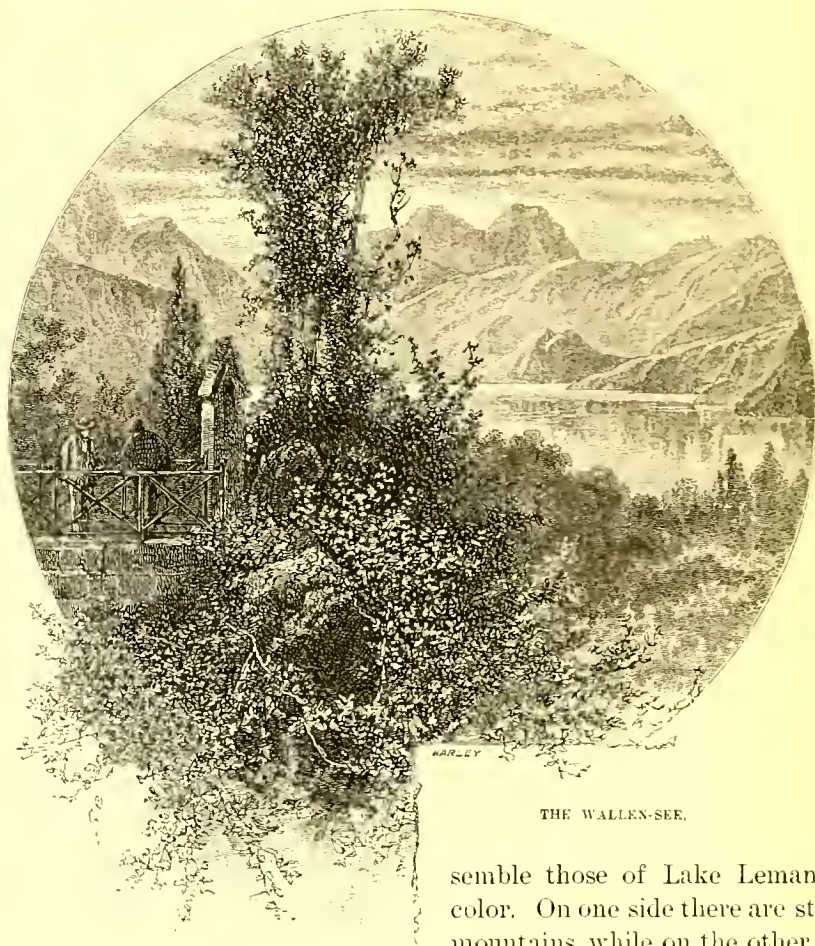
“We went up the gorge to the springs, about a quarter of a mile from the bathing-house. The gorge is narrow and gloomy; it is from thirty to fifty feet wide, and its bottom is occupied by the noisy Tamina, which dashes furiously over the rocks in the bed of the ravine. There is a wooden pathway fastened to the side of the ravine thirty feet or more above the river, and in some places the rocks fairly hang over you, and seem ready to fall at any moment. At the end of the walk is a great cavern whence the hot spring issues. We went into the cavern but did not stay long—perhaps two minutes. It was like going into the engine-room of an ocean steamship in the tropics, or, if anything, somewhat worse. The steam blinds and the heat suffocates so that one is glad to get to the outer air again.

“At the hotels and in the bath-houses we met several Americans, and when we were going up the ravine to the springs we met two or three of our countrymen who had just come out of the cavern and were wiping the dense perspiration from their foreheads. Ragatz is a favorite resort of Americans, who go there to be treated for rheumatism, difficulties of the stomach, and kindred maladies. General Grant is one of the Americans who have visited Ragatz, and the inhabitants are manifestly inclined to remember his name among other distinguished patrons of their very popular medicinal establishment.

“The scenery around Ragatz is magnificent, and there are many ex-

cursions to be made in the neighborhood by those whose constitutions are strong enough to endure the exertion. We did not stay long enough to climb any of the mountains in the vicinity. A day sufficed for our inspection of the baths, and then we departed in the direction of Zurich, taking the train that carried us past the Wallen-See, or Lake of Wallenstadt.

"It isn't a large lake, as it is only twelve miles long and perhaps two in width, but I don't believe there is a prettier lake in all Switzerland. It is said to be five hundred feet deep in some places, and its waters re-



THE WALLEN-SEE.

semble those of Lake Lemman in color. On one side there are steep mountains, while on the other are gentle slopes of land, with field, forest, and village following field, forest, and village again. The villages are thoroughly alpine in their character. If we had been blindfolded

and narcotized, and then brought here and allowed to look around, we should have said without a moment's hesitation, 'This must be Switzerland, the land of William Tell.'

"At Rapperschwyl we caught the steamer that took us through Zurich Lake to Zurich City. We telegraphed to Mr. Chapman that we were coming, and the whole party was at the landing to meet us."

Mary will tell us what she saw at Zurich previous to the arrival of her brother and cousin from their roundabout trip.

"I thought Zurich was a larger city than it proves to be, but perhaps I have been spoiled by Geneva and Bale. It has only a trifle over twenty thousand inhabitants, but it is pretty enough to have twice or three times that number. It's a very old place, though, as it was a Roman settlement. The Romans called it Turicum, and this Roman name has in eighteen centuries been twisted into 'Zurich.' It has extensive suburbs, which contain more people than are found in the city itself, and altogether it is a very busy and prosperous place.

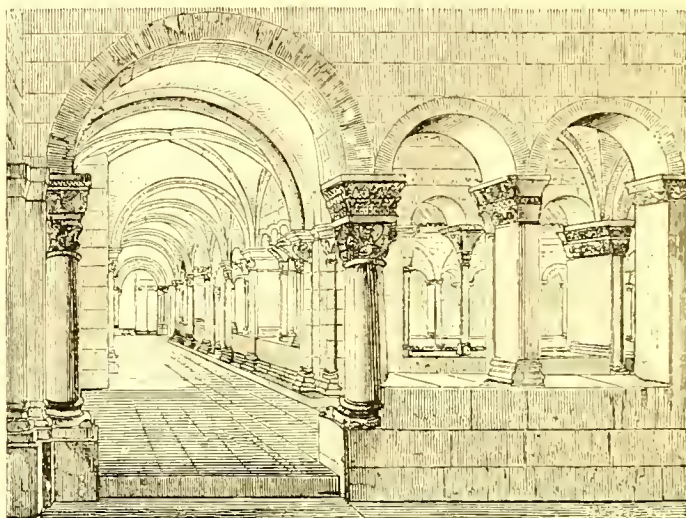
"We had heard that it was a good place to buy silks, and that the dress-makers understood their business thoroughly. There are 10,000 silk-looms in the canton, so the guide-book says; the manager of the hotel places the number at 20,000, but of course he is interested in drawing custom to the place, and may be relied upon to give unreliable information. There are many cotton factories and other industrial establishments in the neighborhood, and everybody that we have seen, except the strangers and travellers like ourselves, appears to be doing something to earn a living.

"The view from Zurich reminds us, in general, of that from Geneva, but when we come to take it in detail it is quite different. We can see in the distance the snowy peaks of the Alps, in front of us is the lake, and all around are pretty villages, grassy and hilly slopes, and gay vineyards. The air is clear, and it comes fresh from the mountains; but when the wind does not blow we find the reflections from the lake a trifle too warm for comfort. There is a pretty garden on the shore of the lake, and it reminded us very much of the garden at the lake front in Geneva, where we sat and enjoyed the view.

"But I'm forgetting the old buildings in the city, and some of them are so very old that Mr. Chapman said we ought to take off our hats to them. There is the cathedral, which was begun in the eleventh century, and has undergone very few changes in modern times; of course we went to see it, and also to the town library and the museum. In the town library they showed us some autograph letters of Lady Jane

Grey, Frederick the Great, Henry IV. of France, and other noted people. Mr. Chapman said he did not consider them of much consequence, as they were not at all well written and not even legible.

"When we came here we lost no time in finding a dress-making establishment, and negotiating for the new frocks that we thought we



CLOISTER OF ZURICH CATHEDRAL.

wanted. Evidently they are accustomed to doing things in a hurry, as they promised to have our dresses complete in two days and ready for delivery. The prices were very much less than those of Paris, and we cannot see that the Swiss silks are in any way different from those of France. We are very well satisfied with our purchases, although three days instead of two were required for completing the work; but I'll whisper confidentially that none of us expected anything else, and so we were not disappointed in the result."

An excursion was made to the top of the Uetliberg, a mountain 2500 feet above the sea-level and 1500 feet above the surface of Lake Zurich. It overlooks the lake and city, and gives a fine view of the mountains in the distance and a considerable extent of country at its base. The excursion is a very easy one to make, as it is accomplished by railway, the trains being pushed by locomotives behind them. The grade of the road is seven feet in one hundred, and there are no cogs, as

in the celebrated railway up the Rigi, the adhesion of the wheels of the locomotive on the rails being quite sufficient.

From the summit of this mountain the Rigi was pointed out, and Mrs. Bassett asked if they were likely to go there.

"We'll put the question to a popular vote," said Frank. "All in favor of the Rigi, please raise the right hand!"

There was no occasion to call for a negative vote, as all hands rose to the affirmative without hesitation.

"All right!" exclaimed Frank; "the Rigi it is. Mr. Chapman and I will arrange the details for the excursion."

On their return to Zurich the telegraph was set in operation, and rooms at the hotel on the Rigi were secured for the following night. The morning train was taken for Zug, twenty-four miles away, and then a steamboat carried them the nine miles that comprise the length of the lake of Zug. The steamboat landed them at Arth, and as they stepped on shore their attention was drawn to a queer-looking locomotive, which appeared ready to tumble over unless propped up.

"Let me introduce you to an American," said Frank to his mother, as he pointed to this curiosity on the railway track.

"Surely that cannot be a countryman of ours," replied Mrs. Bassett, as she directed her gaze towards a man in a blue blouse, who stood by the side of the engine as if waiting for orders.

"Not the man, mother," said the youth, "but the locomotive."

"Was that locomotive built in America?" she asked, in a tone of surprise mingled with contempt.

"Probably not," responded Frank; "but the system was invented in our country for the ascent of Mount Washington. The Mount Washington Railway was begun in 1866, and as soon as its success was determined some enterprising speculators from Switzerland visited the United States and inspected the new scheme. Then they began the construction of the Rigi Railway, and since the completion of this line several others have been built in various parts of Europe."

"I suppose that, like most other inventions, this was considered a very visionary one at first," remarked Mrs. Bassett.

"Yes," replied Frank; "when the projector of the Mount Washington Railway asked for a charter from the New Hampshire Legislature, the proposal was received with laughter, and one member rose and moved that the gentleman be allowed to build a railway to the moon. The scheme was considered of so little moment that some of the members were inclined to drop it altogether, on the ground that their time should

not be wasted upon absurdities of that sort. The charter was finally obtained, and you know the result."

Our friends were soon seated in the train, and the ascent of the Rigi was begun. Mrs. Bassett observed that the locomotive, which seemed ready to tip over while on a level, was all right when it reached the slope of the mountain. She noted that between the ordinary rails there were two other rails equipped with teeth, and that a cog-wheel on the locomotive fitted into these teeth. The turning of this cog-wheel moved the train along.

The speed did not exceed three miles an hour, or certainly it was not much above that figure. Frank told his mother that the grade was one foot in five on the line they were travelling, while on the other side of the mountain, from Rigi Culm to Lake Lucerne, the gradient was one foot in four. The line from Lake Lucerne is the oldest portion, and was begun in 1869. The locomotives are of 120 horse-power, with upright boilers, and they are so constructed that while they push the trains up by means of steam-power, they regulate the descent by admitting air to the cylinders and using no steam whatever. In case of accident the motion of the trains can be checked instantly; and it is claimed that there are four ways of stopping a train, each of them independent of all the others. In ascending the mountain the locomotive is always behind the train; never in front of it.

Less than two hours from the time they started from Arth the party had reached the summit of the Rigi and found their rooms in the hotel. On the way up the mountain they had tried to enjoy the scenery, but their position was not such as to enable them to study the view to advantage. On reaching the summit they lost no time in taking in the scene that is presented to the eye of the traveller at that commanding point. Here is what Mary said about it:

"I feel that I can give but a faint idea of the scenery from the top of the Rigi. One ought to have a painted panorama a mile or two in length to do the subject justice; and with the panorama there should be a lecture requiring not less than an hour for delivery. Not having the panorama and lecture, I'll do the best I can without them.

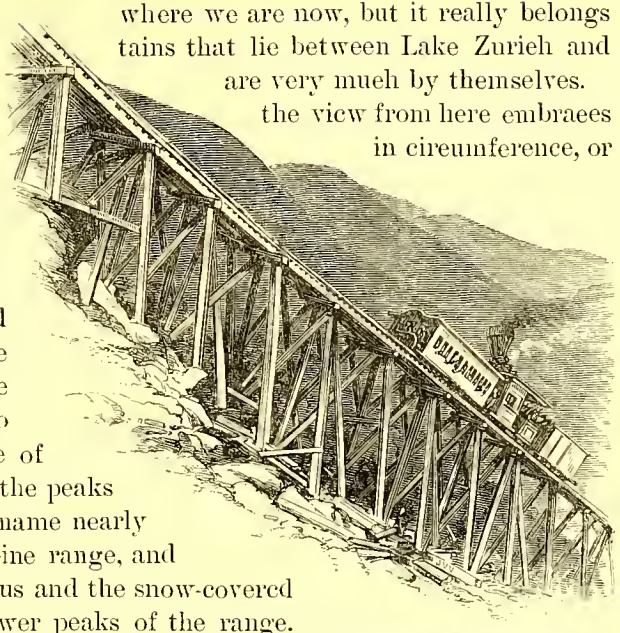
"The Rigi isn't a lofty mountain, as it is only a trifle more than 5900 feet above sea-level, and 4472 feet above Lake Lucerne. It is covered with grass to the summit, so that any one coming here to see glaciers and heavy snow-banks will be disappointed. It is steep on the north side, but on the south it slopes away very gently for a mountain, and is covered with pastures and fields. The name Rigi is generally applied

only to the peak to a group of mountains that lie between Lake Lucerne, and Lake Zurich, and are very much by themselves.

"I am told that the view from here embraces in circumference, or a territory 300 miles 100 miles in diameter. The horizon to the south is filled with the chain of the snowy Alps, and from this elevation we can take in from one end of the chain to the other, a distance of 120 miles. To name the peaks in sight would be to name nearly the whole of the Alpine range, and I forbear. Between us and the snow-covered mountains are the lower peaks of the range. The snow of last winter has melted from them, and they lie bleak and dark in the masses of rock towards their summits and the forests and fields at their base. Close at our feet is the slope of the Rigi, with the grass extending to where we stand, and covering the very peak with its soft carpet.

"Now let us turn to the north and note the contrast. Down the precipitous sides of the Rigi we look upon fields, farms, towns, villages, roads, lakes, rivers, and every other feature that goes to make up the landscape of a region like that which lies between us and the northern boundary of Switzerland. The whole of Lake Zug is in sight, and so is a large part of Lakes Lucerne and Zurich. With a good map of the region before you, and time to spare, you can study geography in the best of all ways; but we are too busy with the attractions of the picture to attend to anything so practical as that.

"The next time you have the opportunity, go into the gallery of a great hall and look upon the floor below. Now imagine that the floor is covered with a green carpet, and the carpet marked off into patches of different sizes and shapes; then imagine that it contains streaks of silver, winding irregularly as they take their way to plates of silver, whose edges are irregular, and whose shapes—in some cases, at least—are more than irregular. Thus you have the rivers and lakes that are



MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY—
PARENT OF THE RIGI LINE.

seen from the Rigi. You can imagine the mountains, hills, and forests that lie to the south, but after you have exhausted your brain in conjuring up a picture you will still be far short of the reality.

"We watched the sunset from the top of the mountain. The effect was magnificent, but it was a good deal spoiled by the noise of the crowd around us, and the sounds of an Alpine horn which was blown by a fellow with more persistence than musical taste. After annoying everybody, he passed his hat for contributions, and I was glad to see that most people refused to give. The same man was around early the next morning to call everybody for the sunrise. We retired immediately after sunset, in order to be up in season for the grand sight of the Rigi. Mr. Chapman suggested that it was inconvenient to have the sun come



MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY.

up so early in the day, and he wondered why it could not be arranged to have sunrise occur about noon, or possibly an hour earlier.

“We were well repaid for our exertion, and were favored with a clear morning for the view. It was dark when we reached the mountain-top, but very soon there was a streak of light in the east which blotted out the stars one by one, leaving the brightest to the last. Then the streak became a band of gold at the edge of the sky, and from this band there was reflected a yellowish tinge upon the peaks of snow. Brighter and brighter grew the tinge, the yellow turned to pale rose, and this again to pink and scarlet; and as it spread along the mountains and sank into the valleys, the whole scene gradually revealed itself, as a picture develops upon a photographic plate. The mountains glow, the dark valleys are lighted up, the fields and roads evolve themselves from the shadows, the air loses its chilliness, the warmth and glow and light increase moment after moment, till at length the sun displays its disk from behind the distant peaks, and you take a long breath of relief as the crowd melts away in the direction of the hotel, and the Alpine horn ceases its melancholy twang.”

All travellers are not as fortunate as were our friends, as it often happens that the Rigi is enveloped in clouds at the hour of sunrise, and here, as elsewhere in the world, the sun makes no postponement on account of the weather. Sometimes it happens that the top of the mountain is clear, while the region below is covered with clouds, and occasionally visitors to the Rigi have the novelty of looking upon a thunder-shower far below them, while all is clear and bright where they stand and the skies above are cloudless.

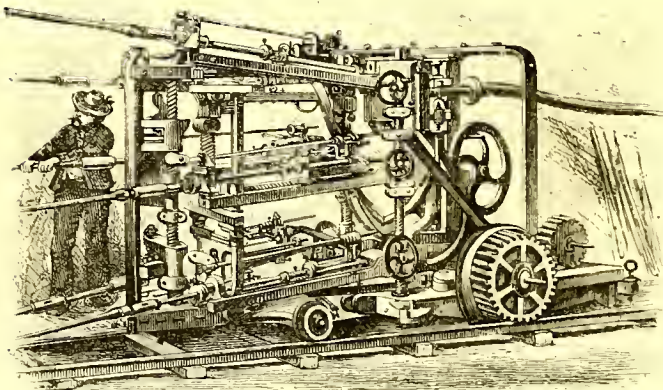
From the Rigi our friends descended by way of Vitznau and the Lake of the Four Cantons, better known, perhaps, as Lake Lucerne. At Vitznau they took the steamboat for Lucerne, where they finished the day very agreeably, and went the next morning on an excursion to Flüelen, at the other end of the lake.

CHAPTER XXII.

SCENERY OF LAKE LUCERNE.—WILLIAM TELL.—SPRINGS OF THE RUTLI.—TELL'S CHAPEL.—DOUBTS CONCERNING THE TELL TRADITIONS.—THE AXENSTRASSE.—SAINT GOTHARD RAILWAY AND TUNNEL.—A SPIRAL RAILWAY.—HOW THE SAINT GOTHARD TUNNEL WAS BUILT.—MACHINE-DRILLS AND THEIR WORK.—EXACTNESS OF ENGINEERING.—HOW THE TWO ENDS OF THE TUNNEL MET IN THE MOUNTAIN.—CERTAIN TERMS EXPLAINED.—INSPECTING THE TUNNEL.—AIR LOCOMOTIVES, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.—LONGEST TUNNELS IN THE WORLD.—A TELEGRAM FROM DOCTOR BRONSON.—THE ARLBERG TUNNEL.—FROM LUCERNE TO INNSBRUCK.—THE ENGADINE VALLEY.—ARRIVAL AT INNSBRUCK.

THE travellers agreed without a dissenting voice that the Lake of Lucerne was not to be surpassed in beauty and magnificence of scenery by any body of inland water that they had seen in Europe. In every direction there were mountains; in some places they came ab-

ruptly to the shore of the lake, while in others there were intervening slopes of field and forest, and here and there a bit of level ground. Villas, castles, hotels, and other edifices showed that the country was far



DRILLING MACHINE.

from being uninhabited, and, judging by their appearance, some of the structures could evidently boast an age of centuries.

"This is the region that the poet Schiller has made famous as the scene of the exploits of William Tell," said Frank.

"I was reading about them," said Mary; "and when we pass the springs of the Rutli and Tell's Chapel I think I'll be able to point them out, provided the description is correct."

"What are the springs of the Rutli?" queried Mrs. Bassett. "I don't think I've heard of them."

"The tradition is," the girl answered, "that there is a point near the lake where the three cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden meet. On the night of November 7, 1307, thirty-three men from these cantons met at this spot, and bound themselves by an oath to give their lives, their fortunes, and their honor to freeing their land from the oppressors that then held it. Here is the description of it from Schiller's 'William Tell:'

" 'On the lake's left bank,
As we sail hence to Brunnen right against
The Mythenstein, deep hidden in the wood
A meadow lies, by shepherds called the Rootli,
Because the wood has been uprooted there.
'Tis where our canton's boundaries verge on yours;
Thither by lonely by-paths let us wend
At midnight and deliberate o'er our plans.'"

"Is that where the three springs are?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Yes; the tradition is that where the three conspirators, the leaders from each of the three cantons, stood up and took their oath of fidelity to each other, three springs burst forth, and have been flowing ever since. At any rate, the springs are there, and I suppose it is proper to believe the rest of the story."

"Did you not tell us at Geneva that the story of Tell's exploit with the arrow and apple on his son's head is supposed to be a myth," Mrs. Bassett asked, as she turned towards Frank.

"That is the belief of men who have investigated the story," was the reply. "They show that the chroniclers of Tell's time make no mention of the exploit, and it did not appear until a century and a half after the alleged occurrence. Modern writers show that the legend was taken bodily from Norse chronicles of the tenth century, wherein the wicked King Harold ordered an archer named Toko to pierce an apple on the head of his son. Toko told the boy to turn his head so that their eyes should not meet and thus disturb his aim; then he took three arrows, and with the first he hit the apple. The King asked him what the other arrows were for, and Toko answered, 'The second should have pierced thy heart, and the third that of any one who moved.' So

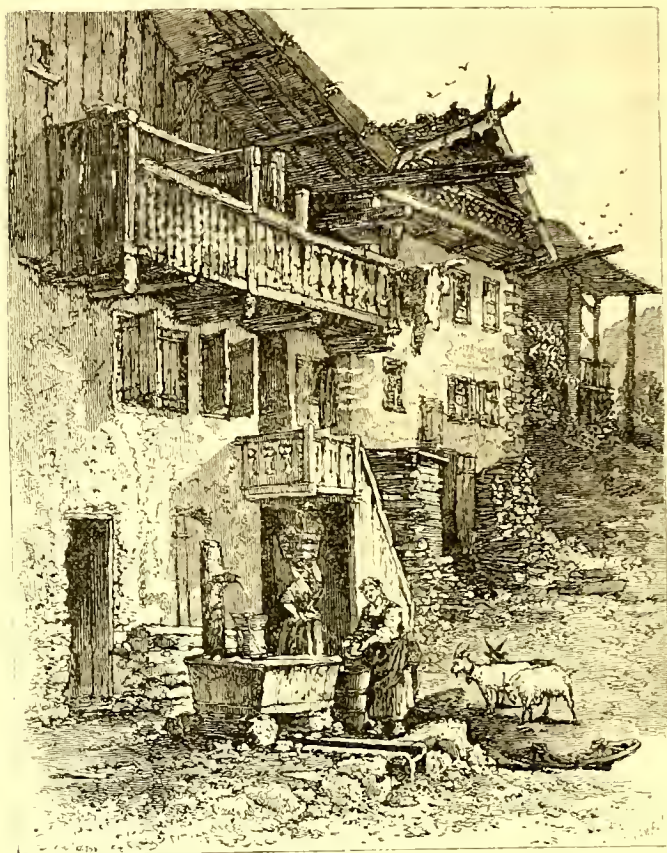
you see that the apple story is three hundred years older than the time of William Tell and the tyrant Gesler."

"But there is Tell's Chapel," said Mary, pointing to the structure, which is said to have been erected by the Canton of Uri, in 1388, on the

spot where Tell sprang from Gesler's boat.

"It is of a much later construction than that," Frank answered; "but it will do no harm to accept it as a genuine monument."

"I wonder if they have the real apple and arrow preserved there," said Mr. Chapman. "Those things we might possibly accept as genuine, and also the hat of the tyrant Gesler, provided it is not a silk one, with the label of a New York or London hat



VILLAGE SCENE.

manufacturer on the inside lining or on the box that contains it."

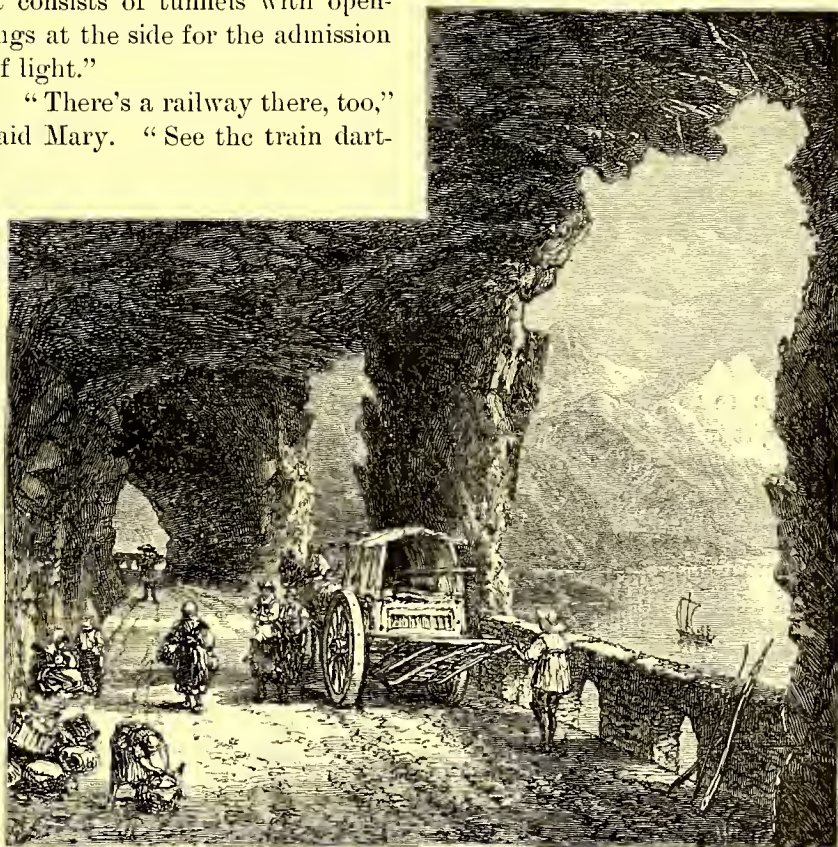
"Let us come to things of more modern times," said Fred; "and we will dismiss Tell and his traditions with the regret that the pretty story has been spoiled by investigation. There does appear to have been a man named Tell among those who fought to relieve the Forest Cantons from the rule of the tyrants which the Austrian House of Hapsburg had placed over them. The patriots allied themselves with the cause

of the rival monarch, Adolph of Nassau, and during the struggle he confirmed their ancient privileges. After the Hapsburgs were driven out Adolph took away the privileges he had granted, but his rule seems to have been quite mild by comparison with that of his predecessor. The Swiss did not remain content till they had secured their independence. In one form and another, the struggle lasted for 200 years after the time of Tell, and ended in the independence of the cantons."

Between Tell's chapel and the end of the lake Frank called attention to a road, which was cut in the side of the mountain that came down with a precipitous side to the water's edge.

"That is the Axenstrasse," said Frank, "and it is an excellent specimen of Swiss road-making. In some places it is in the form of an open shelf in the rock, while in others it consists of tunnels with openings at the side for the admission of light."

"There's a railway there, too," said Mary. "See the train dart-



THE AXENSTRASSE.

ing in and out of the tunnels, and winding along the side of the lake. It must have been a bold engineer who placed the railway there."

"The line is a new one," said Mr. Chapman, "and was built quite recently, as a link in the Saint Gothard route through the Alps."

"Please tell us about it," said Katie—"I mean the Saint Gothard tunnel. I'm sure all would like to know about it."

"Certainly we would," said Mrs. Bassett, and the rest of the party expressed a similar desire for information.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Chapman spoke substantially as follows :

"You have heard of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the one under the Savoy Alps, between France and Italy, have you not?" he asked, beginning his story with a question, which is the way of some people.

All the party indicated a knowledge of that route of travel. Next he asked if they knew of the railway over the Brenner Pass, between Italy and Austria, and this question received a similar assent.

"Well," continued the gentleman, "Germany and Switzerland found that these two routes were taking away much of their trade and travel with Italy, and unless they were willing to lose the business altogether it was necessary for them to create a new route about midway between the two. They decided upon the Saint Gothard route, and induced Italy to join them in granting large subsidies to the construction of the road, which was altogether too great an undertaking for private capital to engage in with any hope of profit.

"You have seen how the railway along the lake runs through tunnels. Well, there are tunnels on the Saint Gothard route amounting in all to more than twenty-two miles, in a total distance of one hundred and eight miles from Lake Lucerne in Switzerland to Lake Maggiore in Italy; this includes the great central tunnel."

"Twenty-two miles of underground riding in travelling one hundred and eight miles!" exclaimed Mrs. Bassett. "The scenery must be somewhat monotonous on that journey."

"Yes, it is, in the tunnels," was the reply; "but it is magnificent on the other four-fifths of the route. Tunnel scenery is pretty much the same all the world over. But there's a peculiarity about these tunnels that was never before adopted on a railway line."

"What is that?"

"Seven of them are built in a spiral form inside the mountains where they are. Wind a string around your finger in the form of a screw and you can have an idea of the shape of these tunnels."

"Why did they make them that way?"

"In order to gain elevation. The Swiss end of the tunnel is at Geschenen, 3639 feet above the sea, and more than 2200 feet above Lake Lucerne. It is less than twenty miles from the lake to Geschenen, and so it was necessary to have the road twist around a good deal in order to avoid too steep a grade. It was found cheaper to do the twisting in tunnels rather than in the open air, and that is the reason for the spirals in the mountains."

"I understand," said Mrs. Bassett. "It is just for the same reason that we make a spiral or winding staircase in a house where a straight one would be too steep."

"That is it exactly," replied Mr. Chapman. "Some of these winding tunnels are more than a mile in length, but they are mere trifles compared to the main tunnel, which is nine and a half miles long from the Swiss to the Italian end."

"How did they make it, and how long did it take them to get through from one country to the other?" Mrs. Bassett asked, evidently with a great deal of interest.

"The work was begun in 1872 and finished in 1881," was the reply :



SAINT GOTHARD PASS.

"and the cost of it was over sixty millions of dollars. There was a mistake in the calculations of the expense which was placed at about half of what it ultimately proved to be. This mistake caused a delay in the completion of the work, which was altogether suspended for a time while the additional money was being raised.

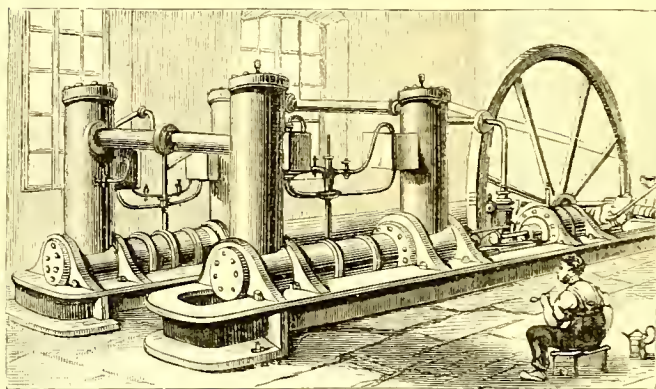
"Now as to the way the tunnel was made: I was here soon after they began operations, and went into the tunnel as far as it was then completed. And here comes in a bit of history as to boring in rock."

"What is that?"

"Down to about the year 1860 tunnelling in rock had been done with hand-drills. Hand-drills were used for three years on the Mont Cenis Tunnel, which was begun in 1857; and the necessity of increasing the rate of progress led to the invention of machine-drills."

"Who invented them?" Fred asked.

"The invention has been claimed in America, England, Italy, and France," was the reply; "and it is fair to say that all those countries have been concerned in bringing the machine-drill to its present state of perfection. An Englishman invented, in 1855, a drill to be operated by steam-power, and about the same time an Italian engineer devised a process of compressing air by means of water-power, so as to use it in propelling trains up a slope of the Apennines. The Mont Cenis Tunnel was then under consideration, and when work was begun on it in 1857



AIR COMPRESSOR.

this same Italian engineer, M. Sommellier, was engaged upon it. The drilling was done by hand, and when M. Sommellier heard of the English steam-drill he conceived the idea of combining it with his compressed-air power

machine, and using the combination for boring through the Alps.

"He combined the two inventions, and the engineering world knows how successful the power-drill has been. American inventors have im-

proved upon the original, and while the Mont Cenis and Saint Gothard tunnels were bored with the drills of Sommellier and other European inventors, the Hoosac Tunnel in Massachusetts, and also many other American tunnels, have been bored by American machines. The air that works the drills is the pure air from outside. As it does its work and is released, it fills the space at the end of the tunnel, and thus serves an excellent purpose in the way of much-needed ventilation.

“The machine-drills are arranged so that they can be worked singly, the air being supplied by a flexible pipe; or several of them may be mounted side by side on a frame, and made to attack the face of the rock simultaneously. Holes are drilled in the rock in the same way as by hand-drills, only very much more rapidly. Then the holes are charged with explosives, and by means of an electric wire the charges are fired simultaneously. Before the explosion the machines are drawn

back a short distance, and the workmen retire to a place of safety. After the explosion the smoke is driven away by the admission of air through the pipes, the broken stone is removed, and the place is made ready for renewed drilling, to be followed by another blast. Day and



A STREET IN AIROLO.

night the work goes steadily on—week after week, month after month, and year after year—till at length the workmen from the opposite sides meet in the middle of the mountain, and the tunnel is completed.”

“You say they meet in the middle of the mountain!” Mrs. Bassett remarked. “How can they start on opposite sides of a mountain miles away and out of sight, and know they are going to meet in the middle of it? That’s what I can’t understand.”

“That is a matter of science in surveying,” was the reply. “The surveys were made over the mountain, and required the most exact calculations. That they were exact is shown by the circumstances that when the ends of the tunnel met in the middle of the mountain they were only a fraction of an inch out of the way. In the Mont Cenis Tunnel they were only a few inches from meeting exactly, and any modern engineer would be ashamed of himself if he made an error of half a foot in his calculations concerning the point of meeting.

“And the surveys are made under great disadvantages,” he continued. “The surveyors must climb the rugged sides of the mountains, and very often they are among the snows and whirlwinds of elevated points, where their lives are in peril. They must keep to their line, no matter where it carries them; and not infrequently they are suspended over precipices or down the sides of steep cliffs by means of ropes, and in these dangerous and uncomfortable positions they must manipulate the most delicate instruments used in their profession. The wonder is that they are able to locate a line so that when the work is pushed forward the ends of the tunnel ever meet at all.”

Mrs. Bassett agreed with him, and said she never knew before the exactness of the work of the skilled surveyor.

“In reading about tunnels,” she continued, “I have found things I did not understand. I got all confused with galleries, drifts, headings, and I don’t know what else. Please explain them to me, and perhaps the rest of the party will be as grateful as I am for the explanation.”

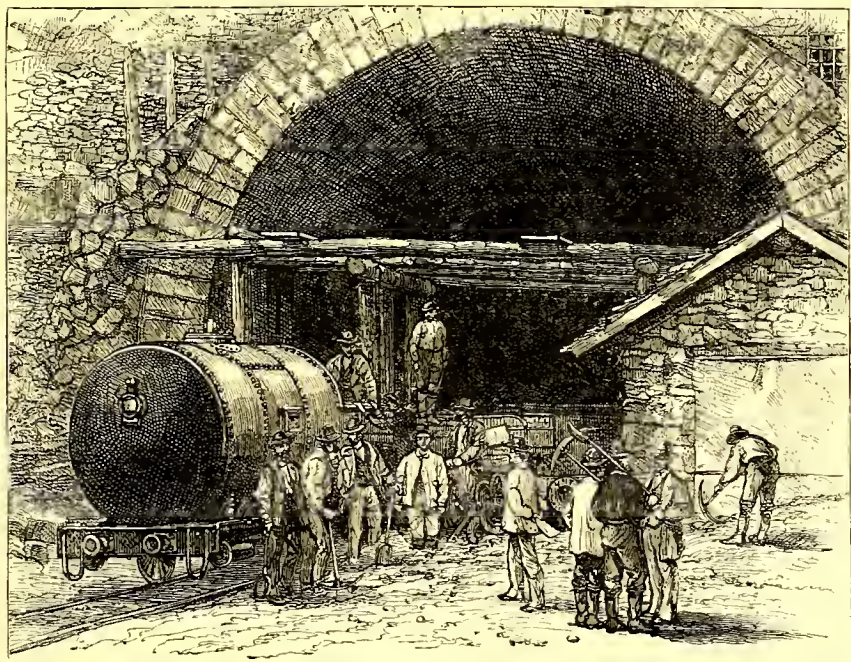
“Well,” was the reply, “the gallery is the tunnel as it is first cut in the rock, the heading is the most advanced portion of the gallery, and the drift is the most advanced portion of the heading. You see, they do not cut the whole and complete tunnel all at once. They bore a hole where the drift is to be, and a few holes around it in a circle, perhaps two feet in diameter and a yard or more in depth. Then they make a blast to open up this space, and when it is opened they drill a circle of holes around the space, and then charge and explode them. The rock breaks in the direction where it is weakest, and this is towards the space

in the centre. The process is continued, the circle being enlarged each time till the gallery is completed and a new heading is made."

"Do they finish the whole tunnel as they go along?"

"Sometimes they do, but not generally. Much depends upon the character of the rock where they are working. If it is very soft, the arching must be done at once, to keep the roof from falling, or perhaps slowly sinking down till it closes up the tunnel altogether. Where the rock is hard the arching is done very leisurely, and sometimes the gallery is pushed ahead for a mile or more at a height just sufficient for the men to work, the rest of the rock being blasted away and removed to the outside by other gangs of men.

"When I went into the tunnel," said Mr. Chapman, "I had to put on a suit of miner's clothing to save my own garments from injury.



AIR-LOCOMOTIVE.

The clothes they gave me appeared to be composed of equal parts of mud and cotton, with enough petroleum to give them a strong odor. Then they gave me a thick felt hat, and a pair of boots which rose above the knee. My conductor explained that there was a great deal

of water in the tunnel, and they were constantly finding new seams of it. For convenience of drainage, the tunnel slopes upward from each end to the point of meeting. The slope on the Gesehenen, or northern

end, is six feet in 1000; on the Airolo, or southern end, it is one foot in 1000 feet.

"We were taken into the tunnel by an air-locomotive—the first engine of the kind I had ever seen."

"What is an air-locomotive?" one of the listeners asked.

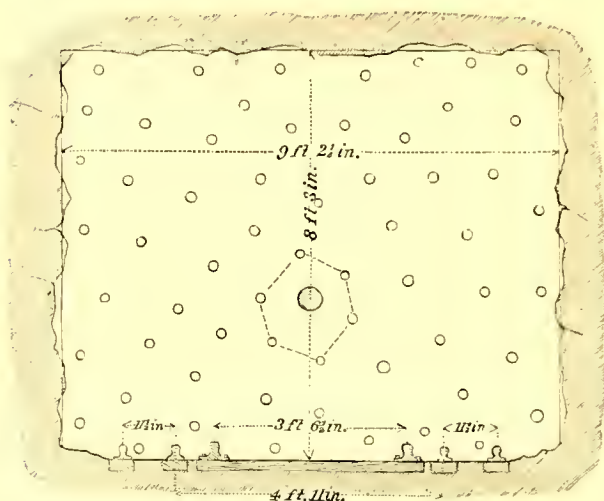
"It is a locomotive in which compressed air is the motive-power instead of steam. The propel-

ling machinery is much like that of the ordinary locomotive; but in place of the boiler and fire-box with a glowing fire there is a cylinder that looks like a great boiler without a funnel. Air at the pressure of twelve or fifteen atmospheres (180 to 225 pounds to the square inch) is forced into this cylinder, and this is the power that drives the locomotive along the railway track."

"How do they compress the air?"

"The compression is done near the entrance of the tunnel, where there is a shed containing a long row of compressors, which are nothing more nor less than the great air-pumps, propelled by the river that comes down from the mountain-side, and had been wasting its force for thousands of years until the engineers came along and harnessed it. Really, it is the river Reuss that has bored the Saint Gothard Tunnel, or the northern half of it; the river works the air-compressors, and the compressed air is carried in pipes into the mountain, where it operates the drills and ventilates the gallery, so that the workmen are not suffocated."

"Isn't there a great deal of power going to waste all over the world that might be utilized in compressing air, which could be taken in pipes to where it could operate machinery?" Frank asked.



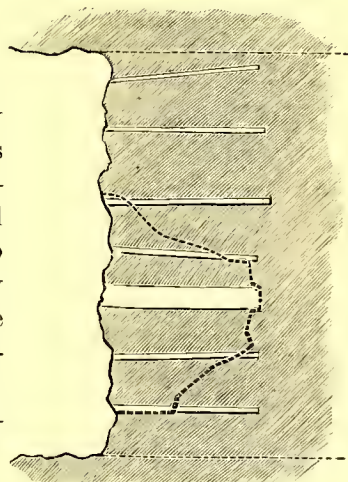
CROSS-SECTION OF GALLERY.

"Certainly there is," was the reply; "and the wonder is that so little has been done thus far towards saving it. There is power enough at Niagara Falls to run all the machinery in America, and there is power enough in the tides along the coast, and in the breaking of the waves on the beaches of the ocean, to take the place of all the steam-engines that were ever constructed. But we are getting away from the tunnel under the Saint Gothard mountain.

"As I was saying, the air-locomotive carried me into the tunnel, and very soon I was near the heading. The noise of the drilling-machines was deafening, and it was impossible for us to converse. The workmen do not attempt to talk, all orders being given by signs, and it is only when the operation of the drills stops that talking is possible. When the locomotive stopped they gave each of us a lantern, and we picked our way over the rough bottom of the tunnel till we reached the heading. The noise increased at every step; we were half-drenched with water trickling from the ceiling, and in some places it was gushing in small streams. Our conductor said that sometimes it burst forth with such force as to suspend operations, and once a stream of considerable size rushed in and frightened everybody, so that they ran in a panic towards the entrance of the tunnel.

"They showed me a place where the bottom of the tunnel bulged up, and made it necessary to arch it below as well as above. Since I was there, they came upon a place where the rock was soft, and the great weight of the mountain above caused it to contract beyond the power of ordinary brick arching to resist. They made an archway of heavy plates and blocks of steel, and this was the only thing that kept the rock under control and preserved the tunnel.

"It was hot in the tunnel, the thermometer standing at about 80° Fahrenheit, and the exertion of walking made me perspire freely. The workmen were very thinly clad, boots, trousers, and hats comprising the garbs of most of them. The workmen were all Italians. The Germans and Swiss seemed quite willing to allow the Italians to do this underground work, which is neither agreeable nor free from danger.

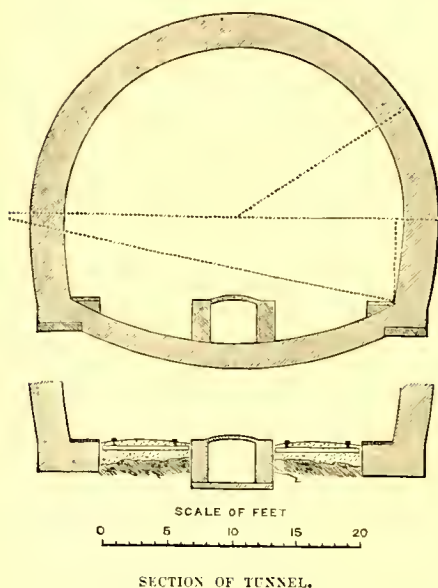


LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF GALLERY.

The fact was the Italians would do the work for less money than any other people; they received from three to six francs a day (60 cents to \$1.20), and boarded themselves. The average wages were about 80 cents, and out of this they managed to live on about one-half the amount they received, and sent the rest to their families in Italy."

"You haven't told us how large the tunnel is," said Mrs. Chapman, who had been listening with the same interest as the rest.

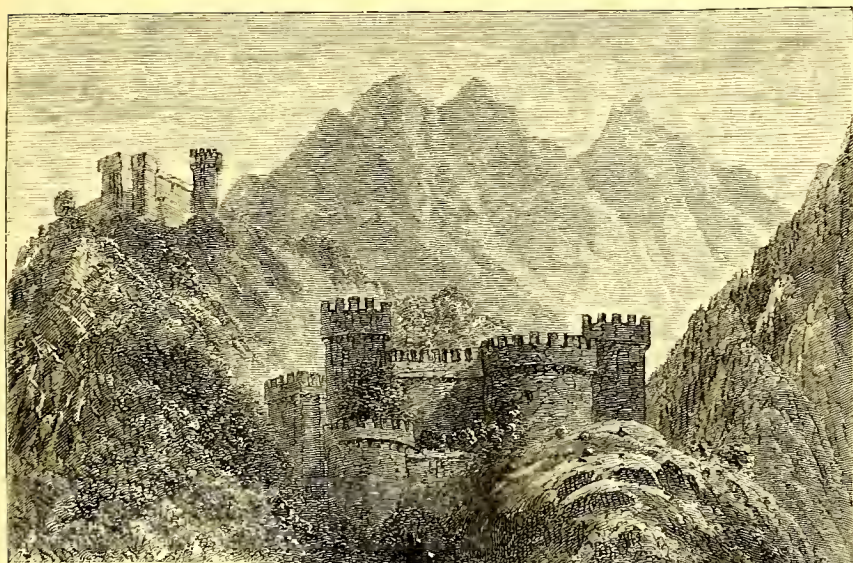
"Excuse me; I thought I mentioned it. The Saint Gothard Tunnel is the same, or very nearly the same, size as the Mont Cenis Tunnel. It is 42 feet wide at the bottom, and 26 feet at the springing of the arch, while the centre of the arch is 19 feet from the floor. There are two railway tracks, so that trains may run in either direction at the same time; and between the tracks there is a covered way arched with masonry for purposes of drainage. While they were building the tunnel this covered way was found very convenient



for the men employed in its construction when falls of rock had blocked up the gallery, as it is large enough for a man to crawl through."

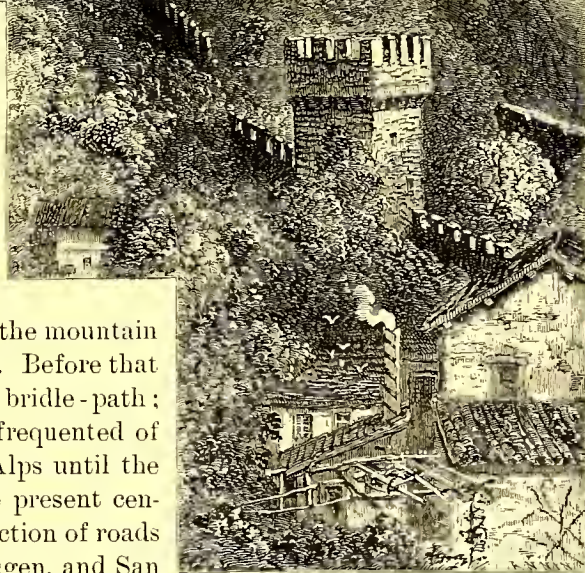
Mr. Chapman said that the Saint Gothard Tunnel is the longest in the world, and will probably hold that rank for some time to come. He had heard of a proposal to build a tunnel under the Simplon Pass, and also one under Mont Blanc; but thus far the projects had not taken practical shape. In answer to a question by Mrs. Bassett, he said that the longest tunnel in America was that beneath the Hoosac Mountain, in Massachusetts, four and a half miles from one end to the other. It was proposed as early as 1825, but work was not begun upon it until more than twenty years later, and the tunnel was not completed until the beginning of 1875. The first train of cars ran through Hoosac Tunnel on April 5th of that year, and regular service began soon after.

From Fluelen our friends returned to Lucerne by the same boat that carried them up the lake. Mrs. Bassett thought she would like to cross



the Saint Gothard Pass in the old way, but learned that since the completion of the tunnel there was comparatively little pleasure travel over the mountain.

The present road over the mountain was completed in 1832. Before that time it was simply a bridle-path; but it was the most frequented of all the passes of the Alps until the commencement of the present century, when the construction of roads over the Simplon, Splügen, and San Bernardino passes caused it to be almost deserted. The completion of the road quickly restored its old popularity, which it continued to hold until the railway was opened and obtained a monopoly of travel.



BELLINZONA, ON THE SAINT GOTHARD ROUTE.

During their return voyage to Lucerne the party discussed plans for the continuation of their journey, but without coming to any definite

conclusion. When they reached the hotel Frank found a telegram from Doctor Bronson which enabled them to come to a conclusion very speedily. It ran as follows:

"If not interfering with your plans, meet me at Four Seasons Hotel, Munich, next Saturday. Answer at Berlin."

"That is easy enough," said Frank. "It is now Tuesday, and we can go to Munich by leisurely stages."

"Leisurely enough they may be," replied Fred. "We will go by Ulm and Augsburg, I suppose."

"Better than that, I was about to suggest, is to go by the Arlberg Tunnel and Railway to Innsbruck, and thence to Munich. It will take us over a short distance that you and I have travelled, but which will be new to mamma and Mary."

"Furthermore," said Frank, turning to Mrs. Bassett, "it will give you a chance to imagine you are passing through the Saint Gothard Tunnel. The Arlberg Tunnel isn't as long as the Saint Gothard, but it is more than six miles from one end of it to the other, and that will be quite sufficient for all practical purposes."

"I didn't know about the Arlberg Tunnel," said Mary, "although I was reading about the Tyrol this very morning."

"Very naturally you didn't know of it, as the book you were reading was printed before the railway from Innsbruck to Bregenz (121 miles) was completed. The tunnel was begun in June, 1880, and the first train went through it on November 13, 1883. The entire line was finished and formally inaugurated with great ceremonies by the Emperor of Austria, in September of the following year."

As already stated, a part of the journey from Lucerne to Innsbruck was made over the route already visited by Frank and Fred in their excursion from the falls of the Rhine, and the rest of it was accomplished as quickly as possible. Mrs. Bassett suggested that a few mountains and valleys, more or less, would make no material difference in their travels in Switzerland; and, as already stated, she wished to keep something for a subsequent visit. "I'm glad," she added, "that we are to visit the Tyrol. Please tell me what is the difference or the resemblance between the Tyrol and Switzerland?"

"The scenery of the Tyrol is essentially Swiss in character," said Frank, "as it is traversed by the chains of the Alps, so that it is a very mountainous region. Geographically it is a province of Austria, and is bounded on the north by Bavaria, east by Salzburg and Carinthia, south by Italy, and west by Switzerland. About one-third of its surface is

covered by rocks, glaciers, or perpetual snows, as many of the mountains rise above the snow-line of the Alps; another third is covered with forests, and the remaining third consists of pastures and farming lands."

"Do the people resemble the Swiss?"

"They are much like the Swiss," was the reply, "though there are certain points of difference, which may be attributed to political causes more than to anything else. They are an industrious race, finely formed and robust, fond of the mountains and their mountain homes, and devoted to their native land. They have a great many national songs, which they preserve with the utmost care, and they are as pious as they are patriotic. Two-thirds of the 900,000 inhabitants are of German descent and one-third Italian. All are devout Roman Catholics, with but comparatively few exceptions.

"The Rhine is the boundary between Switzerland and the Tyrol, and when we pass that river we shall be out of the republic and in the monarchy of Austria-Hungary; but to Innsbruck and beyond it the scenery will be almost identical with that in which we have passed the greater part of our time since our arrival at Geneva."

The Chapman family concluded to remain a short time longer in Switzerland. No definite arrangements were made for a future meeting, but it was agreed that the two parties would be informed of each other's movements, and quite likely they would come together again at no distant date.

When our friends passed Landeck, and were still some forty and odd miles from Innsbruck, they found themselves in the valley of the impetuous river Inn. On each side of the valley the mountains rose abruptly, sometimes in comparatively gentle slopes; oc-



TYROLESE PEASANT GIRL.

asionally the valley opened to considerable widths, and again there seemed to be hardly room enough for river and railway without interfering with one another. The railway, as the latest comer, treated the river with great respect, and occasionally retired into a tunnel or crossed from one bank to the other, rather than interfere with the course of the stream. Perhaps this policy was dictated by fear of what the river might do in retaliation rather than out of pure politeness.

The Inn rises in Switzerland at an elevation of nearly 7000 feet, so that it has abundant space for its descent. Through the mountains and as far as Innsbruck it is a swift stream, with many falls and rapids. Navigation begins at Innsbruck and is continued to Passau, where the river joins the Danube, of which it is one of the principal tributaries.

"Isn't the Engadine valley on the Inn?" Mary asked, as she looked from the window of the car at the swift-flowing stream.

"Yes," replied Frank; "it extends nearly sixty miles along the river, and is rarely more than a mile in width. The Upper Engadine is at an elevation of nearly 6000 feet, and is much visited in summer by invalids. There are frosts in all the months of the year, and in the winter the thermometer drops to 30° below zero."

"That is where the inhabitants describe their climate as 'nine months winter and three months cold,' is it not?" queried Fred.

"Yes," was the reply; "and they do not exaggerate very much when they say it. In some places the valley is so narrow that the sun reaches the bottom for only a few hours each day in summer, and hardly at all in winter. One American visitor declares that when he was there the sun never got into the valley until the forenoon of next day.

"The climate is so dry," continued Frank, "that meat will be perfectly preserved from October to May when hung in the open air, and there is a wonderful purity in the atmosphere. People who have been there say they have never seen so blue a sky elsewhere, and the atmosphere is so clear that objects can be seen to a remarkable distance. The pasturage in the valley is very rich, and there is considerable gardening in the lower part of the valley, but very little in the upper."

There was further conversation concerning the river on whose banks they were travelling, but it was brought to an end by the arrival of the train at the station of Innsbruck.

"What is the meaning of Innsbruck?" Mrs. Bassett asked. "It has something to do with the Inn, but I don't know what."

"Bruck means bridge," replied Frank, "and it is probable that the city grew from a village at a bridge over the river many centuries ago.



A VALLEY IN THE TYROL.

The Romans called it *Œnipontum*, which means 'Inn bridge.' The place received the privileges of a town in the thirteenth century, and for a long time it has had not one but several bridges across the river that gives it the last half of its name."

CHAPTER XXIII.

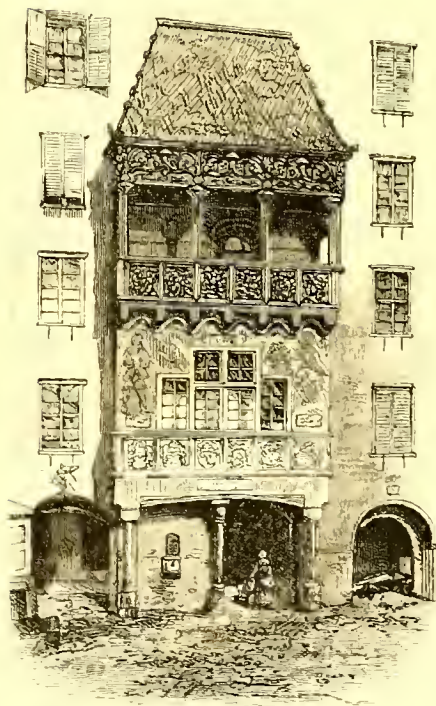
INNSBRUCK AND ITS SITUATION.—THE MOUNTAINS AND THE VALLEY OF THE INN.—GOLDENES DACHL.—COUNT FREDERICK OF TYROL; HIS EMPTY POCKETS.—MAXIMILIAN I., AND THE REMARKABLE MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY.—BRONZE STATUES.—A SCRAP OF HISTORY.—ANDREAS HOFER, AND WHAT HE DID.—TYROLESE PATRIOTS.—FERDINAND II.—THE CASTLE OF AMRAS.—TYROLESE PAINTINGS.—DEFREGGER AND HIS WORK.—WRESTLING AND FINGER-BLACKING.—NATIVE COSTUMES.—BRIDE FROM THE GRODNER THAL.—GRODNER THAL AND ITS INDUSTRIES.—DIFFICULTIES OF FARMING.—WOOD-CARVING.—ZITHER-PLAYING.—THE BRENNER PASS AND RAILWAY.

"INNSBRUCK is delightfully situated," wrote Mary in her journal, "and I'm ever so glad we came here. The Inn isn't a large stream, but it is a pretty one, and every time we have crossed a bridge on foot I have lingered a few moments to look at the flowing water. Fred said that my fondness for the river made him think of some lines from Shenstone, and he repeated them on the spot:

"'Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
Must sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.'

"'If you think *this* Inn would give you a warm welcome,' said I, 'just jump in and try it. The river comes down from the glaciers of Switzerland and the Tyrol, and it is anything but warm.'

"Fred said he was satisfied to stay out of the river and content himself with looking at the water as it swept along beneath the bridges. The rest



GOLDENES DACHL.



MARIA THERESA STRASSE, INNSBRUCK.

of us agreed with him; and as for the inn of the tavern sort, we found the one where we were lodged entirely satisfactory.

“The valley of the river is quite broad here, but not broad enough to make the city appear to stand in a plain. All around are the mountains, some of them streaked with snow, and all presenting ravines and ridges that tempt the hardy climber, but cause the ordinary traveller to hesitate a great deal before he undertakes to mount them. A guide offered his services for excursions among the mountains; we declined them at once, but this did not deter him from naming a bewildering number of peaks, which he pointed out as he called them off. You will know they are hard to climb when I name a few of them—Seegrubenspitzen, Rumerjoeh, Hafelekar, and Waldrasterspitze. They are enough to terrify anybody but a member of the Alpine Club of at least five years’ standing, or a mountaineer from Colorado.

“The city, you see from this, stands in a mountain basin, but the basin is so broad that the inhabitants are not cramped for want of space. It’s a very pretty situation, and I think one might stay here for weeks in perfect content. They tell us that there are a great many delightful walks and drives in the neighborhood, and as for excursions among the mountains, one could devote months to them, and even then there would be some places unvisited.

“Of course our first inquiry was for the sights of the place—I mean the regular sights that every traveller ought to include, unless he is too decrepit to be able to move about. They are not numerous, and, altogether, they are quite good.

“The first thing to which our attention was called is the Goldenes Dachl. It is an odd sort of thing, in the shape of a roof of gilded copper surmounting a gilded balcony. Originally it formed the front of a palace belonging to Count Frederick of Tyrol—and thereby hangs a tale of long gone centuries :

“Count Frederick spent his money very freely, and borrowed a great deal which he did not repay. In consequence of his easy financial habits he obtained the nickname of ‘Empty Pockets,’ and the indications are that he was not pleased with it. To show that the nickname was a calumny he built this balcony at an expense of \$70,000, which was a great deal of money for those days. I asked where he obtained the money to build it with, but no one could tell. Frank suggested that he probably paid nothing to his workmen, and obtained the materials on credit. The gilding must certainly be heavy, as the roof and balcony were erected in 1425, and restored by the Emperor Maximilian in 1500.

“The Emperor Maximilian was not the unfortunate brother of the Emperor of Austria, who went to Mexico during our Civil War and set up an empire there, but the first of that name who ruled over Germany. He was born in 1459, so that he has been dead a long time. That he was well connected is shown by the circumstance that he married Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold, for his first wife, and Bianca, daughter of the Duke of Milan, for his second. He had a goodly number of wars on his hands at one time and another: but while he was a man of military ambitions he was also a patron of art and literature, and was the author of several works in prose and poetry. Frank says the Emperor had no difficulty in finding a publisher, even if his poetry was not of the best class, just for the reason that he was an emperor.

“I have said this much about Maximilian I. because we went from the Goldenes Dachl to the *Hofkirche*, or church, where there is a monument to his memory, and it is one of the most remarkable monuments we have anywhere seen. It stands right in the middle of the church, and not in a chapel at one side, as is almost universally the case with monuments in other churches. The church was built by order of the great Max, and was completed about 1553; he ordered the monument at the same time as the church, and gave directions about its construction, and these directions show that he was a man of origi-

nality. When we entered the church we all paused as we caught sight of the monument, and it is certainly well calculated to startle the stranger who does not know the sight that is ready to break upon him.

“Maximilian is represented in bronze, kneeling on a large sarcophagus, and the figure is more than life-size. Around him are twenty-eight figures, also in bronze, and of heroic size; they are represented as mourners and torch-bearers, and are certainly an illustrious group. The family and immediate relatives of the Emperor are there, and in addition to them are Clovis, King of France; Philip I. of Spain; Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg; King Arthur of England; Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths; Charles the Bold; Ferdinand of Aragon; Godefroi de Bouillon; and Emperor Albert II. Some of the figures are admirable and some poorly executed. One of the best of the figures is King Arthur of England, and I liked it so much that I bought several photographs of it to send to friends at home.

“But the artistic work does not end with the bronze statues by any means. The sides and ends of the sarcophagus are covered with panels of marble. There are twenty-four of these panels, and they represent as many scenes in the life of the Emperor Maximilian. They begin with his marriage with Mary of Burgundy, in 1447, and end with the defence of Verona in 1516. That his life was in a time of war is shown by the battle-pieces, which are the leading features of this collection of panels. Most of them are the work of Alexander Colin, of Malines, and they are pronounced by art critics the best of their kind. Many of the heads are portraits, and in all the pictures it is easy to recognize the features of Maximilian. Frank called our attention to the skill of the artist in representing the Emperor at different periods of life. Thirty-eight years intervened between his marriage and the defence



KING ARTHUR.

of Verona, and the portrait of the hero of the work appears to have 'aged' accordingly, year by year.

"We see that the great Max was human, because none of the panels represent any of the battles in which he was defeated. As he planned the monument, it is to be supposed that he made up the list of the events that he wished to have represented and omitted the rest.

"Frank suggested that it was probably owing to the example set by the Emperor Maximilian that the Germans have no representation of the battle of Jena among their national collection of war paintings, any more than the French have of the battle of Waterloo. And he wonders if there is any national gallery in England containing a picture of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown or of Burgoyne at Saratoga. But we are wandering away from the Tyrol and its chief city.

"Bear in mind I have called this a monument and not a tomb. That is because the bones of the Emperor are not in the marble sarcophagus, as we supposed when we first saw it, but at Neustadt, thirty miles from Vienna, where he was born. This monument was ordered ten years before his death, which occurred in 1519, but it was not completed until 1583, and some say the completion was several years later than that date. However much Maximilian may be forgotten or quite unknown anywhere else, he is a very vivid personality to the people of Innsbruck. An attempt to remove the monument would be likely to rouse an insurrection, and, at all events, would cause great discontent.

"There are other monuments in the church. There is one to the memory of Archduke Frederick II., and at the entrance of the left aisle is the monument or tomb of Andreas Hofer. Perhaps you don't know who he was, and what made him famous.

"He was a Tyrolese patriot of the end of the last century and the beginning of the present one. In early life he was a horse and wine dealer, and kept a small tavern in his native place. In 1796 he organized a corps of Tyrolese riflemen, and fought against the French on the shore of Lake Garda, on the southern boundaries of the Tyrol. From that time down to his death in 1810 he fought against French, Bavarians, or any other enemies of his country, but without the satisfaction of ultimate victory. After his defeat in 1809 he disbanded his followers, and retired alone to the mountains. The French found him, and took him prisoner to Mantua, where he was shot by order of Napoleon I.

"The story is that the judges at Hofer's trial were opposed to his execution, but their decision was overruled by Napoleon, who thought it best to make an end of such a determined patriot. Thirteen years

later the people of Innsbruck caused his remains to be brought there and buried with a great deal of ceremony, and they afterwards erected this handsome monument to his memory. Hofer is to the Tyrolese what Garibaldi has been to the Italians, and there is no patriotic name which they hold in greater reverence than his. All through the country the houses in which he slept during his campaigns are held in the same respect as those in which Washington spent the nights during the time of the



ANDREAS HOFER.

Revolution. The house where he lived is a sort of pilgrimage place for the Tyrolese, very much as the birthplace of Shakespeare has long been for the English, or that of Burns for the Scotch.

"In the museum we saw the portrait of Hofer, which gave us a better idea of his features than did the marble relief on his tomb, though the latter is certainly very good. The face is an honest one, though somewhat heavy. As you walk through Innsbruck you will see many faces which are enough like his to show that it was the true type of the Tyrolese. The portrait shows him in the costume of his country. I bought a photograph of it, but unfortunately the photograph does not show the rich embroidery nor the variety of colors in the dress.

"Near Hofer's tomb are the tombs of his faithful companions,

Speckbacher and Haspinger. The former was a chamois-hunter and farmer, and the latter a Capuchin monk. Opposite their tombs is a monument to all the Tyrolese who fell fighting for their country in the stormy period in which Hofer lived. Candor compels me to say that we did not spend as much time over these monuments and tombs as we did over the monument to Maximilian, not that we were any the less respectful to the memory of the patriots, but because of the unique character of that array of bronze figures surrounding another bronze figure in the centre of the marble structure.

"The guide called our attention to the tomb of Ferdinand II., Count of Tyrol, and that of his wife, but we did not stay to see them. Afterwards we wished we had given them at least a glance. It was when we visited the Castle of Ambras, which stands on a hill about an hour's drive out of Innsbruck—a castle which was once the property of the count, and belongs now to the Emperor of Austria. It contains a great many relics of the count and his beautiful wife, who was Philippine Weiser, the daughter of a rich merchant of Augsburg. She is renowned for her charity and gentleness no less than for her beauty,

which must have been unusual if her portrait is not guilty of flattery. The people talk about her as though she died but yesterday instead of three centuries ago, and they evidently hold her memory in great esteem. I was fascinated by the picture, and stood for some time in front of it, until Frank called me away to see something else.

"Schloss Ambras, as they call the castle, has a fine collection of weapons from the fifteenth century down to the present day. They interested Frank and Fred more than mamma or myself; out of respect to us they did not remain long among the implements of warfare, but went to the picture-gallery, where we enjoyed the paintings very much.

Some of them are by native artists, and are excellent; or, rather, I should say there is a varying degree of excellence in the pictures that



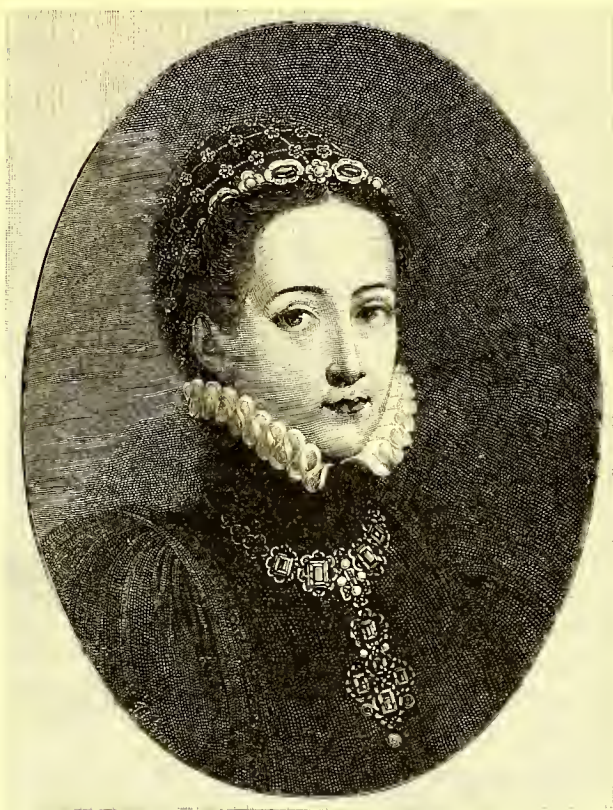
FRANZ DEFREGGER.

we saw. Several paintings by Defregger attracted our attention, not only because of the celebrity of the painter, but from the circumstance that they represented the people of the country and their sports.

"We are told that the Tyrolese are fond of athletic sports, and this is to be expected in a country where so much depends upon physical endurance. They have their athletic societies, in which they perform in a way which is rarely seen in America outside of the cir-

cus, unless it be among the Germans in our large cities. They are fond of wrestling, and whenever a group of young men is gathered in any of the villages there is a reasonable certainty of a wrestling-match between two local champions, and perhaps several matches.

"One of Defregger's pictures represents a wrestling-match such as I have mentioned. The champions are standing ready to close, and each is dodging to secure the best advantage in the 'clinch.' Their positions reminded me of two barn-yard fowls in a combat, and I said so to Frank. He told me I might have my own opinion, but must not speak too loud for fear some of the residents might overhear me; they might not be pleased to hear themselves likened to chickens, and certainly there is nothing 'chicken-hearted' in their composition. I again declared that it was the positions only to which I referred, and then he

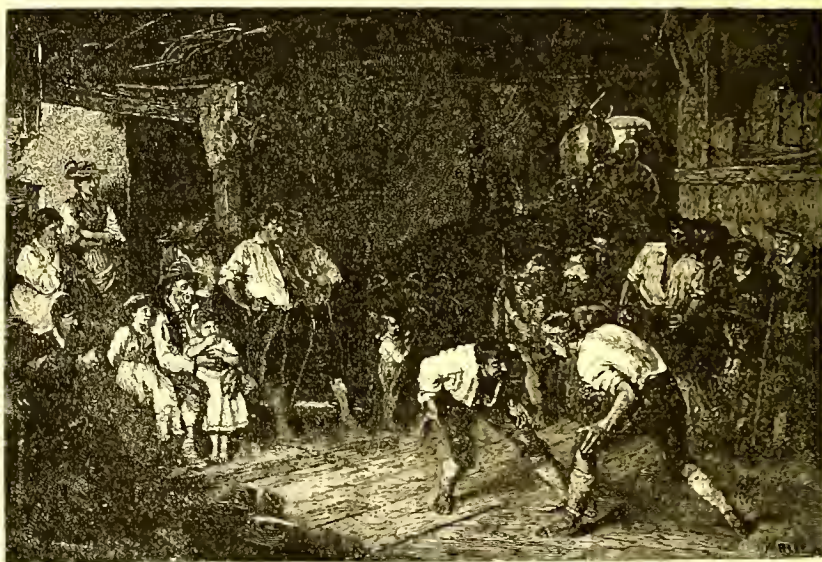


PHILIPPINE WEISER, COUNTESS OF TYROL.

called my attention to another picture which represented a 'finger-hacking' match. I asked him what 'finger-hacking' was.

"It is a trial of strength," said Frank, "in which many a middle finger has been put out of joint. Two men hook together the middle fingers of their right hands across the table, and then begin a struggle, which ends with the surrender of one and the consequent triumph of the other. Arms are twisted, and you can easily see that there is a great deal of pain to both parties in the performance. The victor is always applauded, and sometimes the vanquished man loses his temper and is ready for a fight. Down to not very long ago most of the men carried knives, and not infrequently a wrestling-match or finger-hacking (should it not be finger-hooking?) terminated in bloodshed. At present the law forbids the carrying of weapons of any kind, but doubtless a goodly number are worn in concealment."

"You may naturally ask to know more about Franz Defregger. Well, the artist was born at Stronach in the Tyrol some time in the



"WRESTLING."—[From a painting by Defregger]

year 1839. He was a pupil of Piloty, and has a high rank as a painter, especially of the peasant life of his native land. All of his pictures that we have seen are of this sort, and they have instructed us very much at the same time that they interested us as works of art."

This concluded Mary's record of the visit to Innsbruck. We will now listen to Fred, who has something to say on the subject.

"A stroll on the Maria Theresa Strasse," said Fred, "was very much like a stroll on the principal street of Berne or Geneva. The costumes



"FINGER-HACKING."—[From a painting by Defregger.]

of most of the people that we saw were not by any means distinctive of their nationality, as they wore the garments that were bought in the clothing-stores, and quite possibly were fashioned in London or Paris. But when we encountered peasants from the surrounding country the case was different, as the most of them wore something that showed them to be natives of the Tyrol and nothing else. There are local differences all through the country. The dress of one *thal*, or valley, differs somewhat from that of its neighbor, but these differences are not readily distinguished by the visitor. In order that we might become better acquainted with some of them, we visited a book-store, where there was a large stock of photographs, showing the costumes of the various valleys. We bought many of these sample photographs, and since buying them have had a great deal of amusement in studying the peculiarities of the Tyrolese dress.

"Just look over some of these photographs with us.

"Here is the costume of a bride from the Grödner Thal. You observe, to begin with, that the bride is not the slender maiden we are accustomed to associate with weddings in general, but a woman of solid figure, with a tendency to stoutness. She carries her prayer-book and rosary, for she is a good Catholic. There is no train to her dress, nor does she wear the bridal veil, which is the accompaniment of a wedding in a higher state of civilization. Her collar is of spotless white, and possibly embroidered by herself, and her head is shaded by a hat of ample proportions. Altogether the dress is by no means unattractive. But what would Boston or New York say if a fashionable bride should appear at church to be married in this costume?

"I must tell you something about the Grödner Thal, and my authority is Col. George E. Waring and his *Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps*, as we have not had the opportunity to visit the place for ourselves.

"Colonel Waring says it is a deep score in the steep side of the mountain 18 miles long, and 3600 feet higher at its upper than at its lower end. It has a population of about 3500, and this figure has varied but little for centuries. Before 1856 all the communication with the rest of the world was by a bridle and foot path, but since that year it has been possible to go into the valley by a good carriage-road, which has greatly increased travel in that



A GRÖDNER THAL BRIDE.

direction. And how do you suppose the people manage to live? Remember they are in a narrow valley, where there is only a limited amount of agriculture.

"The next time you are in a toy-shop look around for wood-carvings from the Tyrol—horses, dogs, cats, houses, anything and everything that comes from the hands of the worker in wood. Well, the chances are that these things came from the Grödner Thal. Wood-carving is the industry of the people of both sexes and all ages, and it is this industry which supports them more than anything else.

"Though the valley has been inhabited for twenty centuries and more, it was only within the last hundred and fifty years that the industry was introduced. Their wood-carvings are sent to all parts of the civilized world—to England, France, Austria, Russia, Australia, and North and South America, and to countries and regions I have not named. Colonel Waring says that when the children come home from school each of them sits down to perform his or her share of the work of the family. As for the elders of the household, they are busy through all the working-hours of the day, and each of them does but a single piece of carving. One carves cats, another dogs, another horses, another makes wooden soldiers, or turtles, or simple statuettes, and another makes houses of a given pattern. If you ask a dog-carver to make you a toy horse he would look at you with astonishment. When his speech returned he would refer you to Hans or Fritz, whose special work is the making of horses.



A WOOD-CARVER.

"The wood-carving of the Grödner Thal is not confined to toys. A great many of the workers are employed upon saints and Madonnas, which are sold in Catholic countries and are always in demand. The saintly images and groups are carved without models, and some of them show a great deal of artistic merit. They take a piece of wood of the proper size and shape, and the dexterity and rapidity with which they hew it away and bring out the desired form are really astonishing.

"If you ask one of the carvers why he does not make something else than the horse, dog, or other production that is his special line of work, he will answer that his father and grandfather made them. He does not explain that he can do nothing else because he is following their example. He states the fact, and you are left to draw your own conclusions in any way you like.

"They have some agriculture in the Grödner Thal—in fact, they have all that the valley is capable of; but it is not enough for the occupation of everybody. All through the Tyrol every foot of land that can be made to produce anything is utilized, and an American farmer would consider his time wasted if he should do many things which are taken by the Tyrolese as a matter of course. A patch of grass not more than a yard square is carefully cut, and the proceeds turned into hay. This hay must be carried on the back of man or woman to where it can be loaded on a wagon, or on the back of donkey or horse for transportation to the barn, and thousands of tons of hay are gathered every year in the Tyrol in just this way.

"As an illustration of what I am saying, let me quote from Mr. Grohman's book, *Tyrol and the Tyrolese*. The author has spent a great deal of time in the Tyrol, and knows the country and people thoroughly. Here are a few extracts from his work:

"In the Wild-Schönau, North Tyrol, not a few of the houses are built on such steep slopes that a heavy chain has to be laid around the houses and fastened to some firm object—a large tree or boulder of rock higher up. . . . In one village off the Puster Thal, and in two others off the Oberinn Thal, many of the villagers come to church with crampons on their feet, the terrible steep slopes on which their huts are built, somewhat like a swallow's nest on a wall, requiring this precautionary measure. . . . In Moos, a village not very far from the Brenner, having a population of eight hundred inhabitants, more than three hundred men and women have been killed since 1758 by falls from the incredibly steep slopes upon which the pasturage of this village is situated. So steep are they, in fact, that only goats, and even they not

everywhere, can be trusted to graze on them, and the hay for the larger cattle has to be cut and gathered by the hand of man.'

"Another writer, Colonel Waring, confirms fully the statement of Mr. Grohman, and describes the little stores of grass that he has seen piled against the upper side of protecting trees or rocks, where it had been brought by the armful when gathered by the spike-shod mowers. The haymakers gather the hay in places that would be inaccessible to the stranger, and every visitor wonders how enough of it can be secured to keep the hay-eating animals through the winter. That they do secure it and take good care of their cattle is an indication of their industry and perseverance.

"Mary remarked that she did not think an agent for a mowing-machine would find a profitable business in the Tyrol. The rest of us agreed with her, and with good reason, as there is not one farm in fifty in all the country where a mowing-machine could be used to any advantage, if indeed it could be used at all. A very large number of farms and a great many villages can only be reached by foot-paths, as wagon-roads have not been made, and could only be constructed at great cost.

"We wanted to hear some Tyrolese music, and arranged through our guide to have some performances on the zither by one who was said to be an accomplished player. Do you know what the zither is?



A MOUNTAIN PORTER.

"It is an instrument which may be called a combination of the harp and guitar, as it has the peculiarities of both. It is placed flat upon a table, which thus serves as a sounding-board, and the strings are touched by the fingers of the performer very much as are those of the instru-



TYROLESE ZITHER-PLAYERS

ments I have mentioned. The zither was not new to us, as we had heard it several times, but never before did we realize of how much it is capable. While the zither-player was resting—or, as Mary expressed it, ‘between the acts’—we listened to some performances on the guitar, and also to a few of the Tyrolese songs. They were very sweet and melodious, and we do not wonder at the fondness of the people of this remote region for the music of their native land.”

When our friends had finished with the sights of Innsbruck and its vicinity, and were ready to proceed to Munich, where they were to meet Doctor Bronson, as already stated, Frank made a proposition to his mother and sister for a little excursion, as follows :

“Fred and I would like to see the Brenner Railway, which crosses the Alps by the Brenner Pass. We can leave here by the train at 1.40 this afternoon, and reach Botzen at 6.51. There we can spend the night, leave Botzen at nine o’clock to-morrow morning, and be due in Innsbruck at 2.35 in the afternoon. The same train, or the one which connects with it, will be due in Munich at 6.20 in the evening.

“Now, if you care to make the journey, I think you will find it interesting. If you do not care to go you can remain here, and meet us at the station when the train arrives from Botzen to-morrow and takes us to Munich. What do you say?”

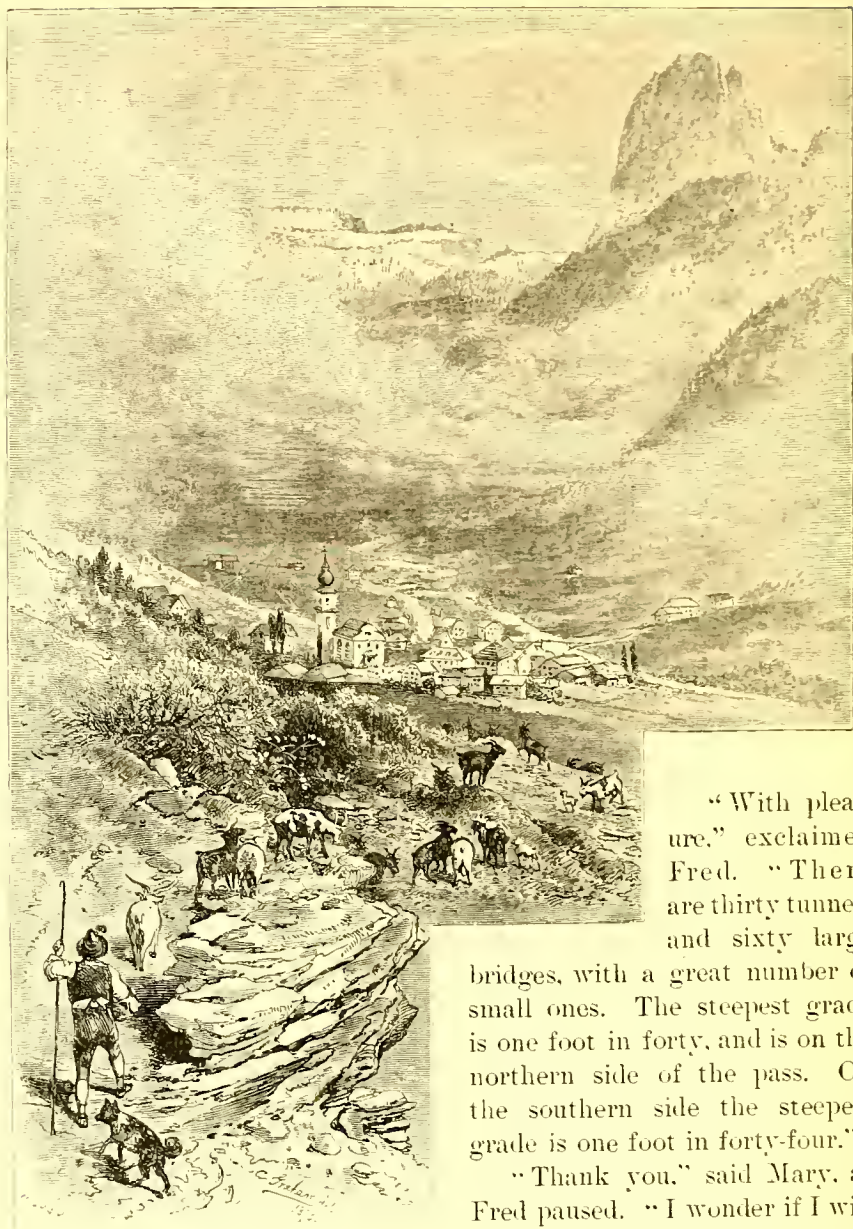
“What is there to see on the Brenner Railway, and does it go through the Alps like the Saint Gothard route, or over them?” Mrs. Bassett asked, after Frank concluded.

“It goes over the mountains and not through them, except in a goodly number of places, where there are short tunnels. The highest part of the road is in the open air, and the tunnels are where it was cheaper to make them than to build high embankments or cut deep trenches.”

“I read about the railway,” said Mary, turning to her mother, “and can tell you something concerning it.”

Mrs. Bassett assumed a listening attitude, and Mary proceeded.

“The Brenner Pass is the lowest of the passes of the main chain of the Alps,” said the girl, “and, according to what I read of it, is only 4470 feet high. It was used by the Romans, both for commerce and for the movements of their armies, and has been in use constantly since their time. About a hundred years ago a carriage-road was made over it. After it was finished there was a great deal of travel on this road all the time until the completion of the railway in 1867. I have forgotten the number of tunnels and bridges, and also the steepness of the grade. Perhaps Frank or Fred can help me out.”



SAINT CLIRICH, GRÖDNER THAL.

“With pleasure,” exclaimed Fred. “There are thirty tunnels and sixty large

bridges, with a great number of small ones. The steepest grade is one foot in forty, and is on the northern side of the pass. On the southern side the steepest grade is one foot in forty-four.”

“Thank you,” said Mary, as Fred paused. “I wonder if I will ever be able to comprehend these engineering terms as well as you

do. Perhaps I sha’n’t, but nevertheless I’m going to try.”

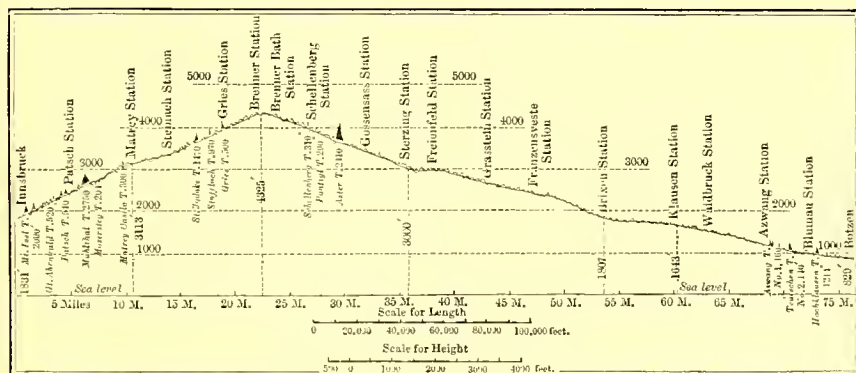
“That’s right,” responded her mother. “Girls are not expected to

be surveyors and railway-builders; but there's no reason why they shouldn't understand engineering terms, and be able to talk intelligently about them when the occasion requires. In my school-days all this knowledge was practically unknown, except to those who were especially studying it; and I don't remember that I ever had a book on surveying or engineering in my hands until I had left the school far behind me, and then only by accident."

Then there was a brief pause, which was broken by Mrs. Bassett, who said that she and Mary would accompany the youths in their journey to Botzen and back, and would be ready at once.

Immediately the party broke up, as there was no time to lose. The bill at the hotel was settled, a carriage was ordered, and our friends were at the station as promptly as was their custom. The trunks were left in charge of the baggage department of the railway, to be called for on their return. Frank intimated to the sub-chief of the station that he would not be forgotten financially if the baggage was all ready on the following afternoon to be placed on the train at its arrival, and it is proper to add that there was not the least hitch in the arrangements. Money is appreciated in the Tyrol.

To Botzen and back it was a journey in "light marching order," only the hand-satchels of the travellers, together with their umbrellas and wraps, being taken along. Frank said the overcoats and cloaks were necessary, as it might be cold in the neighborhood of the summit of the pass. Even had it been otherwise, the wraps would have been taken, as it is a rule of prudent travellers always to have an extra garment at hand on railway or other journey of several hours.



The Brenner Railway is about eighty miles in length, and was built in little more than four years. Twenty miles of railway in a year may seem slow work to those who have read about the building of railways in America at the rate of two or three miles a day; but an engineer who inspects this route will quite likely wonder how the work was accomplished in so short a period rather than why it took so long. The line is a triumph of railway-building, and reflects great credit upon the men who constructed it.



THE LANG KOFEL, TYROLEAN ALPS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM INNSBRUCK TO BOTZEN.—THE INN AND THE SILL.—THE VALLEY THAT LEADS TO THE SUMMIT.—“THE TWO STREAMS.”—ALPINE RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION.—TUNNELS ALONG THE ROUTE.—NOVEL SUGGESTION FOR UTILIZING TUNNELS.—FRANK’S LITTLE STORY.—MRS. BASSETT’S DOUBTS.—BOTZEN AND ITS PECULIARITIES.—A REGION OF CASTLES.—SCHLOSS TYROL.—MERAN.—FROM BOTZEN TO MUNICH.—A CHAT ABOUT AUSTRIA.—THE GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE.—COMPOSITION OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN MONARCHY.—EMPEROR AND KING.—HOW THE UNION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.—PARLIAMENTS, ARMY AND NAVY, AND OTHER MATTERS.—A LITTLE WAR OF WORDS.

“WE had a delightful journey,” said Mary, in her description of the ride to Botzen, “and I’m very glad mamma decided to go, instead of staying in Innsbruck for another day.”

That Mrs. Bassett enjoyed the journey to Botzen very much may be inferred from the following extract from her next letter to friends at home:

“When we started we were on the banks of the Inn, which is a good-sized river. The Sill joins the Inn at Innsbruck, and the railway follows up the valley of the Sill, which is by no means a small stream, though not as large as the Inn at the junction.

“Well, we went up and up along the valley, and every mile or so there was a stream coming in on one side or the other, a tributary of the Sill. Of course the



VINEYARD WATCH, SOUTH TYROL.

river grew smaller as we ascended and passed the mouths of its tributaries. It was a river when we started along its banks, but after a while it could not be called a river in the sense in which we use it, but only a creek, or branch, or large brook. From a large brook it became a small one, and from a small brook it became a rivulet; and by-and-by its proportions were tiny in the extreme. As we neared the summit it diminished to a thread of water, which trickled over the rock at one side of the railway track. Then for a hundred yards or more there was no stream whatever till we saw on the other side of the track a similar flow of water over another rock.

"Now this water fell into a channel close by the track, and ran along in the direction we were going. Very soon another rivulet joined it, then another, another, and another; and by-and-by it was a noisy brook, whose course we followed as we descended the slope of the mountain. The brook grew to a river, and by the time we reached Botzen it was a good-sized river, like the Sill at Innsbruck.

"The way the river diminished as we ascended the slope and grew as we descended on the other side was very impressive. Of course I have seen the same thing before, but never where the head springs were so near together. At the summit of the pass, so they told us, is a house that stands exactly on the water-shed. The rain that falls on the northern half of the roof flows into the Black Sea by way of the Sill, the Inn, and the Danube, while that on the southern half of the roof reaches the Mediterranean, or, rather, the Adriatic, through the Eisak and the Adige. I mentioned this to Mary, and she repeated Dr. Holmes's poem, entitled 'The Two Streams,' which she said she was reminded of. I can't repeat the whole poem, but remember the second and third verses of it:

"'You stream whose sources run,
Turned by the pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling towards the sun,
Through the cleft mountain ledge.

"'The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.'"

"But you must not suppose we had an uninterrupted view of rivers and mountains during our journey. It was often very annoying, as we were getting interested in the scenery, looking at a mountain, a glacier, or a lake, or watching the windings of a river, to dart into a tunnel, and



A GLACIER IN THE TYROL.

have our view completely cut off by a blank wall of rock. It was as though a shingle were suddenly held before your eyes as you are looking at a beautiful picture, and held by some one you cannot influence to remove it, or allow you to change your position."

When Mrs. Bassett mentioned the interruptions to the view by the tunnels and deep cuttings that occur along the railway, Frank suggested that it would be a great improvement if the company would paint a panorama on the walls of the tunnels, so that the scenery might be continued straight along. Then they should light the tunnels with gas or electricity, and if the work was properly done travellers would never know there were any tunnels at all on the Brenner route.

"That's a grand idea," said Fred. "Suppose you present it to the Central Pacific Railway for their snow-sheds and galleries, which are miles and miles in extent; in fact, all the American transcontinental railways might adopt it to advantage."

Frank said he would think about it, but exactly what he thought he has not yet told us. But he told a very good story which the incident reminded him of, and this is the substance of it :

“There was once a man, I think it was in England, who had a house with a fine view from the parlor windows. He took great delight in calling the attention of visitors to this view, and it became famous among all who knew him. But it happened that a man with whom he had quarrelled bought a plot of land and built a house right in the middle of the view; and whenever a stranger was looking from the parlor windows he was pretty certain to ask, ‘Whose is that fine house there?’ Of course it annoyed him greatly to have to speak of the man he detested so much, and he did a great deal of thinking on the subject.

“And this was the result of his thinking: he built, near the edge of his own grounds, a brick wall which was high enough and long enough to hide the obnoxious house, and he laughed to think how he had blotted out his neighbor. But he found he had made matters worse than better, for now every visitor was sure to ask, ‘What is there behind that wall?’ or, ‘What is that wall for?’ and, after learning the situation, the stranger’s curiosity was roused, and he would take a walk through the grounds to a point where he could see the house that had caused so much envy on the part of his host.

“Then the owner went to thinking again, and this time he succeeded. He engaged a landscape-painter to paint a landscape on the wall—the exact landscape that was behind the wall with the house left out. The edges and top of the picture were made to match the real landscape, and the whole work was so well done that nobody ever discovered there was a wall there or asked any questions.

“And that wasn’t all,” continued Frank. “One day while a visitor was taking in the view he remarked that Mr. Blank (the owner of the obnoxious house) had told him about his residence and what a fine one it was, and, according to the description, it ought to be visible from where they stood; but as he was unable to see anything of the kind, he concluded that Mr. Blank had been boasting of something that didn’t exist, and he would thereafter shun his acquaintance. Then the builder of the wall was happy, and felt amply repaid for all his trouble.”

Everybody laughed at the story, with the exception of Mrs. Bassett, who only smiled slightly. Evidently she was doubtful about its accuracy, as she proceeded to question her son upon a certain point in the narrative which troubled her.

“I wish you would tell me, Frank,” she said, “how such a thing is possible with the changes of season and weather. The landscape on the wall must have been of one season of the year and one kind of weather. If it was painted to represent the scene on a bright summer’s day, with

the trees in full leaf and the ground green with its carpet of grass, it certainly couldn't match the scene outside of it in autumn or winter, with the trees leafless and the ground brown and bare, or else white with a covering of snow."

"I only tell the story as I heard it," replied Frank, "and that point wasn't mentioned. It isn't my affair to help the man out of his difficulty, or repair any of his blunders."

"I'll try to help him out," said Mary. "I'll be more generous than you are. See if I am not."

"All right; I'll be greatly obliged," was the reply. "But how will you do it? I can't begin to guess."

"Why, this must be the explanation: the man who built the wall and had it decorated was a fashionable gentleman. He only entertained



VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

at his country-place during 'the season,' and kept the house closed for the rest of the year. He had the picture painted for 'the season,' and for no other time. Probably it represented a bright day, and if it rained when visitors were there the view of the 'view' was postponed to fine weather, and the guests were otherwise amused."

"That clears up the difficulty somewhat," said Mrs. Bassett. "I won't mention anything else to throw doubt on the story, for fear we shall miss some of the scenery along the route we are travelling. Let us look about us again. What is that?"

As she spoke she pointed to the crumbling walls of a castle on a commanding peak, high above the river and road. Nobody could tell what castle it was. Frank said it was probably one of the strongholds formerly numerous throughout the country, but long since fallen into disuse. In this respect the Tyrol is not unlike other parts of Europe where our friends had travelled. The ruins to which Mrs. Bassett called attention were like hundreds of other ruins they had seen, and were doubtless surrounded with similar associations of tyranny, siege, foray, love, war, and other things that had such a prominent part in mediæval life. History generally repeats itself.

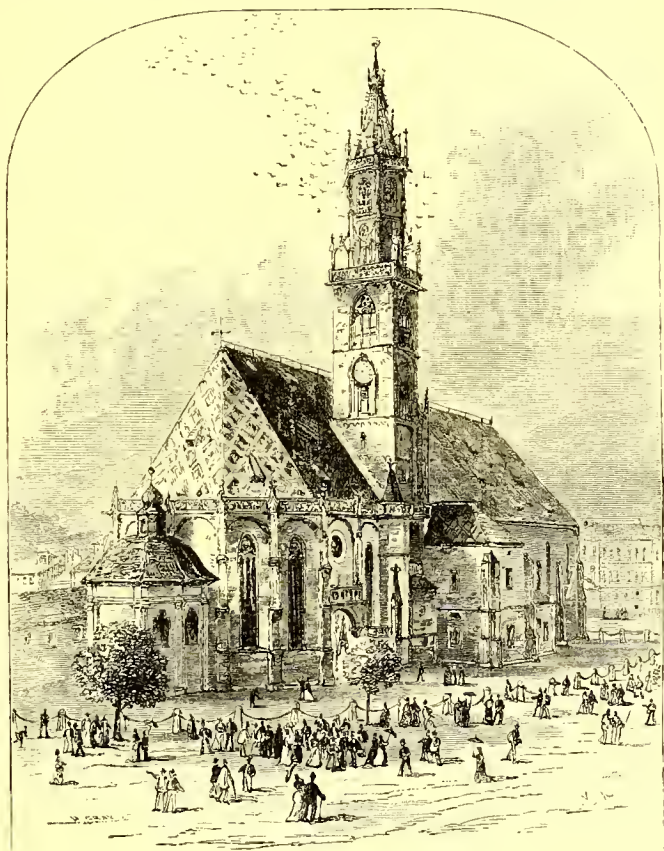
"It's of no use for me to describe the mountains, valleys, rivers, and other features of the scenery on the route," said Mary, "as I should only be repeating in great measure what we have told you about Switzerland. Suffice it to say that there was enough to engage our attention all the time of the journey till we reached Botzen. There, as you know, we were to leave the train and spend the night. And now I'll tell you about Botzen, and how it is situated.

"We have descended 3500 feet from the summit of the pass, so that we are a thousand feet nearer the level of the sea than we were at Innsbruck. Fred says the situation of the two places is very much the same, only a great deal different. One is on the northern side of the Alps and the other on the southern side, which makes a vast deal of difference, even were there no other points to note. Innsbruck is in a broad valley, while Botzen is in a narrow one; Innsbruck is clean and bright, while Botzen is full of vile smells, though it has streams of water running through its streets, and seems to be well drained.

"Botzen was founded long before the memory of the great-grandfather of the oldest inhabitant's great-grandfather, as it was placed here by the Romans. The Italians call the place Bolzano, which is near enough like Botzen to satisfy any one who is not too exacting.

"They tell us that Botzen is a very busy commercial town, and has

some important manufactories. It commanded very much of the trade between Venice and the north during the Middle Ages, and was even more important then than now. It has been the scene of war and pillage, and its importance in a commercial sense made it a place worth



PARISH CHURCH, BOTZEN.

fighting for. Situated in a cleft in the mountains, with an exposure towards the south, it is very warm in summer—so much so that all the inhabitants who can afford to maintain country-seats have resorts among the mountains, to which they flee in the hottest weather.

“As we had so short a time to stay in Botzen, it was fortunate for us that the place is small (about 11,000 inhabitants) and very few regular sights that must be seen. The principal sight is the parish church, which was built in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and has a

very pretty tower, from which there is a magnificent view. We went through the church, but did not climb to the top of the tower, as we thought we had enjoyed a sufficiency of mountain views in the Tyrolean Alps—for that day, at least.

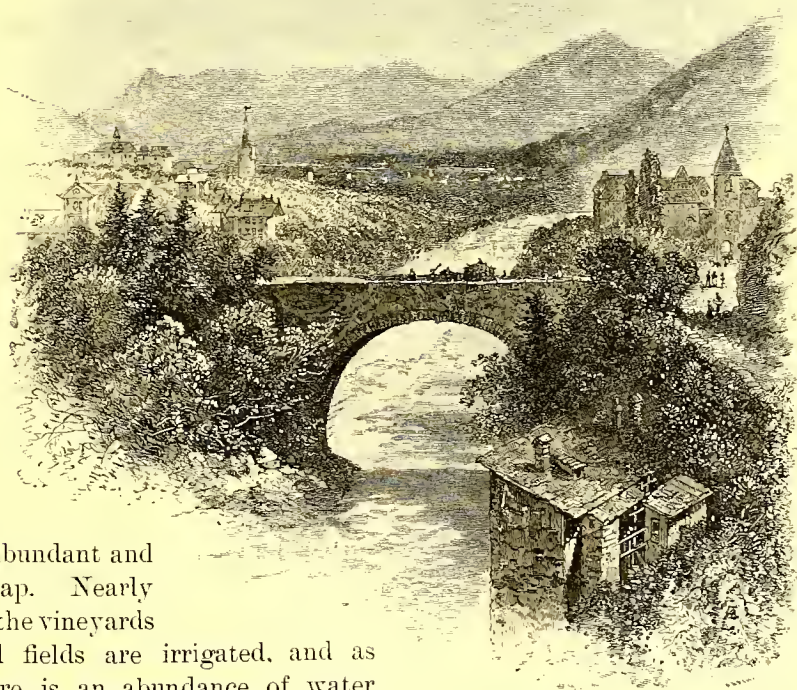
"That it is warm here occasionally is very evident from the arcades with which most of the sidewalks are covered, especially those along the business streets. I mentioned the streams of water that flow through the streets. They are in covered gutters with occasional openings, and at some of these openings we saw laundresses working at their trade of cleansing linen in the primitive way. It is proper to remark that the population is more Italian than German, and many of the customs are essentially Italian as well as the houses, and the modes of living in them. We realize that according to physical geography we are in Italy and the south, though political geography assigns us to Austria and the north. Though still in the mountains, we are in the land of the vine, and there is a large business at Botzen in the sale of the wine of Terlau, which is produced in the neighborhood.

"We wished we could have kept on down the valley of the Adige into Italy, but under the circumstances the most we could do in that direction was to wish. The southern part of the Tyrol contains more castles than the northern—in fact, it has quite a resemblance to the regions of the Rhine in this particular feature. There is one famous castle I would like to see, though probably it would not prove particularly remarkable when one stood within its walls. It is known as Schloss Tyrol, and was the residence of the counts of Tyrol, who possessed a great deal of power, and made that power felt as early as the twelfth century. They were strong enough to give their name to the country, which is called Tyrol because these counts ruled over it so long and so despotically.

"The old schloss is close to the town of Meran, which is a health resort about twenty miles from Botzen, and very charmingly situated. So pretty is it that it ought not to be monopolized by invalids, and I don't suppose it is, as a good many travellers who are not on the invalid list go there every year. One gentleman who has been at Meran says the doctors and landlords of the place have exhausted the ingenuity of their imaginations in devising attractions for the invalid. In addition to pleasant walks, parks, lounges, reading-rooms, music-halls, and the like, they have introduced a great number of 'cures,' so that an invalid can never be at a loss for something that will strike his particular malady. They have the water-cure, the dry-air cure, the whey-cure,

milk-cure, cream-cure, grape-cure, plum-cure, and I don't know how many other treatments, and some of them have subdivisions. Thus the milk-cure is subdivided into cow's-milk, goat's-milk, sheep's-milk, and asses'-milk cures, and the grape-cure is divided into almost as many branches as there are varieties and colors of grapes.

“South Tyrol is a very fertile region, and its agriculture is said to be carried on with the greatest care. Every spot of land that will bear anything is utilized for what it will best produce. In all the valleys grapes are grown, and they form the principal crop, so that wine



MERAN.

is abundant and cheap. Nearly all the vineyards and fields are irrigated, and as there is an abundance of water flowing down from the mountains the crops are absolutely certain every year. In many places two or three crops of grass and other things are raised, and I have just been reading of no fewer than five crops being made in one season, and very good crops they are said to have been.

"But it is time to turn north, and I will stop right here."

Our friends took the train from Botzen for Innsbruck and Munich, as originally agreed, and in due time reached the last-named city, where they found Docteur Bronson waiting to receive them. That the meeting was a happy one in every way will be inferred by our readers. It will also be inferred that everybody had so much to say that there was no time to make a record of the conversation, and consequently we are unable to give even a summary of what was said.

During the ride from Botzen to Munich, Mary suggested that though they had been in Austria ever since they passed the Arlberg Tunnel on their way to Innsbruck, nobody had said anything about the government of the country, the imperial family of Austria, the army, navy, religion, or industries of the land they were in.

"We've been too much occupied thus far," said Frank, "to attend to anything that was not immediately before us. Now we have a little leisure, and can investigate the subject you mention."

"I knew it would be coming," said Fred, "and so I prepared myself for what was inevitable."

"I know you did," replied Mary; "for two or three times I saw you were busy with *The Statesman's Year-Book*. I watched the chance, and picked the volume up for my own use one afternoon when you and Frank went out and learned something for myself."

"Then you know as much on the subject as I do," was the reply, "and I'll leave you to tell the story."

"No," retorted Mary; "I did not have much time for studying it, and am sure you can give the best account. I can tell something about the reigning family, but not much else. Suppose you give a little sketch of the country, and then perhaps I'll tell something about the Emperor and Empress—provided, of course, I have something to tell."

"That's agreed," said Fred. And without more banter he proceeded at once with what he had to say, or, rather, he answered Mrs. Bassett's question, which was just then propounded, as to the number of inhabitants in the country included in the empire of Austria.

"According to the latest returns," said Fred, "the Austro-Hungarian monarchy has a population of nearly 40,000,000, occupying a territory of 241,000 square miles. These 40,000,000 include Germans, Bohemians, Moravians, Slovaks, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovenes, Servians, Croatians, Latins, Roumanians, Magyars, Tyrolese, and I don't know how many other races and tribes of men."

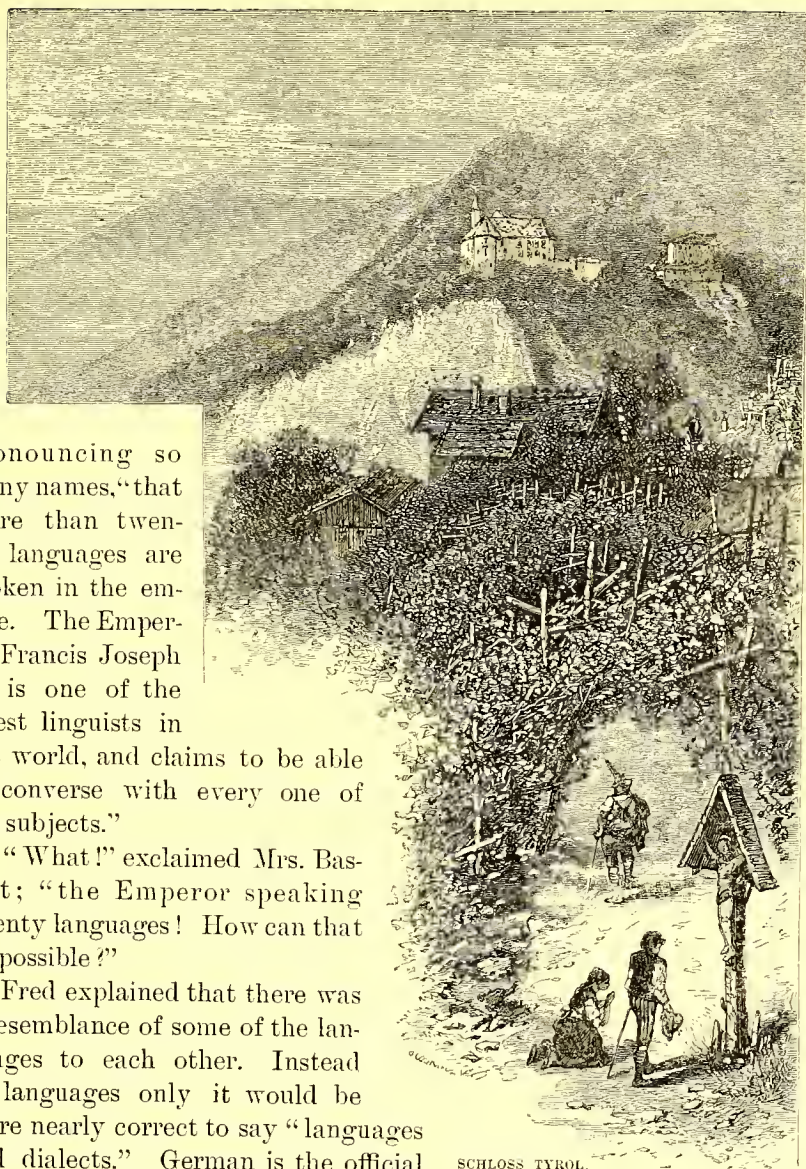
"It is said," remarked Mary, as Fred paused to take breath, after

pronouncing so many names, "that more than twenty languages are spoken in the empire. The Emperor Francis Joseph II. is one of the finest linguists in the world, and claims to be able to converse with every one of his subjects."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Bassett; "the Emperor speaking twenty languages! How can that be possible?"

Fred explained that there was a resemblance of some of the languages to each other. Instead of languages only it would be more nearly correct to say "languages and dialects." German is the official language of the Imperial Government, but the decrees are issued in the local tongues of the provinces where they are promulgated. Next to German comes the Magyar language, which is the official one of Hungary.

"You spoke of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy a moment ago,"



SCHLOSS TYROL.

said Mrs. Bassett. "Why did you say that instead of 'The Austrian empire' which is much shorter?"

"Because," replied Fred, "that is the official designation of the country, and has been since 1868. In German it is *Oesterreichisch-Ungarische monarchie*."

"And how does it get that name?"

"Because of the union between Austria and Hungary, which was formed in 1867, after the defeat of Austria in its war with Prussia during the previous year. Hungary had been for some time a kingdom without a king. It was conquered by Austria in 1849, and from that time till 1867 it was a crown-land, or province, of the empire. Its people refused to send representatives to the Austrian Parliament, or accept anything, except the fact that they were subject to the will of their conquerors, who held them by force. After its defeat by Prussia, the Government of Austria realized the necessity of conciliating the Hungarians, and it did so by recognizing the country as an independent kingdom, giving back to it the provinces which had been torn away, allowing it to have its own Parliament and its own local management of affairs; in fact, Hungary was made independent in nearly everything but the actual name of independence. As a part of the union, the Emperor of Austria was crowned King of Hungary, and so he has the double title of *Kaiser und König* (Emperor and King), while the united country has the name of Austro-Hungarian Monarchy."

"Then I suppose Hungary has a Parliament of its own, and can make laws to suit itself without consulting Austria?"

"Yes; it has its own Parliament, and a ministry of its own. When Parliament opens its sessions the Emperor goes there, but after crossing the line between Austria and Hungary he is no longer Emperor, but King. Each of the two countries has its own constitution, and each can legislate for itself in matters that are not common to both."

"What are the matters that belong to both together, and how do they legislate concerning them? Please tell us."

"Foreign affairs are under the imperial direction, and so are most of those of the army and navy and the finances. In considering these matters the legislation is conducted by 'delegations,' as they are called. A delegation consists of 120 members—60 from Austria and 60 from Hungary; one-third are from the Upper House of Parliament of each country, and two-thirds from the Lower House. They hold office for one year only, and meet alternately at Vienna and Pesth. The ministers of foreign affairs, war, and finance are responsible to the delegation in

the same way that the ministry of England is responsible to the British Parliament, which you know about.

"The relations between Austria and Hungary sometimes lead to friction, but there has never been any serious trouble between them since the adoption of the union in 1867. On some occasions the Hungarians have defeated measures which were desired by the Imperial Government, and it sometimes happens that the legislative bodies of the countries are in opposition to each other. At such times affairs might wear a serious aspect were it not for the 'delegation' which I have described. It acts as a harmonizing body, and its decision is accepted with becoming resignation by all concerned.

"But the bodies I have mentioned are not by any means the only legislative ones in the country," Fred continued. "Each of the provinces has its Diet, or Parliament, which has control over local affairs, such as the construction of roads, tilling the soil, local taxation, and also the churches and schools, and matters pertaining to them. The cities, towns, and communes have their local councils or corporations, which are elected by the people very much as are those of cities and towns in England or America. Some have greater powers than others, depending upon their charters, or upon the general constitution, which was adopted after the revolution of 1848."

"Did they have a revolution here at that time, as in France and Germany?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "and it followed closely upon the uprising in Paris that drove Louis Philippe from his throne. The people of Vienna caught the revolutionary infection and rebelled against the imperial authority, and there were uprisings all over the empire. The



COSTUME OF SARN THAL, TYROL.

story is too long to tell here. The Emperor Ferdinand fled to Innsbruck, where he remained till the storm was over, or at least was supposed to be. Soon after he came back there was a fresh outbreak.



TYROLESE GIRL SPINNING.

Peace and quiet were restored on the assembling of an Austrian Parliament, and the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand in favor of his nephew, Francis Joseph, who was then about eighteen years old."

"That is the present Emperor, is it not?"

"Yes; he was proclaimed Emperor of Austria, to succeed his uncle, and soon after taking the oath of office he put forth a constitution for the country of his own free will; but it was not of much use to the people, as only the reactionary parts of it went into operation: and in 1852 it was altogether annulled, trial by jury was abolished, and also the

liberty of the press, and for nearly ten years the Government was a despotism of the most pronounced character. In 1861 a new constitution was given to the country, and, with various modifications, it has been in force ever since, and has been generally satisfactory.

"Under the constitution," continued Fred, "there is absolute freedom of religion, though the Emperor must belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and the religion of the Emperor is practically the religion of the State, though Church and State are independent of each other. Every religious body has the right of undisturbed public worship and

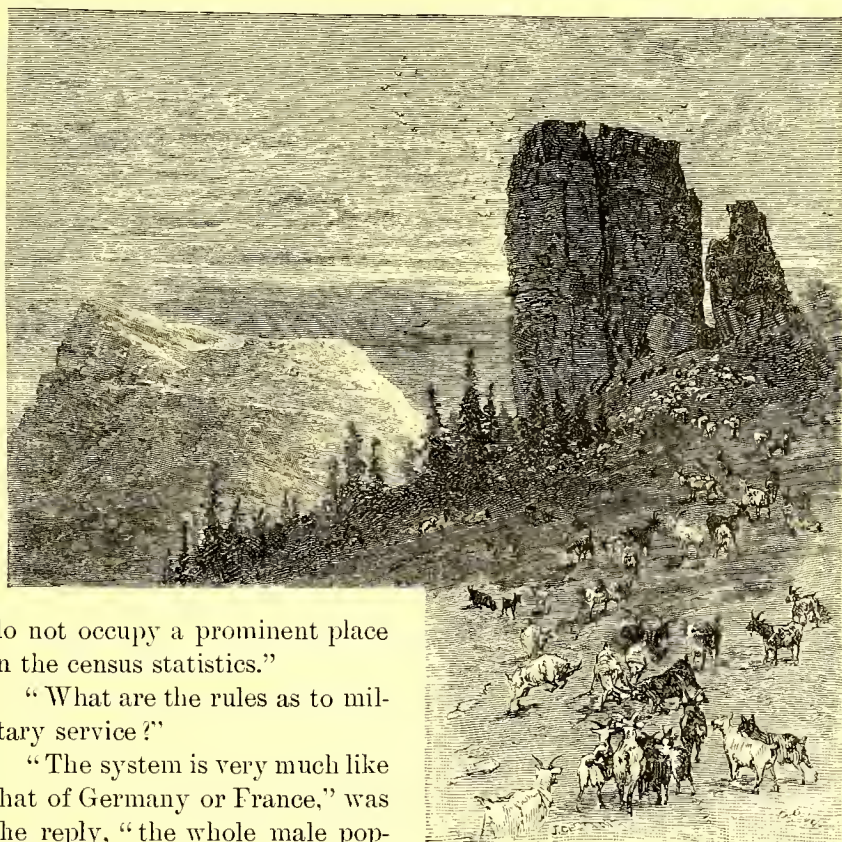
the management of its affairs, and every citizen or subject may enjoy his civil and political rights without regard to his religious belief."

"Is it the same way in Hungary?"

"Yes, just the same."

"What is the prevailing religion?"

"In Austria 80 per cent. of the people are Roman Catholics, and in Hungary 50 per cent. In the two countries 10 per cent. are Greek Catholics, 9 per cent. belong to various Protestant denominations, 7 per cent. are Byzantine Greeks, and 4 per cent. are Hebrews; then there are a few Moslems and other people not of any Christian faith, but they



MOUNTAIN PASTURE, TYROL.

do not occupy a prominent place in the census statistics."

"What are the rules as to military service?"

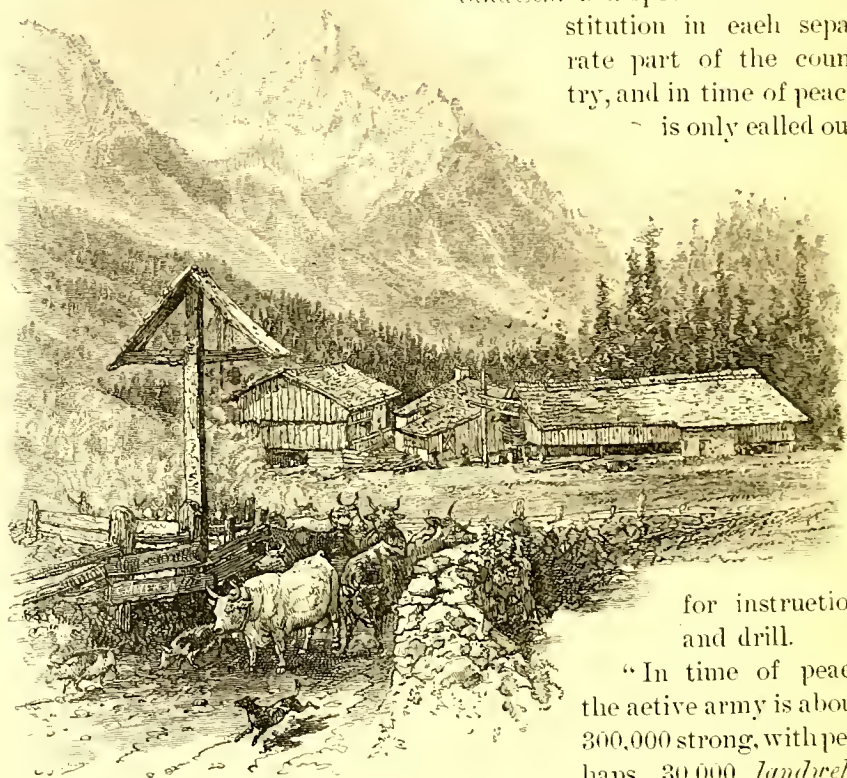
"The system is very much like that of Germany or France," was the reply, "the whole male population capable of bearing arms being liable to duty. Every man from his nineteenth to his forty-second year is liable to service in the *landsturm*, or militia, at the call

of the Emperor, unless he happens to be serving in the active army or navy, in the *landwehr*, or in one of the reserves. The active army and

navy belong to the two parts of the monarchy in common. The

landwehr is a special national institution in each separate part of the country, and in time of peace

is only called out



FARM-HOUSE, SOUTH TYROL.

for instruction and drill.

“In time of peace the active army is about 300,000 strong, with perhaps 30,000 *landwehr* under instruction. In case of war the active

army would be increased to 900,000, the *landwehr* to 400,000, and there would be a call for 500,000 of the *landsturm*, making 1,800,000 in all. There are more than 4,000,000 men in the monarchy who could be required to serve in the *landsturm* in case of war, or one in ten of the entire population of the two sections of the country.

“As for the navy,” the youth continued, “it is less powerful than that of Germany or of France. It has two turret-ships and eight ships with casemates, besides two or three that are designated as ‘ram-cruisers.’ It is particularly strong in torpedo-boats, of which it has more than sixty. Most of these torpedo-boats are small, and intended for coast

service; but it has eight sea-going torpedo-cruisers in its fleet, and they are said to be very powerful and well equipped. The naval service on a peace footing employs about ten thousand officers and men, and there is a *seewehr*, corresponding to the *landwehr* of the army. The terms of service in the army and navy are alike."

Frank had shown himself a good listener while Fred was telling about the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, as we have just recorded. As the latter paused, Frank said he was reminded of something that might be interesting in connection with the navy of the empire.

"What is that?" queried Fred.

"The battle of Lissa," replied Frank.

"What of it?"

"It was the first battle in the open sea in which iron-clad ships were engaged with each other. It was fought in July, 1866, during the war between Prussia and Austria, when Italy took sides with Prussia against Austria. The Italian and Austrian fleets had each twenty-three vessels; the Italians had eleven iron-clad vessels and the Austrians seven. The battle lasted four hours, and resulted disastrously for the Italians. One of their iron-clads, the *Palestro* was blown up, and all but nineteen out of her crew of two hundred were killed; and another Italian iron-clad, the *Re d'Italia*, was surrounded by the Austrians and sunk. The Austrian fleet was commanded by Admiral Tegethoff and the Italian by Admiral Persano, who was afterwards tried for misconduct and dismissed ignominiously from the service of his country."

"Where is Lissa?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"It is an island of no particular importance in the Adriatic Sea," was the reply, "and would be rarely heard of were it not for this memorable battle that took place near it."

"In that respect it is like a great many other places all over the world," said Fred. "Hundreds of places could be named that have become known only through the battles that have been fought in their vicinity. Take Waterloo, for example; that little village in Belgium owes its prominence to the great battle that ended the career of Napoleon, and brought about a general peace all over Europe."

"I don't know whether we owe it to the Duke of Wellington or Napoleon Bonaparte that the battle was fought there," responded Frank; "but we are certainly very glad that they chose a spot with such a euphonious name. 'Waterloo'—it has a melodious sound. What a misfortune it would have been had they selected Schellingwonde or Noordwidjkerhout in Holland—"

"Or Novogeorgievesk or Brestlietewski, in Poland," interposed Fred.

"Or Michilimacinae or Popocatepetl, in America," Mary suggested.

"Please stop, children," exclaimed Mrs. Bassett, "or I shall have a headache before we get to Munich." Needless to say the war of geographical words was suspended at once.



MOUNTAIN AND LAKE, SOUTH TYROL.

CHAPTER XXV.

ART TREASURES OF MUNICH.—PUBLIC BUILDINGS DEVOTED TO ART.—“THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM,” AND OTHER FAMOUS PICTURES.—KAULBACH, PILOTY, AND OTHER ARTISTS OF THE MUNICH SCHOOL.—PILOTY AND THE KING.—THE ROYAL BLUNDER, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—GABRIEL MAX, AND “THE LION’S BRIDE.”—HANS MAKART; HIS STYLE OF WORK.—ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—ART STUDENTS IN MUNICH; THEIR NUMBER, AND HOW THEY LIVE.—THE CARNIVAL BALL.—STUDENTS WITH FORTUNES.—STATUE OF “BAVARIA,” AND THE HALL OF FAME.—THE FRAUENKIRCHE AND ITS MONUMENTS.—THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AND ITS CONTENTS.—BAVARIA, AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE GERMAN EMPIRE.—ARMY, RELIGION, SCHOOLS, ETC.—INDUSTRIES OF MUNICH.—A BEER-CELLAR WITH A HISTORY.

OUR friends spent several days in Munich, devoting the greater part of their time to the art collections, for which that city is famous. Frank said he could have passed months there in the study of the paintings and sculpture which the place contains, and he could readily understand why so many students of art go to Munich for instruction and study. Fred was of the same opinion, and he suggested that an additional attraction to the art student was the cheapness of living in the city. So far as the hotels are concerned, the stranger does not see much difference between Munich and the other capitals of Europe. The real difference is discovered by those who take up their residence in Munich, and look for the cheapest lodgings and the restaurants where prices are lowest.

“To describe what we saw in Munich,” said Frank, “would take



WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

many more sheets of paper than I have at my disposal at present, and, besides, the list of sights might be tedious. In any event, it would be somewhat bewildering, as the reader who has not been here might become confused over the New Pinacothek and the Old Pinacothek, the Glyptothek, the Ethnographical Museum, and the other museums and collections in considerable number. I will briefly say that the Old Pinacothek is a collection of more than 1400 antique pictures in a large building standing by itself. It is opposite to the New Pinacothek, which contains pictures of the present century, including copies of many of the antique paintings in the collection first named.

"To go through either of these buildings and give anything more than the merest glance at the paintings will take more time than the average traveller has at his disposal. The same may be said of the Glyptothek, or Repository of Sculpture, and also of the Ethnographical Museum, the Schwanthaler Museum, the National Museum, the Hall of Fame, and I don't know what else.

"From our studies of the art works of Munich we have become interested in the artists whose careers are connected with the city. Perhaps you would like to hear about them, especially as their names are pretty widely known all over the world.

"One of the great pictures in the New Pinacothek is 'The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.' It was the work of Wilhelm von Kaulbach, a German artist, whose life was principally spent at Munich, though the latter part of it was passed at Berlin. It is an enormous picture, covering the whole wall of the large room where it hangs, and the work of painting it must have occupied a long time. How many figures there are in it I can't tell, but certainly a great many. In the centre is Titus driving triumphantly over the ruins of Jerusalem, and on each side there are groups of men and women and children, in whose faces it is not difficult to read the emotions of terror, anguish, and despair. Over the ruins of the buildings and the crowds in the foreground the artist has represented the five prophets that foretold the destruction of the city; and there are avenging angels coming out of the sky, and evidently joining the conqueror in his work of destruction. Then there are other angels who are caring for the Christians and leading them to places of safety, and there is one group where the children of the Christians are being separated from those of the unbelievers. Then there are demons driving out the Wandering Jew, and altogether the picture is a strange combination of the natural and supernatural on a single canvas.



THE "BUSH-RANGER."—[F Dieiz.]

"There is a curious circumstance connected with the life of Kaulbach that, though his father intended that he should become an artist, he showed very little inclination for painting until a collection of engravings, illustrating Schiller's tragedies, fell into his hands, and seemed to give an impulse in the right direction. He was born in 1805, and died in 1874. His first famous picture, 'The Madhouse,' was painted when he was twenty-four years old, and from that time until his death

he was never idle. 'The Destruction of Jerusalem' was completed in 1838. In the previous year he finished 'The Battle of the Huns,' which resembles the other great picture in combining the ideal with the real. According to the tradition, the Huns fought before the gates of Rome; and as they were killed their spirits rose in the air and continued the battle against the Romans with great vigor.

"Another famous artist whose name is associated with Munich is Karl Theodor Piloty, who is a native of the city, where he was born in 1826. He succeeded Kaulbach as President of the Academy of Fine Arts, after the death of the latter. His line of work is chiefly historical, and he does not introduce the supernatural into his paintings, after the manner of Kaulbach and a few others.

"We have been much interested in one of Piloty's pictures, partly by reason of its size, and also on account of the history that is connected with it. The canvas is forty feet long, and he was obliged to paint it in Kaulbach's old studio, for the reason that his own studio, thirty-

five feet square, was too small to contain it. It is an allegorical history of Munich, and the figures in it are portraits of citizens who have been distinguished in art, science, commerce, or anything else that has tended to the progress of the city. It was painted to order, and when it was completed the artist received \$25,000 for his work.

"A good story is told about Piloty which I think you will enjoy, as I did when I heard it. One day he was at work on a picture representing a scene in German history ('Seni Discovering Wallenstein Dead'), and he had been busy for hours trying to drape a curtain so that it would hang to suit him. He had just succeeded, and was about to put the drapery in his picture,

when there was a knock at the door of his studio. The visitor was no less a personage than the King of Bavaria, who was a great patron of art, and had a personal acquaintance with the principal artists in the city.



KARL THEODOR PILOTY.

"The King managed, during the course of his visit, to walk against the drapery, and completely break up the arrangement that Piloty had just made. The artist smothered his anger as best he could. Had it been any one else than the King he would have 'spoken his mind,' and ordered the visitor from the room. When the King had gone Piloty tore his hair, and vented his rage on the air of his studio. Before proceeding to rearrange the drapery, he took another look at it, and found that it contained a new fold that was just what he desired. It was really in better shape than before the King walked against it, and he sat down at once and sketched it into the picture he was producing, and it is there to-day.*

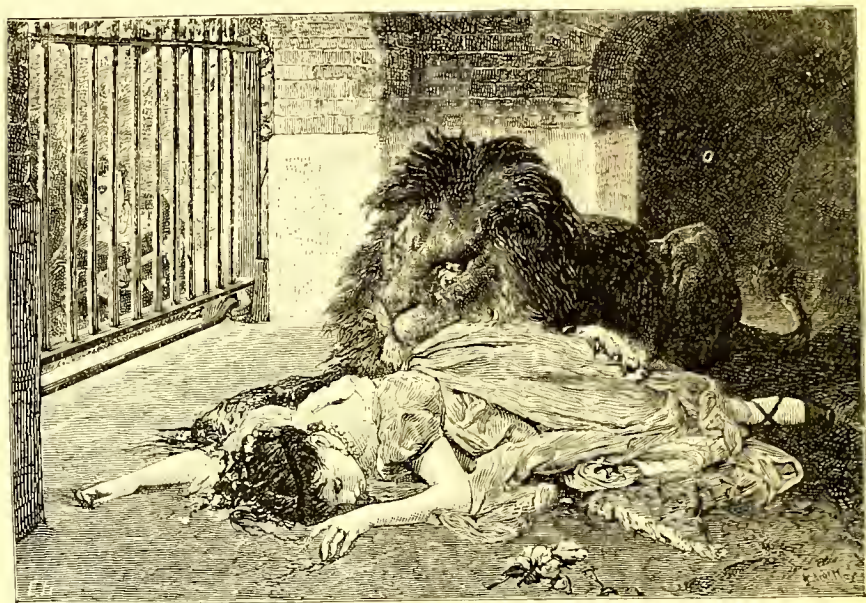
"Mamma called our attention to a picture entitled 'The Lion's Bride,' which was painted by Gabriel Max, another celebrated artist of the Munich school. It isn't a pleasing subject, though it is a fascinating one. I would not like to have it in my private gallery, if I had one, as the suggestions in it are not such as one would wish to have before him every day. But it is a fine painting for a public gallery, and the same may be said of the majority of this artist's works. The subject of 'The Lion's Bride' is taken from a German poem. It represents a young girl, a Christian martyr, who has been given to the wild animals in the Colosseum at Rome for them to devour for the amusement of the populace and the gratification of their own hunger. While a great lion is crouching over her, some one in the crowd of spectators drops a flower in front of the girl to signify that all the spectators are not pitiless—one, at least, being in sympathy with her. The fall of the flower causes the lion to pause before tearing his victim to pieces, and it is this incident that the artist has placed on the canvas.

"I must not forget to speak of the Kunstverein, or Art Union, of Munich, which has an exhibition every week. We went to see the collection for this week, and a very good one it is, though it does not by any means contain pictures by all the artists in Munich. The best of them do not generally send their paintings there, though they belong to the Union, which anybody may join by paying twenty marks (five dollars). At the end of the week the collection is sent to another city for exhibition, and a new one takes its place. Some of the pictures are bought by the Union, provided the price does not exceed a certain limit. At the end of each year the pictures are disposed of by a lottery among the members, and everybody, whether he draws a painting or a blank,

* See *The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe*, p. 393.

receives a fine engraving which is worth one-half the amount of his annual subscription, and sometimes more.

"The Academy of Fine Arts is supported by the Government, which pays liberal salaries to the professors, and makes a very low charge to the students who take instruction there. An artist with whom I talked



"THE LION'S BRIDE."—[By Max.]

yesterday, a young American who has been here two or three years, says that Munich is the cheapest of the art schools of Europe, and at the same time is one of the very best, if not *the* best, of all.

"One of the celebrated artists of Munich is—or, rather, was—Hans Makart. He was a native of Salzburg, in Austria, and came in early life to Munich, where he studied under Piloty. When the Austrian Imperial Art School was established at Vienna, the Emperor called from Munich all the distinguished Austrian artists who were living there, and gave them appointments as instructors in the new school. Makart was one of them, and from that time till his death in 1884 he was prominently connected with Austrian art, and was the idol of his art-loving countrymen. His first picture to become famous was 'A Sleeping Horseman Embraced by a Nymph,' and his fame was increased by

a painting that appeared soon afterwards, entitled 'Modern Flirtations.' Among his later works were 'Leda and the Swan,' 'The Plague of Florence,' and 'The Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp.' He was only forty-four years old when he died, and had already established a greater fame than many an artist obtains at sixty.

"Makart's figures are admirably drawn," Frank continued, "and all the artists say that his coloring is fully equal to his drawing. He spent some time in Egypt and other parts of the East, and many of his pictures were made from Oriental subjects. One of his paintings is entitled 'Fellah Women at the Fountain.' It represents two Egyptian women at a fountain—one of them with a jar of water on her head, and the other just preparing to fill her jar, and pausing to look at something which is not shown in the picture. The full face of the first one is presented to the spectator. She holds a child with one arm, while the other is occupied with the support of the jar. The second woman's face is in profile, and shows the large, lustrous eye for which the Egyptian women are noted. The dress is thoroughly characteristic, and as we looked at the picture Fred and I could easily imagine we were again in Cairo, or along the Nile, at one of the thousand points where scenes like this abound. Mamma and Mary could not share our feelings, as they have never been in Egypt, but they were charmed with the painting, and eagerly asked where they could see more of the work of Hans Makart."

"How many art students are there in Munich?" queried Mrs. Bassett, as Frank paused, after reading the foregoing sketch of some of the famous artists of the Bavarian capital.

"I am told that there are more than two thousand of them," replied Fred, "and one gentleman said he thought that there were nearly, if not quite, three thousand."

"They are of all nationalities, and of all sorts and conditions," said Fred, "from rich men with talent, or without it, down to artists who



GABRIEL MAX.

are poor in every sense of the word. Some of them spend a great deal of money, while others live on 'next to nothing,' for the simple reason that it is all they have to eke out existence with. Some of them dress like dandies, others are in every-day garb that does not distinguish them from ordinary citizens, and others again wear their hair long, dress shabbily, and adorn their heads with slouch hats that suggest the Western cowboy.



HANS MAKART.

"I have heard of a great ball that the artists gave a year or two ago in the opera-house at the time of the carnival. They give these balls occasionally, and those who can afford to do so spend a great deal of money in getting up their costumes and in decorating the opera-house for the occasion."

"How do they manage to spend so much money on costumes?" Mrs. Bassett asked. "They have their dress-suits, and even if they

buy new ones for every ball, they wouldn't cost a great deal."

"Modern dress was not allowed, except in the part of the house allotted to spectators," Fred explained. "On the floor all of the costumes were of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, and some of them are said to have cost more than \$1000 each. The managers were busy over the affair for ten or twelve weeks before the great ball came off, and everything was arranged with the most scrupulous care. The son of Kaulbach, the great artist, came as Charles V., and on his arm was a lady who represented the Queen in her robes of state. Then there was one of the artists who represented a Turkish ambassador, and had a retinue of forty persons, all attired in rich Turkish dress of the era represented. Some of the costumes actually belonged to the centuries I have mentioned, but of course the greater part of them were made for the occasion by the best costumers of the world. The Turkish dresses were obtained from Constantinople, and the order for them was given more than six months before the ball came off."

"It couldn't have been a poor struggling artist who went to that ball as the Turkish ambassador," said Mrs. Bassett.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Mary. "If he wasn't a real Turk he must have been as rich as one, or had good credit."

Other comments were made concerning the great ball of the artists and the life of the art students of Munich, and then our friends decided



"FELLAH WOMEN AT THE FOUNTAIN."—[Makart.]

that they would take a drive to the Ruhmeshalle, or Hall of Fame, which lies outside the city, a mile and more beyond the Carlsthor. The principal attraction there is the colossal statue of "Bavaria," suggestive, on account of its size, of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," so well known to every resident of New York in the past few years.

"The statue of 'Bavaria,'" said Mary, "is sixty-nine feet high from the sole of the foot to the top of the wreath which the figure holds aloft. Including the pedestal, it is about one hundred feet from the ground to the top of the figure. The weight of the statue is 230,000 pounds—at least, that's what the books say. You may be sure I haven't weighed it for myself, nor do I intend to.

"Frank and Fred climbed to the top of the statue by means of a stairway inside the figure, while mamma and I visited the Hall of Fame, which is just behind the 'Bavaria.' When they came down they said we had done wisely in staying below, as the head of the statue was like an oven, and they were crowded into it with others, so that it was difficult to breathe. They looked out through the eyes of the figure, and had a good view of Munich and the mountains, but as they had seen the mountains from a great many directions and distances they did not find much novelty in this part of the sight. As for the city, they had already seen it from commanding points, and, altogether, their visit to the head of the great bronze was disappointing."

We will add to Mary's account that the statue was designed by Schwanthaler, a native of Munich, where he was born in 1802. He executed a great many busts and statues of famous people during his career as a sculptor, the most noted being those of Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, and the Emperor Rudolph.

"The Hall of Fame," continued Mary, "contains busts and statues of men who have been famous in Bavaria, some in art, some in commerce and manufactures, and some in military, princely, or other titled life. Poets and philosophers are also among the great men, and altogether the collection is a distinguished one.

"It seems to me," said Mary, as she warmed with her subject, "that the Hall of Fame would be much more conspicuous than it is if there were not so many statues and monuments scattered all through Munich, as we have seen since we came here. There are twenty 'squares,' and I don't know how many streets; every square has its statues or monuments, and there are statues and monuments on some of the corners where there are no squares at all. There are statues in the parks, statues in front of most of the public buildings, and as for the interior

of those buildings, it would be difficult to find one of them without one or more ornaments of this sort. Of course there are statues in the churches, and some of them in the very highest style of art, and thus it



PART OF TOMB OF LOUIS THE BAVARIAN.

comes about that we found ourselves somewhat surfeited with statuary before we came to the Hall of Fame."

As a matter of course, our friends did not fail to visit the principal churches of Munich, some of which contain statues and paintings of the highest class and of great antiquity. In the Frauenkirche, or Church of Our Lady, is the celebrated monument to the memory of Emperor Louis, the Bavarian. In some of its peculiarities it reminded Mrs. Bassett of the monument that attracted their attention at Innsbruck, and she eagerly asked if it was by the same sculptor.

Frank explained that it was not the work of any one sculptor, and

that the carvings and bronzes were of different epochs. The tomb consists of a catafalque in the nave of the church, with four knights in armor guarding the corners; at the sides are statues of two Wittelbach princes, Albert V. and William V., and there are some admirable reliefs on the sides of the tomb. Emperor Louis died in 1347, and the monument to his memory was erected nearly three hundred years later by the Elector, Maximilian I., who spent much money upon it.

In the Ludwigskirche, a church of modern construction, the travellers had an opportunity of seeing several statues by Schwanthaler and other sculptors of Munich, and also of looking at the famous fresco by Cornelius—"The Last Judgment." It is a large picture, sixty-six feet by

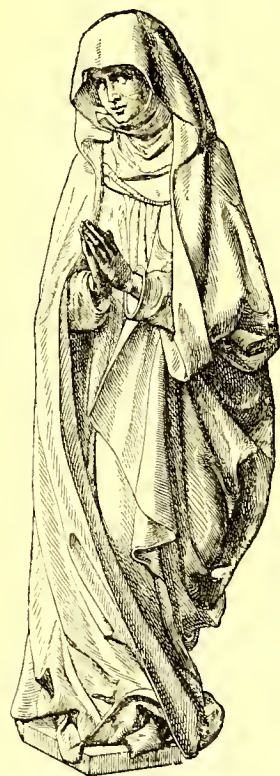
forty, and contains a great number of figures. Frank and Fred agreed that it could not be adequately described in words, and therefore they did not venture on a description. They had been warned to see this picture only in the middle of a bright day, as the light in the church is not at all good, and therefore the fresco does not show to advantage when the sky is obscured by clouds or in the dim light of morning or afternoon, especially in winter.

"We must not miss the National Museum," said Mrs. Bassett, as they were leaving one of the churches they had just visited.

"We are certainly going there," said Mary, "as I heard Frank say we were. He remarked that the museum contained objects of art of every kind, from the days of the Greeks and Romans down to our own. He further said that every country, or nearly every country, in the civilized world was represented in the museum, special prominence being naturally given to Bavaria and to the city of Munich."

"It would not be patriotic to have the collection made otherwise," was the reply.

"Yes," said Fred, who overheard the remarks of his aunt and cousin, "these museums are arranged very like the world's fairs of the latter



ANCIENT WOOD-CARVING IN
MUNICH MUSEUM.

half of the present century. The country in which the fair is held takes rather more than half of the space for itself, and puts the rest of the

entire globe in what remains. But there is this difference between a world's fair and a national museum: the fair is devoted to existing peoples and nationalities, while the museum has its principal interest in people that have passed away. Not infrequently there is more from ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome than from the more modern parts of the world."

What our friends saw in the museum would require a great deal of space to tell. The contents of the museum are divided into two principal groups, the first being a general chronological collection of the products of human industry for the last two thousand years. The second group consists of special collections illustrating special departments of industry or art, and too extensive to be included in the general collection just mentioned.

There were carvings in wood, ivory, bone, and other substances—some of them of great antiquity. Among them was a brooch which dated from the eighth century, and was covered with a curious arrangement of braids and knots that must have tested very severely the patience of the hand that made it. Many of the wood-carvings showed that the art of working in wood had reached a state of great perfection a thousand years ago, and Mary suggested that some of the carvers of the present day might learn something from their ancestors.

There is an admirable collection of manuscript books, some of them the property of royal and imperial personages of the centuries before the invention of the art of printing. One of these is a missal which belonged to the Emperor Henry II., who was crowned at Mayence in A.D. 1002, and died in 1024, leaving the throne to Conrad II. The missal was made for him a few years after his coronation, and is remarkable for the excellence of its illuminations. One of these, the first dedicatory picture, represents the King standing and receiving his crown from Christ, and his sword and staff of the cross from two angels, while his arms are supported by the patron saints of Augsburg and Ratisbon.

"We saw in the museum," said Fred, "many relics of the rulers of Bavaria, and they roused our curiosity to know more about those per-



BROOCH OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

sonages than we had yet ascertained. When we had the time to devote to the subject we looked it up, and found that Bavaria formed one of the provinces of the Roman empire, and after the fall of that empire the people were governed by their own dukes until the year 630, when the country was incorporated into the Frankish kingdom, and embraced Christianity. There were several changes of sovereigns and a good deal of warfare in the succeeding five hundred years, which need not be described in detail. In 1180 the Count Otto von Wittelsbach became duke, and his successors have ruled the country down to the present time. One of them, Louis the Bavarian, was Emperor of Germany for thirty-three years, his reign beginning in 1314, and another, Maximilian,

was leader of the Catholic League in the 'Thirty Years' War.'

"Does Bavaria belong to Germany or Austria?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"It is a part of the German empire," replied Frank. "During the war of 1866 Bavaria took sides with Austria. The disastrous result of the war, so far as Austria was concerned, was extended to Bavaria, which was obliged to make a separate treaty of peace with Prussia and give up some of its territory."

"What did Bavaria do in the war between France and Prussia in 1870?" Mary asked. "Did



MISSAL OF HENRY II.

it make the same mistake again of siding against Prussia and get into trouble once more in consequence?"

"Not by any means," said Frank. "Louis Napoleon had counted upon its aid in his behalf, or, at all events, on its neutrality, and he was sadly disappointed. Bavaria promptly made an alliance with North Germany, and placed its army at the disposal of the King of Prussia. The Bavarian troops were very prominent during the campaign and performed effective service. The King of Bavaria took the first steps towards the formation of the empire of Germany by urging the King of Saxony and other rulers to consolidate the German States into an empire, with the King of Prussia at its head."

"Did he weaken his own power in any way by entering the empire?" was the question which naturally followed the foregoing statement about the imperial consolidation.

"To a certain extent he did," was the reply; "but less so than you might suppose. The constitution of the country is practically unchanged, the King preserves his royal prerogatives as of old, the country has its two Houses of Parliament, as it had before the formation of the empire, and the army in time of peace is entirely under the King's control. But in case of war the King must obey the commands of the Emperor, and the troops supplied by the kingdom must be in the same proportion as those from the rest of the empire. During peace the forts in the country are held by the King, but in war they are the property of the empire. The Bavarian troops have their own uniform, and the troops from Bavaria form the first and second Bavarian army corps, and are not numbered consecutively, like the army corps from other parts of the empire. So you see that by taking sides with Prussia in the war with France, Bavaria preserved her integrity, and has nothing to complain of in the way of her treatment by the Emperor."

"That reminds me of some words which Dickens puts into the mouth of one of his characters—I think it was Mr. Weller," said Fred.

"What is that?"

"‘Shout with the mob,’ said Mr. Weller.

"‘But what if there are two mobs?"

"‘Shout with the largest,’ Mr. Weller answered. Volumes could not have said more."

"Evidently the King of Bavaria had read the *Pickwick Papers*, and heeded the advice which they contained," Mary remarked, as Fred paused, after giving the foregoing quotation.

Mrs. Bassett asked about the religion and schools of Bavaria. Frank



ANTIQUE CHEST AND POTTERY.

replied that more than seven-tenths of the people are Catholics. The remaining three-tenths are Protestants, with the exception of about 50,000 Hebrews, and a few thousand who are set down in the census reports as "of various denominations," or none at all.

"Instruction is universal," said Frank, "all children between the ages of six and fourteen being obliged to attend school, unless privately taught at home. The elementary schools (*volksschulen*) are in all the parishes of Bavaria. Then there are lycæums and other schools of a higher grade, and above these ages again are polytechnic schools and universities. There are three universities, two of them Catholic and one Protestant. The University of Munich (Catholic) has more than one hundred professors and thirteen hundred students, and it has the reputation of being one of the best universities in Germany, if not the best of all in the whole empire.

"I must not forget the trade-schools," continued Frank, "which are established in many of the parishes and communes. Those who attend these schools are instructed in trades of various kinds, and also in mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, drawing, and architecture. A full course at a trade-school fits a student for admission to a polytechnic

school. The course is three years in the trade-school and three in the polytechnic, with one year more for those who intend to be engineers."

There was further talk about the schools of Bavaria, and then Mary asked what there was in Munich beyond what they had already seen.

"There are various industries here," said Frank, "such as the manufacture of optical, technological, and other instruments, machinery, clocks, leather goods, porcelain, glass, and other things. Then there is a bronze foundry, which is under Government patronage, and one of the finest in the world. The doors of the Capitol at Washington, Crawford's statues of Washington and Beethoven, and other famous works of art were cast here, together with many others that I cannot now remember. But there is one industry which may be said to surpass all others, and for which Munich is quite as famous as for its art."

"What is that?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Brewing," was the reply. "Art and beer go hand in hand in this city. The artists drink beer as assiduously as they use their brushes, and many of them have a better knowledge of malt liquors than of the pigments which are so essential to their work. The beer of Munich is



A FERMENTING CELLAR.

exported to all parts of the world, and it is a favorite with beer-drinkers everywhere. The local consumption is very great, as each one of the nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants is supposed to imbibe several, or many, pints of the beverage daily."

On the subject of beer in Munich, Fred made note of a curious establishment that he heard of. Here it is:

"Not far from the Four Seasons Hotel there is, so I am told, the Hofbrauhaus, which is a very ancient resort for drinking beer. The peculiarity of the place is that every man who goes there is his own waiter, there being no attendants to serve customers. Everybody must wait upon himself, without regard to his rank.

"This is the way it is done: A customer goes to a shelf close to where the beer is drawn and takes from it a mug—any one he chooses to take from the large number there. Each mug has a number upon it, and he observes the number on the one he takes. It has been rinsed before being placed on the shelf, but he may rinse it again if he chooses to do so, at a trough into which a stream of water is pouring.

"Next he takes his place in line with others, as he would at the window of a post-office. This line reaches to where a man is filling the mugs as they are presented, and as each mug is handed in the price of the beer is paid to an attendant. Then the customer walks off to a table with his mug of beer, which he drinks at leisure. When he wants more beer, as most Bavarians do, he must go himself to the beer-drawer and have his mug refilled. The only attendants of the place are two or three men, who come around occasionally to gather up the empty and abandoned mugs, and carry them to the trough for rinsing and replacing on the shelf, where customers find them.

"The princes of the royal family and other great personages go there to drink beer, and they do exactly like other people—take their mugs from the shelf and wait upon themselves, as if such a thing as royalty or nobility had never been heard of. The Hofbrauhaus is liberally patronized—partly on account of its quaint ways, but more especially owing to the excellence of its beer."

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM MUNICH TO SALZBURG.—SHORT HISTORICAL NOTE.—THE BIRTHPLACE OF MOZART; ANECDOTES OF THE GREAT COMPOSER; THE MOZART MUSEUM; THE MUSICIAN'S FIRST PERFORMANCES; HIS REQUIEM MASS.—THE MONCHSBERG AND KAPUZINERBERG.—FORTRESS OF HOHEN-SALZBURG.—EXCURSION TO BERCHTESGADEN AND THE KÖNIGS-SEE.—A RIDE ON THE LAKE.—THE FAMOUS ECHO.—A BREAKFAST UPON TROUT FROM THE LAKE.—FISH STORIES.—VISIT TO THE SALT-MINES.—OUR FRIENDS IN MINING COSTUME.—DOWN "THE SLIDES."—POOLS IN THE MOUNTAIN.—A WALK THROUGH THE GALLERIES.—RIDING ON THE TRAMWAY.—A SUBTERRANEAN ILLUMINATION.—REICHENHALL AND ITS "CURES."—THE GAISBERG AND HELLBRUNN.

IT was decided that the party of travellers would go from Munich to Salzburg when their inspection of the former city had been completed. In this arrangement Doctor Bronson fully concurred, but said he would continue in the train to Vienna, as his aid would not be needed on the way, and he would await the others at the Austrian capital.

Mrs. Bassett wanted to visit Salzburg because she had read that Mozart, the great musician, was born there, and she wished to see the house which had the honor of being his birthplace. Mary desired to stop at Salzburg, as the place is very picturesquely situated, and, besides, there are some salt-mines close at hand which she thought would be interesting.



COSTUMES OF THE SALT-MINE.

Frank and Fred wanted to stop there because they knew that it would please Mrs. Bassett and Mary to do so.

The distance from Munich to Salzburg is a little less than one hundred miles, and the train carried the party to its destination in three and a half hours. The travellers passed through a picturesque region, and so busy were our friends in studying the scenery that they reached Salzburg when Mary thought they were little more than half-way there.

"I was right in what I had heard," wrote Mary in her journal, "that Salzburg is very picturesquely situated. It is on a small stream, the Salzach, and is crowded in between two hills or mountains, the Monchsberg on the left bank of the river and the Kapuzinerberg on the right bank. The names of these hills made me think that the town had an ecclesiastical character in ages gone by, and sure enough that was the case. Here is a little historical note on the subject :

"Salzburg was founded by the Romans. They called it Juvavum, and under their rule it was a flourishing town. After the establishment of Christianity it became a powerful seat of the new religion, and at one time it was the capital of the richest and strongest ecclesiastical principality in South Germany. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the archbishops erected the splendid buildings which remain at this day to attest the wealth and power of their builders."

"The Kapuzinerberg is so called because it is the site of the extensive Capucine Monastery; the Monchsberg is the site of another monastery; the Nonnberg is so called from the Ursuline Convent that is situated upon it; and there are other places in the neighborhood that indicate the former ownership to have been of an ecclesiastical character. Salzburg (the district or province) was secularized—in other words, it was shorn of its religious power—in 1802, and converted into a temporal electorate like the other electorates of Germany.

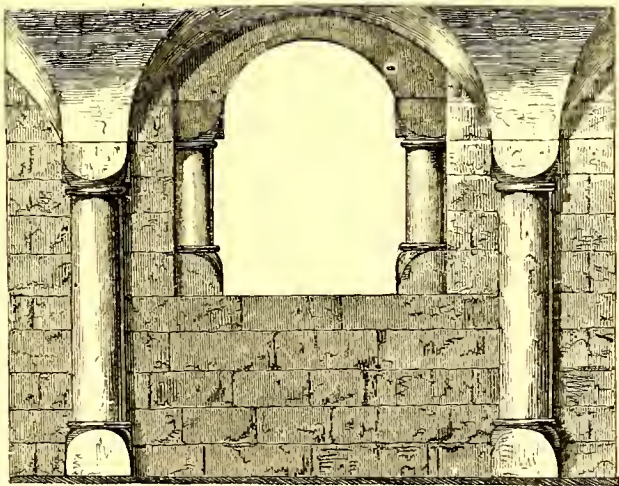
"Frank says they had a stormy time while the province of Salzburg was an archiepiscopal see, from A.D. 798 till 1802, as the archbishops were almost always at odds with their neighbors, the emperors and princes of Germany, and with their own subjects at the same time. In 1498 the archbishop expelled the Jews and everybody else who were considered doubtful in loyalty; and in 1731 all the Protestants in the province—and there were nearly twenty thousand of them—were driven out and found refuge in East Prussia. After the secularization, Salzburg was given to the Grand-duke of Tuscany; then it became the property of Austria; then Napoleon obtained it through the peace of 1809, and gave it to Bavaria, which five years later gave it to Austria. Thus it

had five different ownerships in twelve years, and the people must have been puzzled to know exactly what they were in the way of nationality.

"So much for history, and now for the things of the present day. The town has perhaps 25,000 inhabitants, and it contains a fine palace, which they call the Residenz Schloss; and close to it there is a very handsome cathedral. We didn't see anything of the palace except the outside, and we didn't spend much time in the cathedral, which deserved more attention than we gave it. The fact is, mamma was in a hurry to get to the house where Mozart was born, which is in a side street, only a little way from the Residenz Platz, or Palace Square.

"But before we went to the house we looked at the monument to Mozart, which is in the Mozart Platz, just east of the Residenz Platz. His statue by Schwanthaler, the sculptor who made the colossal 'Bavaria,' is the principal feature of the monument, and the likeness is said to be excellent. And,

by-the-way, any traveller who comes here not knowing that Mozart was born at Salzburg will find it out before he has been an hour in the city. The house and monument are the first things that are called to his attention, and he sees Mozart souvenirs in all the shops. Fred says he wouldn't be surprised to find the hatters selling Mo-



CLOISTER OF THE NONNBERG.

zart hats, the tailors offering to fit a customer with a Mozart cloak or coat, and the boot-makers recommending Mozart boots. There are Mozart pens and pen-holders, paper stamped with Mozart's portrait, and as for his compositions, they are offered to you in every music-store, so I am told. A poultry dealer is said to have Mozart's hens.

"The house where the great composer was born (in the year 1756) is at No. 7 Getreidegasse—please remember it, so that when you come here you'll know the place. It is not a remarkable house, and the

most interesting thing about it is the Mozart Museum on the third floor. They have the veritable piano on which Mozart played; they have some of his clothing, the pens with which he wrote, some of the manuscripts of his compositions, a violin and other musical instruments that belonged to him, and also some portraits that were painted during his lifetime, and are said to be authentic, though not greatly alike.

“It is said of Mozart that he learned passages from his sister’s music-lessons when he was only three years old. When he was four years old his father, who was a musician of considerable celebrity, began to give him lessons on the harpsichord; and when he was five years old he composed simple melodies with correct harmonies, which his father wrote out. When he was six years old his father took the boy and his sister, then aged eleven, to Munich, where they played before the Elector, to the great astonishment of that individual; and in the same year the party visited Vienna, and appeared before the court with great success.

“To show what a fine ear Mozart had for music, they tell a story which is related by Schachtner, one of the Austrian musicians at the time of his visit to Vienna. The boy, who was known by his middle name of Wolfgang, was playing his own violin, and remarked:

“‘Your violin is tuned half a quarter of a note lower than mine, if you have left it as it was when I last played it.’

“Schachtner sent for his violin, and when it was brought it was found to be exactly as the little six-year-old Wolfgang had said. No wonder he became the great musician that the whole world now knows about and holds in such high esteem.

“Here is an extract from the advertisement of their concert in Frankfort in 1763, after performances had been given in Paris, London, and other cities of England and the Continent:

“‘The girl, now in her twelfth, and the boy, in his eighth year, will not only play concertos upon the harpsichord, but the boy will also perform a concerto upon a violin, accompany in symphonies upon the harpsichord, cover the keys with a cloth and play as well as if they were in sight, and also designate any note or chord struck at a distance, whether upon a harpsichord or any other instrument, or upon bells, glasses, musical clocks, etc. Finally, he will extemporize not only upon the harpsichord, but upon the organ, so long as any one desires, in all, even the most difficult keys that can be proposed, and thus prove that he understands the organ, which is totally different from the harpsichord in its treatment.’

“The next time I listen to ‘Don Giovanni’ or to ‘The Magic Flute’

I shall enjoy it more than ever before, when I remember it was composed by Mozart. I have just been reading a sketch of his life, and was especially touched by the circumstance that Mozart's Requiem Mass was written in the last days of his life and while he was very ill. A mysterious stranger had asked him to write it, and paid him part of the price in advance; the composer was seriously ill at the time and never recovered, and he seemed to feel while at work upon the requiem that he was writing it for his own funeral. His last work upon it was done only a few hours before his death, which occurred at Vienna in 1791."

On the south-east point of the Monchsberg is the fortress of Hohen Salzburg, which commands the city either for its protection or its destruction. Our friends visited the fortress by a winding road, and

were well repaid for their trouble by the fine view they had from the topmost tower, which embraced a considerable extent of the country. They were also interested in the inspection of the fortress, or such parts as they were permitted to see, as the structure is a very old one and antedates the invention of gunpowder. According to the histories the fortifications were begun in the ninth century, and have been enlarged at different epochs. The principal part of the fortress as it stands at present belongs to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

"Some of the rooms in the fortress have been restored in the old



JOHANNES WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

style," said Fred, "and are very interesting. They contain ancient furniture to delight the heart of a curiosity hunter, and there are several pieces that we wished we could buy and send home to America. That the weather is cold here in winter is shown by the stoves scattered through the castle, the finest of them being a stove of Gothic style dating from the year 1501. Some of the ancient stoves are almost exactly of the pattern used to-day, showing that though the fashions of garments may change, that of stoves remains very much the same.

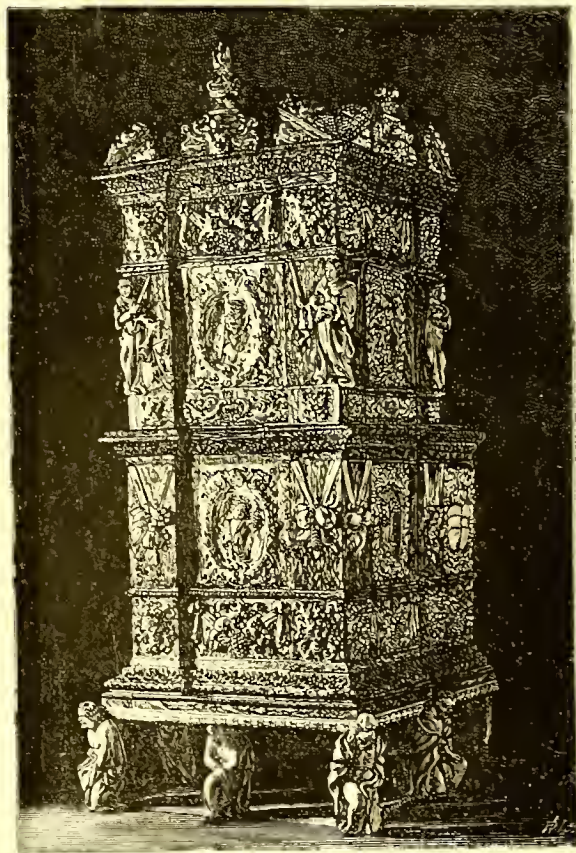
"The fortress is much larger than we expected to find it. I don't know its dimensions, but you can realize its greatness when I tell you that there is in its court-yard a good-sized church that was built in 1502. It is a very well-built church, and contains some fine work in red marble.

Among other things there are statues of the Twelve Apostles in that material, and they are all well made and very effective.

"We found enough in Salzburg and immediately around it to keep us occupied for the day, and when we went to bed at night we were all tired enough to sleep well. We retired early, as we intended to be up in good season, in order to make an excursion to the salt-mines, sixteen miles away."

Frank was the appointed historian of the excursion to the salt-mines, and we will listen to his story of what they saw and did.

"We started at six in the morning," said



ANTIQUE GERMAN STOVE.

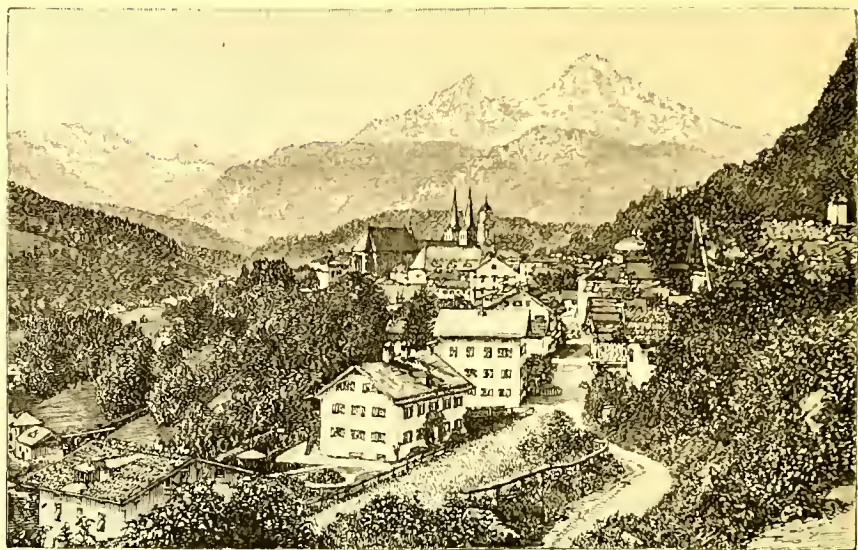
Frank, "hiring, the night before, a carriage with a good team, as the journey is a long one and by no means easy. For those who do not wish to hire a carriage there is a tramway and omnibus line to the salt-mines and the Königs-See, which is one of the sights of the excursion. The road is good, but here and there it is hilly, so that the horses must walk more frequently than is agreeable to a traveller who is in a hurry.

"We followed the valley of the Salzach—the stream on which Salzburg is situated—for several miles, and then turned away from it to ascend the valley of the Alm. In the valley of the Salzach the ground was comparatively level, but that of the Alm had a good deal of up and down hill, the uphill predominating. Remember, we are still in the Tyrol now, as the region around Salzburg belongs to the Tyrolean Alps, and you cannot imagine a Tyrol without hills any more than you can think of a 'Hamlet' without Hamlet.

"We drove directly to Berchtesgaden, the village nearest the salt-mines, and there had a breakfast, for which we brought excellent appetites with our early start from Salzburg. We had telegraphed to have it ready on our arrival, and there it was. One of the items which attracted attention and taste was a dish of trout, fresh from the Königs-See, and you may be sure we gave these royal fishes their full meed of praise, both by word and deed. We had not expected to find them here, and therefore they greeted us as a pleasant surprise.

"Berchtesgaden is near the salt-mines—perhaps I should say that the salt-mines are near Berchtesgaden, and you may have it any way you choose. It is also near the Königs-See, which we came to see, and to which we drove as soon as breakfast was over. The village, or town, has about two thousand inhabitants, is in the narrow valley of the Alm, and is overlooked by the Watzmann, a mountain with a double peak that reminded us of one of the mountains which we saw from Innsbruck. There is a royal château here which was once an abbey, whence the district was ruled by the monks, who were powerful and rich. At any rate, that was the case with the abbey, though the individual monks were doubtless as poor as they are reputed to be all over the world down to this day.

"It is only three miles from Berchtesgaden to the Königs-See, and the road is a picturesque one. But picturesque as it is, it cannot compare with the lake itself, which is one of the prettiest sheets of water we have seen in Europe. It is not a large lake, as it is only six miles long and less than two miles across in its widest part. It lies 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and its waters are as pure as those



THE WATZMANN, OVERLOOKING BERCHTESGADEN.

of any other lake in the world. The lake is very deep, and its depth makes it appear of a beautiful emerald green, which harmonizes with the surrounding foliage, and at the same time forms an agreeable contrast. The great hills and mountains slope directly down to the lake, so that the body of water appears smaller than it really is in consequence of the grandeur of its surroundings.

“We hired a boat for an excursion on the lake, as this is one of the things to be done when you visit the Königs-See. The boat was of the Italian model, long at bow and stern, and with an awning in the centre that sheltered us from the sun. Our rowers, two men and a young woman, the latter with arms like a blacksmith’s, knew their business, and pulled us along as though they wanted to make the excursion as short as possible for all concerned.

“Where we took the boat there was a little bay, from which it was impossible to see the principal part of the lake. Mamma mistook this bay for the lake, and declared, with much vehemence, that it could not be six miles long, or even half of it. She found out her mistake when we turned out of the bay into the lake, and at the same time her eyes rested upon a scene of snow-elad mountains in the distance, beyond a foreground of forest-crowned hills. She forgot her recent mistake in the great beauty of the view, and it is fair to say that we forgot it, too.

“When we were at the narrowest part of the lake, and they told us it was also the deepest, one of the boatmen brought out an old pistol, which he fired three or four times to awaken the echoes. They were really remarkable, as they were repeated over and over again, and died away in a manner that reminded us of distant thunder. The first echo seemed a great deal louder than the report of the pistol which awoke it, and even the subsequent noise was very far from light. Fred suggested that he would like to hear a cannon fired in that spot, just to see what kind of an echo it would produce, and he was very sorry that he had not equipped himself with some cannon-crackers of Chinese manufacture. Mary thought that if a pistol could make such an echo she was afraid a cannon might bring the mountains tumbling about us, and she was quite glad of Fred’s forgetfulness in the matter of the cannon-crackers and other artillery.

“We landed two or three times, our longest stay on shore being at the farther end of the lake, where we walked to another mountain lake called the Ober-See. It is about a mile long, and shut in by precipitous mountains on all sides except on that nearest the Königs-See, where there is an alp or pasture that seemed to contain almost as many square yards of rock as of land where animals could find anything to eat, and in places there was more rock than grass.

“Then we made another landing on our return, and this time we had a dish of trout similar to that which formed our breakfast. The landing is known as St. Bartholomae. There is a royal hunting château there which is open to the public when not in use by the court—in fact, it is rented to the proprietor of the restaurant where the trout are served for the curiosity and appetites of visitors. The trout are called ‘*Saibling*’ by the Germans, and their scientific name is *Salmo salvelinus*; they are the product of the Königs-See, and can only be caught by special permission of the Government authorities.

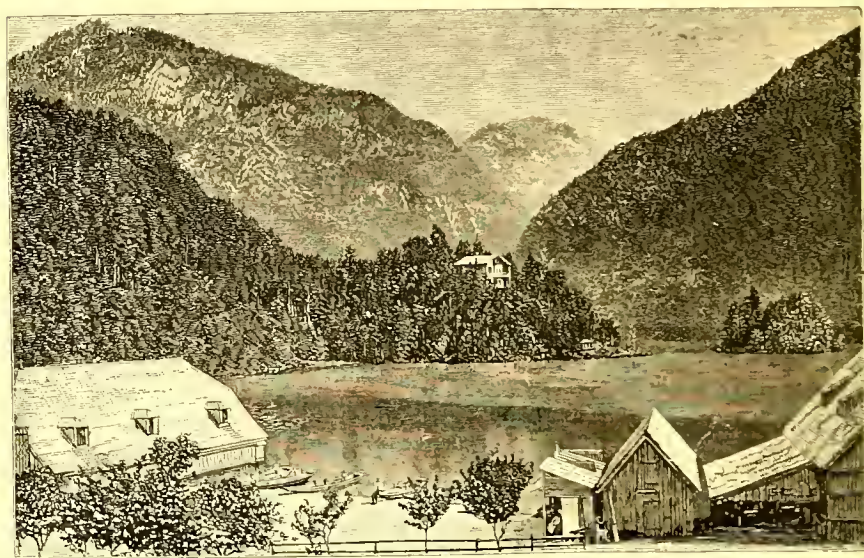
“The château is an old building, and has a chapel attached to it where great numbers of pilgrims go to say their prayers on St. Bartholomew’s Day. The hallway contains pictures of some remarkable trout that have been caught in the lakes during the last hundred years and more. Mary said it was the Hallway of Piscatorial Fame, and of the same general character as the Hall of Fame at Munich, the name of each captor being given along with the portrait of his fish.

“I was about to mention the size of some of these prize trout, but Fred hints that the records of our travels may be called in question if it contains ‘fish stories,’ which are not usually associated with

unflinching veracity. Therefore I forbear, and merely say that the trout were large—for trout; but small when compared with whales.

“Our excursion on the lake, including the stoppages, took nearly four hours, and it was very enjoyable. When we reached the landing-place on our return we started to pay the boatmen, and were referred to the *schiffmeister*, or boat-master, who regulates the entire business, and receives the money for the services of the boat and rowers. This did not hinder an appeal from our rowers for a gratuity for themselves, which custom has made obligatory—or very nearly so. Then they wanted something for the powder consumed in awaking the echoes, and when this had been paid they suggested an additional fee for the use of the pistol. But we drew the line at the powder, and refused anything more, much to the boatmen’s disgust.

“Our carriage was waiting for us at the boat-landing, and, as the horses had had a long rest, we dashed off in good style to the salt-mines. These mines are the property of the King of Bavaria, and yield a revenue



BOAT-LANDING, KÖNIGS-SEE.

to the Government. They have been worked for a long time, and, as far as can be seen, are practically inexhaustible. It is one of the easiest salt-mines in the world to visit, as the whole of the sight-seeing does not take more than an hour, and every arrangement is made for the

comfort of visitors. Ten or twelve thousand visitors are admitted every year, and there is a good revenue from the sale of tickets. The part of the mine which is shown to visitors is not by any means the whole of the excavation, though it probably answers the purpose of the ordinary traveller just as well as though he were carried through the entire workings from one end to the other.

“Two kinds of salt are produced at the mines of Berchtesgaden. The first is rock-salt, for cattle, which is quarried out in blocks and has more or less earth in it, so that its color is not at all attractive; four or five thousand tons of this are taken out every year, the amount being varied according to the demand. A more important product is pure salt for table and other uses, of which they make twenty-five or thirty thousand tons yearly. I'll tell you how they refine it after I have described the visit that we made to the mine.

“There are five galleries, one above the other. We were taken into the mine through the lowest gallery, and then up into the second one by means of stairways cut in the solid rock or earth, or made of wood. Then we went down again, then up again—in fact, there were so many ups and downs in our journey that I can't pretend to enumerate them.

“Before starting everybody put on the costume of the mines, leaving his or her own outer garments carefully guarded by the custodians at the entrance of the works. This dress was prescribed by King Ludwig of Bavaria, who was fond of making everything as dramatic as possible, and it has been continued to the present time, for the probable reason that it enables additional fees to be charged for the use of the garments. A lantern goes as a chromo with each suit of clothes, and thus equipped, along with some twenty or thirty others, we were an odd-looking lot of travellers. We had a good deal of laughter before we started, and the guide said it was always necessary to allow five or ten minutes for laughter when a party assembled. When we had done with our laughing we started at a signal by one of the guides, who led the advance. Mamma and Mary were each escorted by a guide, and the same was the case with each woman of the party. Fred and I were supplied with heavy gloves of leather, and we asked what they were for.

“‘You'll find out very soon,’ replied the guide nearest us. And find out we did before the journey ended.

“We started into the mine on foot, and altogether we must have walked a mile or more while we were inside the mountain. The salt was above, below, and around us; and nobody knows how extensive it is. They have sunk shafts 200 feet below the lowest workings, and found

salt all the way; and as for the upper part of the mountain, it is known to be a mass of salt of very great extent.

“Mamma was much surprised to find pools or lakes in the mountain, and to learn that the places for these pools had been excavated by the workmen. These pools are for dissolving the salt in water, which is let



KÖNIGS-SEE.

in through large pipes from the upper parts of the mountain. It lies there four or five weeks, until it has taken up all the salt it will hold, which is about twenty-seven pounds of the mineral for every hundred pounds of water, and sometimes a little more.

“There is one pool which is no longer used for the purpose of dissolving the salt. This pool we crossed in a boat, and it was dimly lighted up by hundreds of miners’ lamps placed around it. Mary said the light just made the darkness visible, and enabled her to see it a great deal better than if there had been no light at all.

“We landed from the boat close to a great block of salt, on which were the words, ‘*Glück auf!*’—the welcome of the miners to all who visit them. Then we were told to mount astride of a smooth rail, by which we were to descend to a lower level. The ladies were placed in the front of the line, each of them under the escort of a miner or guide,

but the gentlemen had no such escort. Here it was we learned the uses of our leather gloves. We were told to grasp a rope that hung just above the rail and a little to one side, and by means of this rope we were to check the rapidity of our descent. All the miners and guides held firmly to the rope, and away we went, sliding down an incline that was not far from 45° . Fred said it seemed to him at times to be almost perpendicular, but his imagination probably ran away with him.

"We passed through several chambers and galleries, and at length came to a tramway which was said to take us out of the mine into the open air. The ladies were placed in rough cars, while the gentlemen mounted astride of a long rail on wheels, very much as they had sat upon the slide by which we previously descended. At the head of the line was a car with a powerful brake, and there was a similar car at the rear. When the signal to start was given we moved off—slowly at first, and soon more rapidly. The road leads down an incline so steep that the train would be dashed to pieces if it were not controlled by the brakes, and whenever the speed seemed to be at all dangerous or trying to the nerves it was checked at once.

"The ride was like the one on the Switchback road in Pennsylvania, only it was not more than a mile or so in distance, and was underground instead of out-of-doors. By-and-by we saw a glimmer of light ahead of us, and a few moments later found ourselves in the hot air outside the mountain, and ready to descend from our queer vehicles. Photographers were ready to take pictures of us in our mining costumes, and the attendants gathered about us to sell specimens of rock-salt and intimate that gratuities for their services would not be refused. As soon as we could do so we changed to our own garments and started for the return ride to Salzburg after a well-spent day.

"Now let us go back to where we left the salt dissolving in the water in one of the pools inside the mountain.

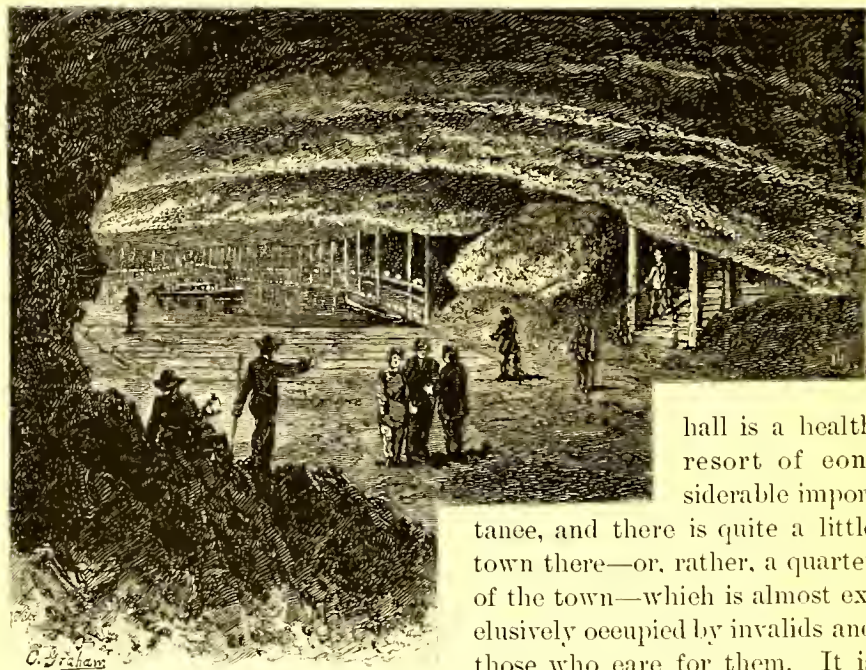
"When the water is sufficiently charged with salt it is allowed to flow through pipes and channels into a reservoir, whence it is pumped to another reservoir 700 feet higher than the first one. From this reservoir it flows into another four miles away, whence it is again pumped 1200 feet to the top of the mountain. The pumping is done by engines worked by water-power, which is abundant and unfailing, so that the work is by no means expensive. From the last reservoir the brine flows by gravity to Reichenhall, twenty miles away. Here some of it is evaporated till it produces crystallized salt, which is then ground for table and other uses. Reichenhall supplies three other places with

brine for their salt-works, and altogether they have an extensive business of a permanent character.

"Do not suppose that all the salt in Bavaria comes from the mine that we visited. There are other mines in this district, and there are springs of water at Reichenhall containing 25 per cent. of salt. We are close to the boundary between Bavaria and Austria, and there are salt-yielding hills on both sides of the line. In all the mines of this region the processes of obtaining the saline mineral are very much as we saw at Berchtesgaden, as far as we could learn."

"Reichenhall ought to be a health resort," Mrs. Bassett remarked, when she learned that it had salt-springs of its own. "The salt-baths would be likely to attract people who might be benefited by them."

"Your supposition is correct, mamma," Frank answered. "Reichen-



LAKE IN SALT-MINE, BERCHTESGADEN.

hall is a health resort of considerable importance, and there is quite a little town there—or, rather, a quarter of the town—which is almost exclusively occupied by invalids and those who care for them. It is known as the *Curveorstadt*, and consists of bath-houses, hotels,

boarding-houses, and villas. One large building is devoted to the inhalation-cure, which is a peculiarity of Reichenhall."

"What is that?"

"It is the inhalation of the vapors arising from salt-water in the

process of evaporation. They also have a pine-needle cure, in which the patient inhales the odors of the pine-needles gathered from the sides of the mountains in the neighborhood. If we should go to Reichenhall we would find the place full of people suffering from general debility, rheumatism, asthma, and affections of the lungs in various forms. The town is in an amphitheatre of mountains, and is only fourteen miles from Salzburg, so that we can easily get there."

"Reichenhall will keep till we come this way again," said Fred. "I propose that we don't go there."

"And I second the proposition," said Mary—"provided, of course, all the rest agree to it without hesitation."

"I'm sure I don't care to see the place," Mrs. Bassett remarked, after a moment's pause. "You said there is a railway here like the one up the Rigi. I think that would be more interesting than a Bavarian health resort crowded with invalids."

"There is such a railway," replied the youth, "and it ascends the Gaisberg, which affords the finest view near Salzburg. The mountain is 4200 feet high; in many ways the view from the top is like that from the Rigi, and the journey is very much the same."

"How long does it take to go there?" Mary asked.

"It will take us twenty minutes in a carriage or by omnibus from the door of the hotel to the station whence the trains start. The ascent of the mountain requires forty minutes, the distance being a little under three miles, if I have been correctly informed."

"To the Gaisberg, all!" said Mary, in a commanding tone. Then she turned to Frank and asked how soon they were to start on the excursion which had been planned.

"In about half an hour," was the reply. "That will enable us to connect very easily with the next train for the summit, and leave a margin of ten minutes or more for contingencies."

Needless to say, the party visited the Gaisberg, spent an hour on the top of the mountain, and took in the view in all directions. Though they enjoyed it greatly, they agreed that it was inferior to the view from the Rigi, as it lacked the magnificent panorama of the snowy Alps, which the latter affords. True, there were snow-covered mountains in sight from the Gaisberg, but they were not like the lofty peaks that cut the horizon as one looks from the grass-crowned top of the more famous elevation between the Zurich and Lucerne lakes.

On their return from Gaisberg the travellers drove to the imperial château of Hellbrunn, three miles to the south of Salzburg, and spent

an hour or more among the gardens and fountains, for which the place is famous. They are in the style of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and though the gardens were in all their glory, it was a matter of regret that the fountains were not then in operation. But the



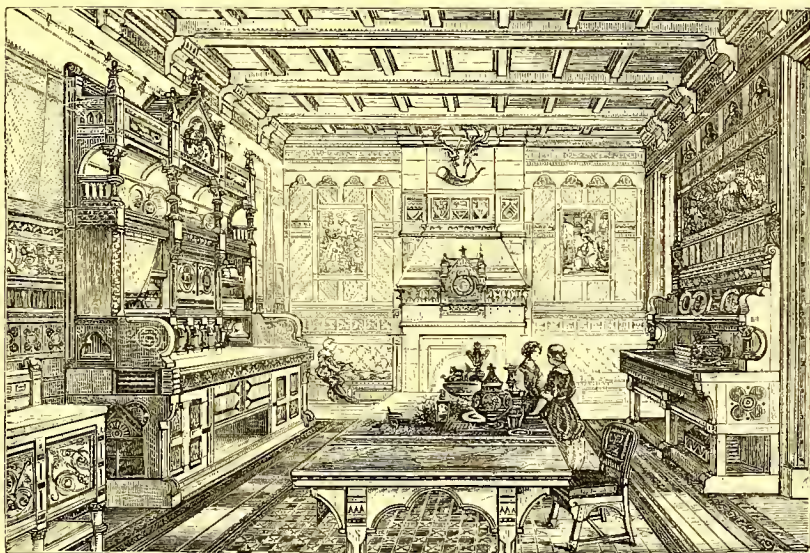
COSTUMES OF THE ZILLER THAL, TYROL.

regret was of short duration, for Fred learned on inquiry that the fountains resembled professional actors in being willing to play "for money." As the amount was not large it was speedily contributed, and the fountains were put in operation, to the great delight of Mrs. Bassett and her daughter, who found the performance very pleasing.

"We must not forget the Steinerne Theatre," said Mary, "as it is one of the curiosities of the place."

"Certainly not," said Fred; and as soon as the fountains had settled down to their former idleness the party took its way to the place which Mary had mentioned as something worthy of a visit.

Frank explained to his mother that in this theatre, which is hewn in the solid rock, operas and pastoral plays were performed before the archbishops in the days when they ruled in this region, as already described. Mrs. Bassett thought she might be willing to attend a single performance in the Steinerne for the sake of novelty, but she did not think it would be a popular place of amusement through an entire season.



DINING-ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

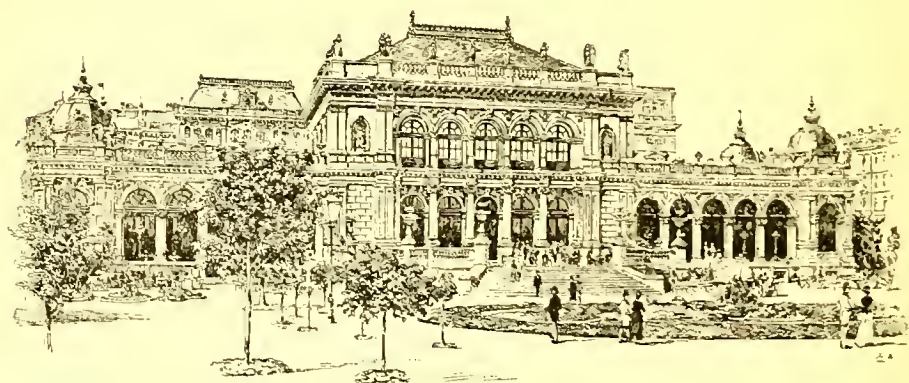
FROM SALZBURG TO LINZ.—DOWN THE DANUBE.—NAVIGATION ON THE “BEAUTIFUL BLUE” RIVER.—POETIC LICENSE.—CASTLES, AND TRADITIONS ABOUT THEM.—THE ABBEY OF MELK.—A GERMAN JOKE.—ARRIVAL AT VIENNA; FIRST VIEW OF THE CITY.—THE RINGSTRASSE; HOW IT ORIGINATED.—THE RINGS OF VIENNA.—ST. STEPHEN’S CHURCH.—ANTIQUITY OF VIENNA.—THE VINDOBONA OF THE ROMANS.—HOUSE OF HAPSBURG-LORRAINE.—AN UNBROKEN LINE OF SIX CENTURIES.—IN A CAFE-RESTAURANT.—VIENNESE CUSTOMS.—PERPLEXITIES FOR STRANGERS.—DOCTOR BRONSON’S STORY OF 1873.—THE *ZÄHL-KELLNER* AND HIS DUTIES.—HONESTY OF THE VIENNESE.—SHOPPING ON THE GRABEN.—RUSSIA—LEATHER GOODS.

AT breakfast the next morning Frank announced the “plan of campaign,” as Mary called it, for the day.

“Vienna is now our objective point,” said Frank; “and the railway will carry us there in about nine hours.”

“I thought you told me we would not go by rail,” Fred remarked, as his cousin paused, with a twinkle in his eye.

“I did tell you so,” was the reply. “We will go by rail to Linz, three hours from here, and spend the night there. At eight the next morning we will go on board a steamboat which will carry us to Vienna in eight hours, provided she has no more delay on the way than usual.”



KURSALON IN THE STADTPARK, VIENNA.

"That will be delightful," said Mrs. Bassett, well pleased with the "plan of campaign." "We can see the 'beautiful blue Danube' that we have heard so much about, and though the journey is longer, it will be much pleasanter than the one by rail."

Mary echoed the words of her mother, and it was accordingly arranged as above set forth. Frank said the train would leave Salzburg at 2.10 P.M., and was due in Linz at 5.17 P.M. There was not much to see in Linz, and an hour's drive would suffice for "doing" the place. Then it would be time for dinner, and after dinner the motto would be, "early to bed," for the reason that early rising on the following morning would be compulsory, on account of the departure of the steamer at eight o'clock with railway punctuality.

The head of regular steam navigation on the Danube is at Passau, about seventy miles above Linz; but the boats on this part of the river are smaller than those running between Linz and Vienna. The scenery is wild and picturesque, but the towns and villages are few, the population is not at all what one expects to find on the banks of a great river of Europe, and there does not appear to be much traffic along this ancient waterway. Several castles, the majority of them in ruins, are in sight from the river, and also several modern châteaux—one of them the property of the imperial family of Austria, and occasionally occupied by them during their periods of rest.

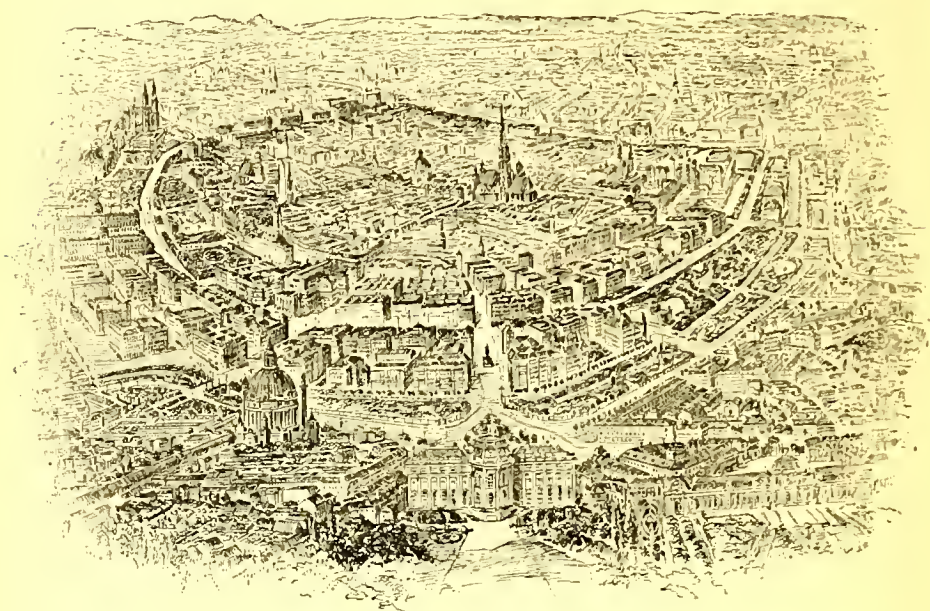
The Danube is navigable from Ulm, in Würtemberg, but the boats which ply upon it between Ulm and Passau are poorly adapted for pleasure travel, and do not run with regularity. The Danube receives the Inn at Passau, and with this very material addition to its waters it becomes for the first time a river of consequence.

The steamboat on which our friends embarked at Linz had very few passengers at starting, but a goodly number came on board at the various landing-places where the boat made brief stoppages. Frank secured comfortable chairs for his mother and sister, so that they could study the scenery of the Danube to good advantage as the boat wound along on its tortuous course in the direction of Vienna.

"The beautiful blue Danube isn't blue at all," said Mrs. Bassett, very soon after they were under way. "Just look at the water, and say what color it is, if you can tell exactly."

Mary looked intently, and agreed with her mother that the river was not blue. "It is green rather than azure," said the girl; "but blue sounds better than green in poetry, when water is under consideration, and I suppose we must forgive the illusion that has been presented to us."

But later in the day Mrs. Bassett admitted that there were places in the river where blue was predominant. Frank pointed out that the sky at that time was clear, and its color was reflected in the water. He



PLAN OF THE RINGSTRASSE.

added that if the day had been dull and cloudy, it was quite likely that the water would have assumed a leaden color, out of sympathy with the heavens above it, like the waters of other rivers.

Mrs. Bassett and Mary were disappointed with the scenery of the Danube, as they found the banks flat and uninteresting for a considerable part of the way. Still, there was enough of interest to keep their eyes busy, and their attention was specially roused by the castles—some in ruins and others in good condition—that were visible at irregular intervals, though less numerous than along the banks of the Rhine.

One castle, that of Aggstein, was pointed out, which was said to have been the stronghold of a robber baron who was the terror of this part of the Danube. According to the tradition, he used to throw his prisoners from the rock into the river, first binding them hand and foot to make certain that there should be no possibility of escape, even if they were not killed by the fall from the walls of the castle, which was pretty sure to be the result in every case.

Perhaps the most famous of the ancient edifices along the Danube between Linz and Vienna is the abbey of Melk, or M \ddot{o} lk, which stands on a commanding rock 200 feet above the river, and looks more like a fortress or palace than the home of Benedictine monks. Mary looked up its history, and wrote about it as follows:

"The abbey was founded in the year 1089, and rebuilt in the early part of the eighteenth century. Before the time of the abbey there was a ch \acute{a} teau there belonging to the margraves of Babenberg, and the tombs of some of the margraves can be seen in the abbey church. Of course the abbey has had its share of siege and capture. It was occupied by Napoleon after the battle of Aspern, and he strengthened it so that he could defend himself there in case of attack. There is an extensive library in the abbey, and in one of the chapels they have a cross of gold which dates from the fourteenth century. This cross is two feet in height, and the back is covered with pearls and precious stones of great value, but their exact worth is not given.

"We did not have time to visit the abbey," continued Mary, "and we did not once set foot on shore during the day, as the steamer only stopped the shortest possible time at each landing. Sometimes we were not more than half a minute at a landing, and I don't think there was a halt anywhere of more than five or six minutes. These boats run with the regularity of railway trains, though sometimes they are detained by fog or by getting aground in a low stage of water. If no accidents or unavoidable detentions occur, they can calculate almost to a minute the time of arrival at Vienna.

"The voyage down-stream from Linz to Vienna takes eight and sometimes nine hours, while that up-stream from Vienna to Linz takes from eighteen to twenty hours. Frank says our first-class fare down is seven florins for each of us, but if we should take passage for the ascent of the river it would be only three florins; thus the longer passage (in time) costs the least money. There are very few tourists who are likely to make the ascent of the river from Vienna to Linz; and as for that from Linz to Ratisbon and Ulm, Frank says he never heard of any traveller who had undertaken it except a few canoists.

"Fred directed our attention to two places called Grein and Stein; then he said, in his very best German:

"*'Stein und Grein sind drei Orte'* (Stein and Grein are three places). We all listened intently.

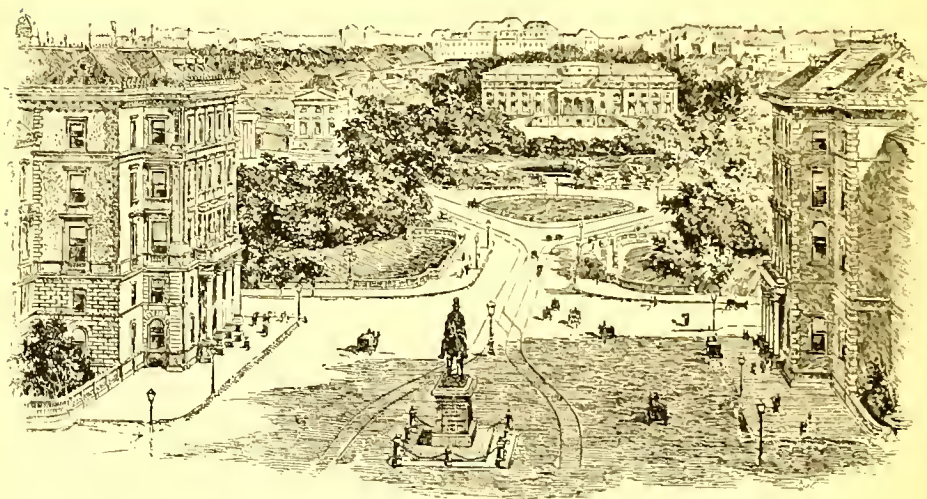
"*'You are wrong, Fred,'* said I; *'they are two places, not three. Have you forgotten your arithmetic?'*

"Then he laughed, and said he was perpetrating on me a German joke of a very ancient character. He explained that there is a Capuchin monastery called Und not far from Stein, and therefore it is correct to say, '*Stein, Und, Grein sind drei Orte.*' If I had only known about Und he would not have caught me that way."

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon that the domes and spires of Vienna became visible, and preparations were made for transferring the passengers to a smaller steamer that takes them to the landing-place in the middle of the city. The Danube makes a wide bend around Vienna; but there is a branch—or cut-off, as they would say in the valley of the Mississippi—called the Donau Canal, which traverses the city and is navigable for small boats. The current in this canal is very swift, and a boat must have powerful engines to be able to stem it. The current of the main river averages three miles an hour, exceeding this speed in some places and falling below it in others.

Frank had telegraphed from Linz to Doctor Bronson, and when the boat arrived at the Franz Josef Quay our friends found him waiting for them. In a very few minutes they were on their way to the Grand Hôtel, and when they reached their destination Mrs. Bassett declared that she had not seen a prettier drive from station or landing to hotel in any city of Europe, as far as she could remember.

"And you would still be able to say so," replied Doctor Bronson, "if you should visit every city not only in Europe but the whole world."



SCHWARZENBERGPLÄTZ, VIENNA.

The Ringstrasse of Vienna is without a rival anywhere. The nearest approach to it is the Champs-Élysées of Paris, and though you will find many features common to both, you will also find many points of difference. The Ringstrasse is the product of the last quarter of a century; it follows the line of the fortifications of the Vienna of the olden time, and you can see that it was liberally and magnificently planned."

"How wide and long is it?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"From the point where it leaves the Danube till it reaches the river again the Ringstrasse measures two miles. It has an average width of nearly two hundred feet, and you observe that for much of the way it has a central walk, with rows of shade-trees. The magnificent buildings on each side of the Ring are a great credit to the Viennese architects, and there is no other city in the world that can show so many fine structures in the same distance. The Ringstrasse, in conjunction with the Franz Josef Quay, completely encircles the old city. If you look at the map you will see that the Ringstrasse has the general shape of the letter U while the Franz Josef Quay connects the ends of the letter so as to form a somewhat distorted O. This was the old Vienna of past centuries. The new Vienna is something very unlike the old one, as you will have abundant opportunity to find out."

"It's a funny idea, isn't it," queried Mrs. Bassett, as she looked at the map of the city, "to have a single street making nearly three parts of a circle? I suppose 'Ringstrasse' means 'Ring Street,' and they call it a ring because it almost makes one."

"That is probably the reason," replied the Doctor; "but if you look again at the lettering on the map you will find that the Ringstrasse is divided into several sections, and each section has a name of its own."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Mrs. Bassett, as she again consulted the map, and read off the different names of the sections of the Ringstrasse. Beginning at the Aspern Bridge, over the Danube Canal, she read as follows, in the order here given:

"Stuben Ring, Park Ring, Kolowrat Ring, Karnthner Ring, Opern Ring, Burg Ring, Franzens Ring, Schotten Ring. What a lot of them! I wonder if they have a Tammany Ring, as we have in New York?"

"It has been hinted more than once," the Doctor answered, "that Vienna has afforded an opportunity for many individuals to make money in the construction of the public buildings that are distributed along the Ringstrasse. It would be very strange if something of the kind did not happen, as human nature is the same the world over, and is liable to take advantage of opportunities. But on the whole the

affairs of Vienna have been conducted ably and honestly, and to the great advantage and prosperity of the people."

In the evening our friends went for a walk along the Ring, as the Ringstrasse is frequently called, and found it as gay as the boulevards of Paris, and with some of the features of those popular resorts. Thousands of people were strolling there; but the great width of the sidewalks gave ample room for all. This was not the case when the strangers turned from the Ring into the streets of the inner city, and took



A PARTY AT TABLE.

their way to St. Stephen's Church and the Graben. Here they found the sidewalks very narrow, and in several instances when they met people going in the other direction it was necessary for one party or the other to step in the carriage-way, or, at all events, crowd very closely to the curb. But there was universal politeness everywhere. There was no jostling or crowding, and Mrs. Bassett made up her mind that the Vienna people were as polite as any she had ever seen.

"We will leave the church for a daylight visit," said the Doctor; "and it will be one of the first things you will wish to see, as it is a very famous building, and contains some interesting monuments."

"Yes," said Mary; "it contains the tomb of Napoleon II., Duke of Reichstadt and King of Rome, the only son of Napoleon I., and the Empress Maria Louisa. Then there is the tomb of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and there are tombs and monuments of some of the sovereigns of Austria, who lived and ruled several hundred years ago. Then there are the catacombs under the church, and—"

"Stop, please," said Frank; "we are out for a stroll just now, and don't want our heads filled with tombs and catacombs, even if they are the resting-places of royalty. It will be time enough for them when we visit St. Stephen's and have nothing else to think of."

"I quite agree with you," Mary answered; "but thought it just possible you might want to know what was to be seen in the church. It's an old edifice at any rate, as it dates from the fourteenth century, and stands on the site of a church constructed two or three hundred years earlier. What they had before the church I don't know."

"Then Vienna must be an old city," Mrs. Bassett remarked, "or it couldn't have such an ancient church."

"Certainly it is," Frank answered. "The Romans built a fort on this spot in the first century of the Christian era, and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius died here in the year 180. The Romans called the place Vindobona, and it grew and flourished, and was the seat of the Roman civil and military government for the surrounding country till the invasion of the Huns in the fifth century. Then Charlemagne conquered the district near the end of the eighth century, and attached it to his empire. In the year 955 Vienna was an important fortified town, and it has been an important place ever since."

"Was the family of the Hapsburgs here when Charlemagne conquered the country?" Mary asked, as Frank paused.

"No," was the reply; "they did not come here until the year 1276, when Rudolph of Hapsburg defeated Ottokar of Bohemia, who had been in possession of the country since 1251. The Hapsburgs have been here since then, and it is the only imperial or royal line of Europe that can show an unbroken rule of six centuries. Down to 1740 it was the House of Hapsburg, but since that year it has been the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine."

"How did that happen?"

"The male line of the House of Hapsburg died in 1740 with the

Emperor Karl VI. His only daughter, Maria Theresa, married Duke Franz of Lorraine and Tuscany, and thus the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine was founded."

Mrs. Bassett wished to know the location of the House. She thought it must be very interesting. It was certainly very solidly built to have lasted so long, and they should not fail to see it.

Frank evaded an explanation by saying they would, without doubt, see the imperial palace the next day, and if they were fortunate they might have a view of the Emperor taking a drive in the Prater, which is an every-day occurrence.

Returning to the Ring, our friends entered one of the café-restaurants for which Vienna is famous, and while sipping the coffee and soda-water which they ordered they had an opportunity to study the Viennese at their recreations. The result of their observation was that the people resembled the French more than they did the inhabitants of Northern Germany. They were vivacious and light-hearted, and seemed to enjoy life with greater energy than did the people of Berlin under similar circumstances, and also to make more noise.

One thing that greatly amused the strangers, and especially Mrs. Bassett, was the Viennese habit of talking simultaneously when seated at table. Near our friends was a family party of six taking their supper. The conversation was active, and can best be described in Mrs. Bassett's words when she sent home her next letter :



VIENNESE WAITERS.

"It was one of the funniest things I ever saw. Here were six people at one table eating and drinking, and in the intervals of the coming of the dishes and glasses they all joined in conversation. Every tongue



IN THE STADTPARK.

was in motion at the same time. All talked at the tops of their voices. Nobody directed his or her conversation to any particular one of the party, but rattled away as fast as possible in the general direction of the rest. Frank said it was like a hunter shooting at a flock of birds without

aiming at any one of them; he took his chances of making an occasional hit, and I suppose these people think a word may strike somebody now and then just by accident.

"The same thing was repeated all over the room, so far as we could observe; it filled the air with noise, but nobody paid any attention to it, and all seemed to be enjoying themselves. The place was crowded,

and the waiters were rushing about, receiving and filling orders; they seemed to be the only ones in the place who were not talking, and I suppose they did not have time to talk.

“Doctor Bronson says he has seen at a grand banquet in Austria something very like what we saw in the restaurant. In the banqueting-hall, where perhaps two hundred people were seated, there were at times half a dozen speakers on their feet at once, each making his speech, which was heard only by those within a few yards of him. Those who were not actually close to one of these speakers paid no attention to the oratory, but went on talking as though nothing had happened to disturb them in the enjoyment of the feast.”

Doctor Bronson explained to Mrs. Bassett that it is the custom of a considerable part of the population of Vienna to take its meals at restaurants and cafés, and this custom accounts for the number and great capacity of these establishments. He added that comparatively few travellers take their meals at the hotels where they stop unless ladies are of their party, and not always in that case. The charges at the hotels are somewhat higher than at the restaurants, and hence the tendency of the traveller to go outside for his meals.

Frank called his mother's attention to a peculiarity of the restaurants of Vienna—or, rather, of the largest of them—in having one waiter to bring food and another to bring drink to the same table. The first is called *speise-kellner* (food-waiter), and the other the *trink-kellner* (drink-waiter). Ask the former to bring a glass of beer, and he will shout for the other, or perhaps he will pay no attention whatever to the request; and the same is the case with the *trink-kellner* if he is asked to bring a plate of roast-beef or any other article of food. The custom is a perplexity to strangers, and sometimes causes a loss of temper when the system is not comprehended to its full extent.

“I was in Vienna during the great exhibition of 1873,” said Doctor Bronson, “and witnessed many a display of indignation on the part of English and American visitors, who would address their inquiries to the wrong waiters. If the man explained the situation his explanation was in German, which the stranger rarely understood. The latter would wait a few moments, and, on seeing no indication of an intent to carry out his orders, he would lose his temper, and, as the phrase is in America, ‘raise a row.’ The first scene of the kind that came before me made such a forcible impression that I have never forgotten it, and if I had been inclined to do so the subsequent ones would have compelled me to remember it.”

"Please tell us about it," said Mary.

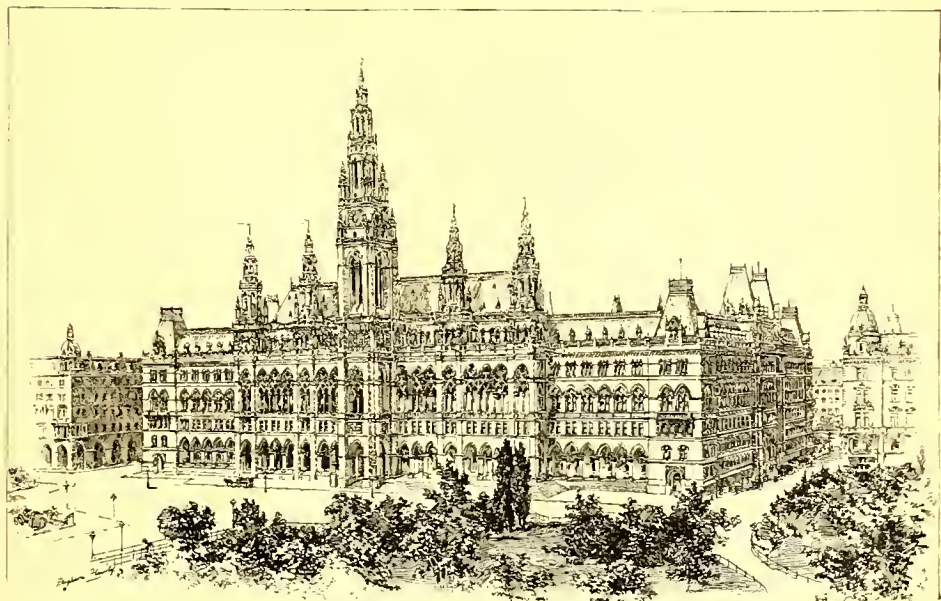
"It was the morning after my arrival in Vienna," said the Doctor. "I went to take breakfast in a restaurant, and had just given my order when two men, one English and the other American, entered the place together and sat down at a table near me. The *speise-kellner* was absent, to get what I had ordered. One of the strangers beckoned to the *trink-kellner*, and briefly commanded :

"*'Schwei bifteks, mit spiegel eier'* (two beefsteaks, with poached eggs).

"The man briefly said that he was the *trink-kellner*, and then returned to his place by the window, where he was chatting with another waiter—probably the *trink-kellner* of the next series of tables.

"The strangers were vexed that he did not go to execute their orders. They vented their displeasure in comments the reverse of complimentary; then they summoned him again, and repeated their order with a great deal of emphasis. The man responded, as before, that he was the *trink-kellner*, and returned to his place by the window and his talk with his comrade, who was equally idle.

"Then the storm broke out. The Englishman rose from his seat, went to where the waiter stood, and again ordered two beefsteaks with



RATHHAUS (TOWN-HALL).

poached eggs in tones that could have been heard a block away. The waiter looked steadily at him without moving a muscle, the Englishman shook his fist in the waiter's face, and there was a good prospect of a fight then and there. Meantime the American rushed to the other end of the room seeking for some one in authority, and fortunately found the head-waiter. Fortunately, too, the head-waiter spoke English, and was able to explain matters; and the Englishman was soothed, and returned to his seat without striking a blow. Just then the *speise-kellner* came with what I had ordered, and was able to give proper attention to the foreigners, so that in a little while peace and quiet existed as before, and hunger was satisfied."

When our friends were ready to settle their bill and depart, the Doctor rapped on the table two or three times, and called out "*Zahlen!*" immediately after rapping. He explained that this was to call another functionary of the establishment—the *zahl-kellner*, or pay-waiter, who receives the money due for food or drink.

"Then you don't pay the waiter who has served you, as you do in Paris, London, or New York," said Mrs. Bassett, in a tone of surprise.

"No," was the reply; "the man you see there with the small leathern bag slung from his shoulder is the *zahl-kellner*, and that bag serves the double purpose of holding his small change and being a badge of office. Another badge is the memorandum pad and pencil which are used in footing up the accounts. Here he comes."

As the Doctor spoke he rapped again and called out as before, and in a moment the pay-waiter was at his side. Doctor Bronson named over the articles they had obtained, the man footed them up with lightning-like rapidity, and placed the slip of paper on the table, at the same time naming the amount. A florin note was tendered, change was quickly made, and the Doctor gathered up the coins before him with the exception of a few coppers, which were quickly swept into a leathern bag with a "*Dank yer, saer*" (Thank you, sir). The next moment the *zahl-kellner* was at another table, where he went through a similar performance and with the same celerity.

"How does he know that you told him correctly as to what we owed?" Mrs. Bassett asked. "He just took your word for it as you named over the things we ordered, and he didn't ask the waiter or any one else whether you might be cheating."

"That has always been a puzzle to me," the Doctor answered. "The *zahl-kellner* goes rapidly from table to table, takes on trust the statements of customers, and never, so far as I have heard, makes any ques-



CAFÉ CONCERT, VIENNA.

tion as to their correctness. Very often when a settlement is made the waiters are not present, and I have never seen them called to verify or correct a customer's account. I have come to the conclusion that the people of Vienna are more honest than those of other cities, or they would not be trusted as they are. If such a system were adopted in the restaurants of London or New York I'm afraid there would be a great deal of—well, we will call it forgetfulness, though I had a shorter word in mind."

The rest of the party agreed with the more experienced Doctor, who narrated another illustration of the honesty of the Viennese.

"When I was here in 1873, I used to go often to the Blumensaale,

the Nieuwe Welt, and other gardens and halls where there was music in the evening. They are immense establishments, where many hundreds of people can be entertained at once. The restaurants and beer-halls are very large, people sit at the tables or stroll among the trees, and sometimes there may be three or four thousand of them congregated together. When two or three persons were sitting at a table and wished to stroll for a little while and then return to their places, they would leave a cigar-case, a pocket-knife, or something of the sort on the table, and then walk away in the most trusting confidence that the article would remain there till their return, and their right to the table would be respected by everybody in the place."

"I wouldn't like to try the experiment in any public resort in or around New York," said Fred, "unless I had something in my pocket that I wished to be rid of forever."

"Nor I," echoed Frank. Mrs. Bassett and Mary agreed with the youths, and so did the Doctor. Then Mrs. Bassett asked how it happened that the waiter was not there at the time of the settlement of their bill in order to receive his gratuity.

"That is all included in the gratuity I gave the *zahl-kellner*," said the Doctor, "though sometimes a small fee is given to the waiter in addition. The *zahl-kellner* pays the waiters for their services, and gets his own compensation in addition out of the gratuities he receives from customers, and sometimes he pays a premium for his situation. The proprietor of the restaurant gets the services of all his waiters for nothing so far as his own pocket is concerned, and quite likely he receives one or two thousand dollars a year as premium for the *zahl-kellner's* place. All comes from the pockets of the patrons of the establishment, in the shape of the gratuities that accompany the payment of each bill."

Mrs. Bassett wondered why the dry-goods stores, the boot and shoe stores, and all other shops and stores of every name and kind did not adopt the plan of restaurants and beer-halls, and require their patrons to pay the wages of their salesmen in the manner described. She addressed her conundrum to Doctor Bronson, who instantly said he would prefer something not so difficult to answer. Up to our last dates from the travelling party he had not solved the problem, and until he does so we cannot enlighten the reader concerning it.

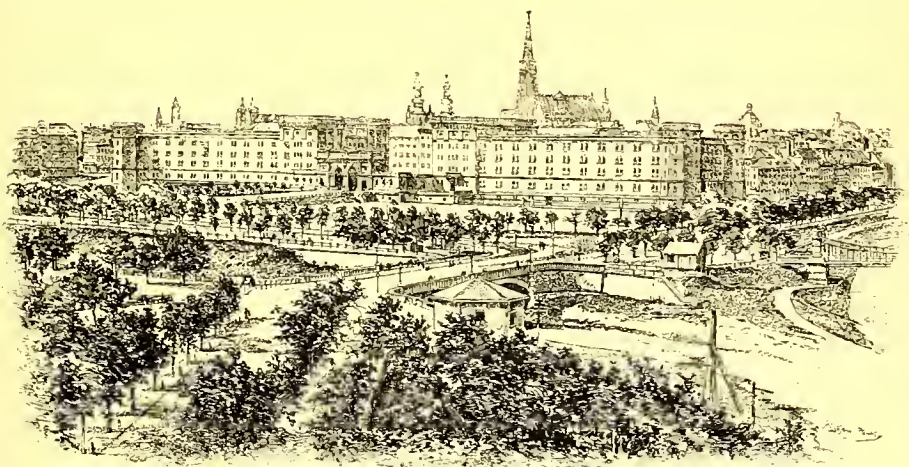
On the following morning the party breakfasted together as usual, and then went out for a walk to St. Stephen's Church and its neighborhood. They entered the church and admired its noble proportions, and

it did not take long for them to understand why the people of Vienna are so warmly attached to this venerable edifice.

From the church they went to the Graben, which is a short and broad street, and also a busy one. It is the favorite shopping-place, and even at the early hour when our friends went there it was filled with people. Frank explained to his mother that in the twelfth century the Graben was the moat of the fortifications of Vienna, and the houses on the northern side occupied the site of the ancient wall. "Some of the buildings are hundreds of years old," said he; "but they are disappearing year by year, to make way for newer and more spacious ones. By the end of the century there will be very few of the old structures remaining, if new buildings rise at their present rate."

"Probably they will keep the monument and fountains in the middle of the street," said Mrs. Bassett, "as they can't very well put any houses where they are. What is that curious structure that looks like a lot of clouds with figures among them?"

"That is the Trinity Column," was the reply; "and it was built about two hundred years ago, in commemoration of the cessation of the



RADETZKY BRIDGE AND FRANZ JOSEF BARRACKS.

plague. Those fountains on either side of the Trinity Column are of much later date than the central monument, and the figures upon them belong to the present century. Down to and during the eighteenth century the Graben was the market-place of Vienna, and in the early

hours of every day it was crowded with sellers of eggs, poultry, milk, vegetables, meat, and other articles of food; but as soon as it became fashionable the markets were sent elsewhere."

The walk through the Graben was a very slow one, as the eyes of Mrs. Bassett and her daughter were constantly drawn towards the windows of the shops, where many attractions were displayed. Mrs. Bassett asked what were the specialties of Vienna in the way of goods. Mary promptly answered that Russia-leather was the leading one, the others being carpets, jewelry, silver and other plate, and meerschaum; whereupon Mrs. Bassett said she would look for Russia-leather, as it was something of which she was specially fond.

Had she postponed the question for half an hour she would have had no need to ask it, as the number of the shops for the sale of Russia-leather, and the abundance, variety, and beauty of the goods would have told her in unmistakable terms. Vienna has virtually a monopoly of the trade in this article, as its goods have a higher reputation than any other, and for a long time they were the only goods of Russia-leather that reached the market at all. Frank made inquiries on the subject, and wrote the following note:

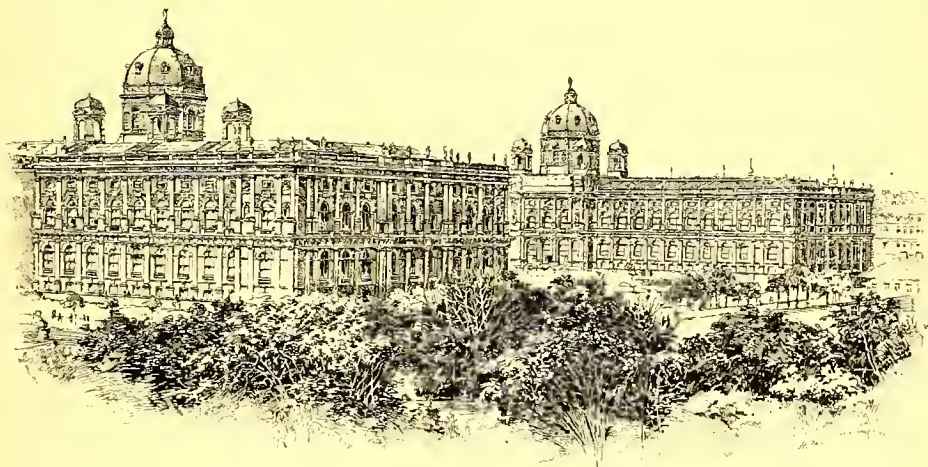
"Austria exports annually leather goods to the value of sixteen million florins (\$8,000,000). Nearly all the leather is tanned in the dominions of the Czar, and is, therefore, 'real' Russian—at least, that is what the dealers tell you. I have heard that a considerable part of it is made in other countries, the secret of the tanning having been obtained, as many other secrets are often obtained in Russia, by the payment of money to those who possess it.

"The variety of things they make out of this leather is almost endless, and the sight of the goods in the shops is bewildering. I expect that mamma and Mary will make extensive purchases, and our friends at home may look for a good many presents in Russia-leather about next Christmas."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE KOHLMARKT.—HOFBURG.—AMALIENHOF.—RITTERSAAL.—THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY, AND WHAT WAS SEEN THERE.—THE TREASURY.—THE FLORENTINE DIAMOND AND ITS HISTORY.—CHARLEMAGNE'S IMPERIAL REGALIA.—THE GOLDEN FLEECE.—BURG THEATRE.—TERRIBLE DISASTER AT THE RING THEATRE.—A DRIVE TO THE PRATER.—IN THE GREAT PARK OF VIENNA.—ANTIQUITY OF THE PRATER; ITS HISTORY FOR 800 YEARS.—HAUPT-ALLEE AND NOBEL-PRATER.—AN ARISTOCRATIC RESORT.—CONSTANTINE HILL.—A VIEW OF THE EMPEROR.—CHAT ABOUT THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.—THE WURSTEL-PRATER.—POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.—VOTIVE CHURCH.—THE EMPRESS.

FROM the Graben our friends walked through the Kohlmarkt, another fashionable and busy street, and, like the Graben, lined with shops from one end to the other. Frank had selected this route, partly



THE IMPERIAL MUSEUMS.

in order to gratify the desires of his mother and sister to see the shopping facilities of Vienna, and partly because it led in the direction of the Hofburg, or imperial palace, which all wanted to see.

"They call it Kohlmarkt," said Mrs. Bassett, "and I suppose that

means 'coal market.' But I haven't seen a sign of any place for selling coal since we started on our walk."

"Coal is not sold here now," was the reply, "nor has it been for centuries. In the thirteenth century it was called Holzmarkt (wood market), and was actually the place where wood was sold. A hundred years later the name was changed to the present one, and for a time it indicated the business conducted here, but that ended long ago."

Following the Kohlmarkt our friends came to the Hofburg, or imperial palace, which is at first somewhat disappointing to the stranger, who has become accustomed to the magnificent buildings along the Ringstrasse, and looks for something that will fairly bewilder him when he reaches the abode of the imperial family. This was the case with Mrs. Bassett and Mary. Frank explained that the imperial palace was not a modern structure, like most of the buildings they had seen, but an irregular pile belonging to several different epochs.

"It is large enough, certainly," said Mrs. Bassett; "and perhaps it is all the more picturesque with its irregularity. How old is the oldest part of the palace? It must be very ancient."

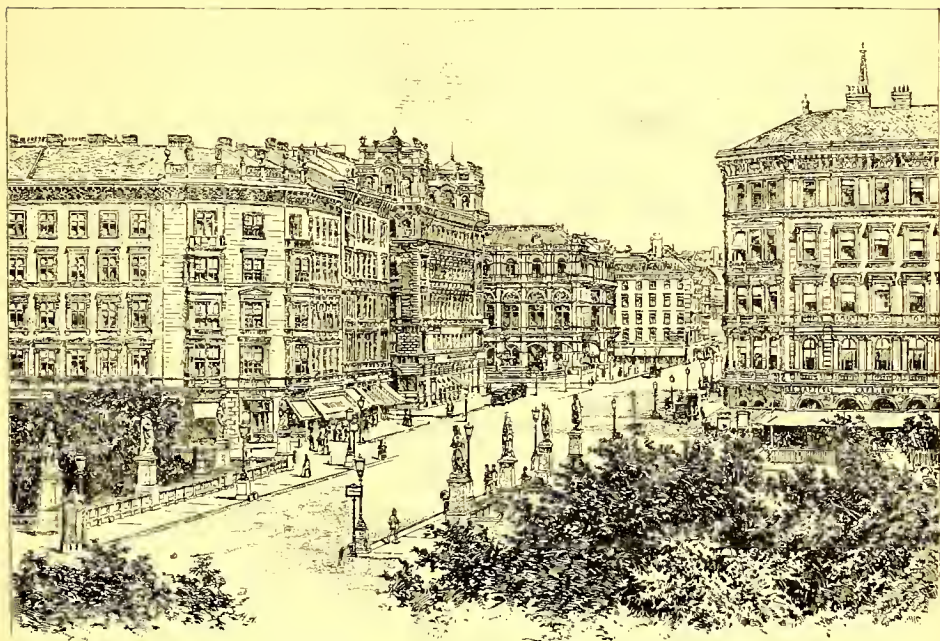
"I cannot say exactly," replied Frank, "but according to history the Austrian princes have made this their home since the thirteenth century. Perhaps there is no part of the structure that dates from the beginning of their residence here, but there is a goodly portion that can boast of an age of not less than two or three hundred years.

"For example, there is the Amalienhof, or Amalien Palace, which is now occupied by the Empress, and contains some of the imperial offices. It was built near the end of the seventeenth century, though it was begun in the sixteenth. The four sides of the great palace belong to different periods and almost to as many centuries, the one to the east dating from the early part of the fourteenth century, or possibly the end of the thirteenth."

"What volumes of history must be associated with this palace!" Mary exclaimed, as she stood before the home of the Hapsburgs and carried her eyes slowly from the base to the top of the building.

"Yes," said Frank; "the whole history of the Empire of Austria may be said to have its centre here. Shut your eyes and think of Maria Theresa receiving the homage of the Austrian princes in the old Residenz, or of Josef II. granting audience to all comers in the Controller corridor. There is the magnificent Rittersaal, where a long line of kings and emperors has walked and stood. There are the windows which were shattered by revolutionists during the stormy times of 1848,

and the square where we are standing has seen many a military assemblage, and witnessed many a royal or imperial departure for scenes of war. No wonder the Hapsburgs are proud of their lineage, as it is the oldest imperial family of Europe, and there is less in its history that



ELIZABETH BRIDGE AND KÄRNTNERSTRASSE.

any one of them might wish to forget than in that of most of the imperial and royal families of the world."

After looking at the statues which adorn the square in front of the palace, and studying the exterior of the buildings, our friends proceeded to the inspection of such of them as were open to the public. They made a brief visit to the Imperial Library, but it is safe to say they did not specially look at all of the 300,000 volumes and 20,000 manuscripts that the library contains. They paused in front of the case which is said to contain a Psalter which was printed in 1457 by Schaffer and Faust, and a copy of the very oldest edition of the *Biblia Pauperum*, printed in 1430. Mary wished she could be allowed to carry away a few leaves of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, which were in the author's own writing, and Mrs. Bassett expressed a similar desire relative to the

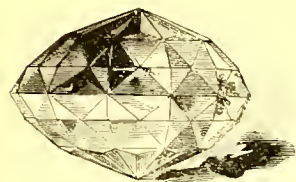
prayer-book of Charles V. Fred was enthusiastic over the collection of engravings and wood-cuts, which comprises 300,000 specimens, from the earliest to the latest, and all of them interesting.

Then they saw the natural history and mineral collections, which are in the same building; and thus Frank shrewdly led the way to the Treasury, which is the most interesting of all the imperial collections of Vienna. Here is what Mary said about it:

"I cannot begin to tell a quarter—no, not the hundredth or the thousandth part of what we saw there, and if I did I should tell altogether too much for your patience. When we entered we found ourselves in a hall with long walls, and on these walls were the robes of the heralds for I don't know how many reigns of the imperial house. The embroidery on some of these robes was wonderful, and mamma lingered over them with many expressions of admiration. You know she is very proud of what she can do with her needle, and she says that embroidery always interests her very much, as she is constantly learning new stitches, which she will try when she gets home.

"While mamma was looking at the heralds' robes I strolled a little farther on, and came to something you couldn't guess in a dozen guesses. It was a case containing the keys of the coffins of the ancestors of the imperial family. Frank suggested that they didn't appear to be used often, and I shouldn't suppose they would be.

"We were all curious to see the Austrian crown jewels, which are kept here and are of enormous value—exactly how much they are worth I couldn't begin to figure out. Among the imperial gems is the celebrated Florentine diamond, which has a curious history. It belonged



THE FLORENTINE DIAMOND.

to Charles the Bold, and was in his possession when he was killed on the battle-field of Nancy. It was picked up by a peasant, who sold it for a florin to a travelling merchant from Berne. The merchant sold it for considerable profit, and after a long series of adventures, which I haven't time to tell, the stone came into the possession of the Austrian Government. It weighs 133 carats, and is

said to be worth \$100,000, though I doubt if the Government would sell it for twice that figure if any one should offer it.

"We saw the Emperor's crown, sceptre, and imperial globe—all of them set with precious stones very attractive to ordinary eyes. I observed that there was a crowd of people around the cases where the

jewels were displayed—in fact, the imperial jewels seemed to be the principal attraction of the place. There is a fine collection of the decorations of different orders, the most dazzling of all being that of the Golden Fleece, which is composed of 150 diamonds, with a stone weighing forty-two carats in the centre. Frank declares himself to be a genuine American. He has no particular leaning towards foreign orders and decorations, but he confesses that he would like to have this particular decoration of the order of the Golden Fleece, just for the sake of the diamonds in it and the gold in which they are set.

“Then Frank asked if I could tell anything about the Golden Fleece, and the origin of the order of that name.

“I replied that I could. And here is what I told him :

“The ancient Greeks had a tradition that there was in a distant country a golden fleece, which was guarded by a sleepless dragon. The King of Greece commissioned his nephew, Jason, to go in search of that fleece and bring it home. Jason caused the *Argo* to be built and manned by fifty of the bravest men he could find, and when all was ready they sailed away. From the name of their ship they were called ‘the Argonauts.’ Some people think that the *Argo* was the first ship built, and the Argonauts were the first sailors. The adventures of the Argonauts have been told by Homer, and other poets and historians.

“Frank said my story was historically correct thus far, but he wanted to know what it had to do with the decoration that we were looking at.

“I told him that the order of knighthood bearing the name of the Golden Fleece was founded by Philip III., Duke of Burgundy and the Netherlands, at Bruges, on January 10, 1429, on the occasion of his marriage with Isabella, daughter of King John I. of Portugal. The order was established in the interest of the Catholic Church, and the fleece was adopted as its emblem, partly on account of its heroic history and partly because wool was such a large part of the material of manufacture in the Netherlands. When the order was established the founder named himself grand-master, and he limited the number of knights to twenty-four, but after his death it was increased. The order has descended from its founder to the present reigning Houses of Spain and Austria. The King of Spain and the Emperor of Austria are the only sovereigns who can confer the title, and they cannot confer it upon a Protestant without obtaining the consent of the Pope.

“Frank said that would do for the Golden Fleece, and he was ready to look at something else, although he again cast a longing eye at the splendid and very costly decoration that I mentioned.



THE "ARGO."

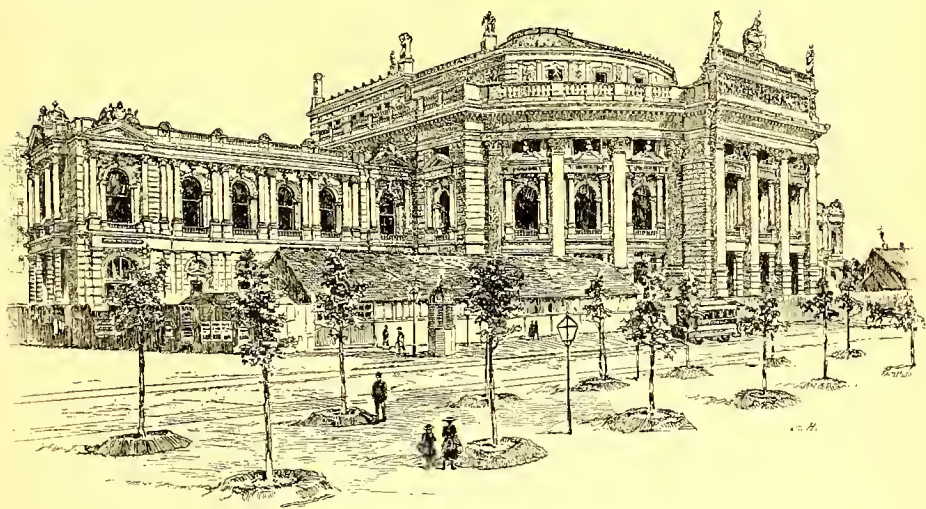
"We saw the baptismal robes of all the imperial infants for a long time, and with them the baptismal vessels, which can only be used for imperial babies. Then came the state swords used at coronations, the coronation robes, and the silver-gilt eradle of the King of Rome. It is a eradle of no ordinary kind, as it is said to weigh 500 pounds; but mamma said the royal child would have slept just as well in a eradle such as you could buy at any well-stocked house-furnishing store for a dollar or two, and perhaps a great deal better.

"We saw something that carried us away back into history. It was a collection of memorials of the Holy Roman Empire, which were once kept at Aix-la-Chapelle and afterwards at Nuremberg. There was the crown of Charlemagne, with his sceptre and imperial robes, and there were the swords of Charlemagne and St. Mauritius, and several other antique relies that I can't remember. I was also very much interested

when I saw the sword of Haroun-al-Raschid, the great Moslem warrior, who flourished more than a thousand years ago. Frank said he had many doubts as to the genuineness of the relic, but it is just as well to accept the tradition ; and certainly the sword may have belonged to the great defender of the faith of Islam, and been wielded in the battles that he fought."

This ended Mary's account of the visit to the imperial treasury, and of some of the things that they saw there.

"The description of the Hofburg would be incomplete," said Fred, "if the Burg Theatre should be left out. But there is a possibility of confusion, since there are two theatres of that name—the old and the new. The old one is in the palace, and is very small. The new theatre is a large and handsome building, and for the future visitor will be *the* Burg Theatre of the Austrian capital. It is built of white stone from the foundations upward, and is adorned with statuary relating to dramatic art. There are busts of Shakespeare, Calderon, Molière, Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, and others whose names are famous ; and also those of the Austrian dramatic poets, Debbel, Grillparzer, and Halm. Then there



HOFBURG THEATRE.

are busts, pictures, medallions, and the like, of famous characters in tragedy and comedy ; and it is evident to the most casual observer that the plans for the theatre were made with the greatest care, and by men of the highest architectural intelligence."

"I thought the Burg Theatre was burned," said Mrs. Bassett, "and many lives were lost. Was that so?"

"It was the Ring Theatre, not the Burg," said Frank. "It was burned in December, 1881, with a loss of 580 lives—one of the most terrible accidents that ever took place in a theatre."

"Have they built a new one in place of it?"

"No," was the reply. "Every stone of the building was removed, and on its site there is an edifice that was built by the Emperor from his private funds, and endowed from the same source. It is dedicated to charitable purposes, and contains many apartments, which are rented to families and individuals. The revenue from these rentals is devoted to the charities named by the Emperor; they include, among other things, pensions for the immediate dependants of some of those who perished in the fire when the theatre was destroyed."

Our friends had been for some time on their feet, and were naturally a little weary; accordingly, Frank suggested that a drive would be in order, and a carriage was speedily engaged. As Mrs. Bassett settled into her place on the cushions she intimated that she would like to see the Prater. She had heard that it was one of the finest parks in the world, and felt sure that a drive through it would be delightful.

"It certainly ought to be a fine park," said Mary, "if what I have read of it is true."

"What was that?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"That it has been a park for eight hundred years," was the reply. "I wonder if that is really so? Eight hundred years for one park! It seems impossible to believe the story."

"You are right and wrong at the same time," said Frank, in response to his sister's interrogation. "The Prater has been the property of the imperial family and their predecessors since the eleventh century, and they used it for their court festivals, fireworks, promenades, and hunting-parties. It was a park, but not a public one, as it was entirely closed to all but the imperial family and their friends, and such persons as had special permission from the chief falconer to go there. In the months of May and June the nobles and distinguished strangers were allowed to drive through the Prater, but this permission was refused to any common mortal, with very rare exceptions."

"How long did this period of exclusion last?" queried Mary.

"For seven hundred years," replied Frank, "or down to 1776, the year of the declaration of independence in America. The Emperor Josef II., as Prince-regent, abolished all the old privileges, and officially

announced that from that time the public should have free entrance to the Prater at any hour of the day, and they might send up balloons, play skittles, or amuse themselves in certain other ways which were prescribed. It was also announced that the landlords of inns and coffee-houses might sell wine, beer, and coffee there, together with such other things as were usually sold in taverns and restaurants. One part of the Prater was very soon devoted to shows of various kinds, and they are still kept up there in what is known as the Wurstel-Prater, which is the resort of the humbler classes of the population, especially on Sundays."



VIENNESE FIACRE.

Mrs. Bassett asked if it would be proper for them to go to the Wurstel-Prater, and look at the people and the shows that entertain them.

"Certainly it will," replied Frank. "Everything is orderly enough there, and you will be reminded of Coney Island or other similar resorts in the vicinity of New York. The scene is interesting enough—at least, for a single visit, and perhaps for more."

It was decided that the party would see the Wurstel-Prater, but they

agreed that before doing so the more aristocratic portion of the park should be visited. This is known as the Nobel-Prater, and, like all the rest of the great resort, is prettily laid out. It is crossed by a magnificent avenue of chestnut-trees, and on pleasant afternoons this avenue is filled with vehicles, which include everything, from the carriage of the Emperor or Empress down to the humble fiacre or cab, which any one who has the money to pay for it may hire. Frank directed their driver to take this avenue, the Haupt-Allee, and he called attention to the circumstance that the Prater is so large that the Haupt-Allee is three miles long and as straight as a sunbeam. It begins at the Prater-Stern, where the park is entered from the city, and terminates on the banks of the Danube, on the other side of the grounds.

As they rode along, Mrs. Bassett called attention to the great size of the trees in the Prater, and said she thought she had never before seen such a fine array of them in any public park that she had visited. "It seems more like a grand old forest than a park," she said, "and it is evident that they have taken great care of the trees during all the eight hundred years that you mentioned."

"Yes," replied Frank, "and the Viennese are justly proud of the trees that you see all around you. It has been remarked that there would be no more certain way to provoke a revolution than for the Government to announce that the trees in the Prater were to be cut down and the place converted into an open field."

"It would certainly be sufficient cause for rebellion," said Mrs. Bassett, "as it would deprive the people of a delightful place of recreation. How many acres of ground are there in the Prater?"

"Four thousand two hundred and seventy acres," replied Frank.

"Is there any other city park that equals it in size?"

"I believe not," the youth answered. "The Bois de Boulogne of Paris contains 2500 acres; Central Park, New York, 650 acres; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 550 acres; Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, 2700 acres; and Hyde Park, London, 400 acres. There may be a larger city park than the Prater, but I don't recall one at present."

Our friends went to the end of the great drive, and then returned to Constantine Hill, which is situated close to the Haupt-Allee and is a favorite resort of fashionable people. It is an artificial mound suggestive of the hill near the cascade in the Bois de Boulogne, and Mrs. Bassett remarked that the Viennese had been very successful in their efforts at making something picturesque out of the level ground of the park. The carriage stopped in front of one of the restaurants near the



PROMENADE IN THE PRATER.

hill, and our friends secured seats where they could study the people of the Austrian capital in their favorite resort of an afternoon. They had an excellent view of the great drive-way with its rows of chestnut-trees, and Mary said that it was as good as going to the theatre, or looking through a kaleidoscope, to watch the endless procession of carriages, pedestrians, and equestrians that passed before their eyes.

Presently there was a commotion at the approach of a carriage which seemed to attract more attention than all the others. Men paused in their footsteps and lifted their hats, and of course our friends turned their eyes in the direction where everybody else was looking.

"That is the Emperor; I know him by his portrait," said Mary. Sure enough, it was His Majesty, the ruler of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, taking his customary drive in the Prater, where his subjects could see and salute him. He was in military uniform, and as he passed the place where our friends were standing (they had risen from their seats as soon as it was known that he was coming), his hand was at the side of his cap in acknowledgment of the salutations of the people. A moment later the hand fell, only to rise again a short distance farther on.

From the beginning to the end of a drive in public the Emperor is kept busy in acknowledging the demonstrations of respect with which he is always greeted, and the same is the case with other members of the imperial family whenever they take an outing in the Prater or along the Ringstrasse, as they do very often.

Mrs. Bassett thought that such constant exercise of his right arm and hand must be very wearying to His Majesty, and the others agreed with her. Frank said it was one of the penalties connected with exalted position everywhere: the higher one's station in life, the more exacting are its duties; and those who imagine that an emperor has nothing to do but study his own pleasure are very wide of the mark.

"I am told," said Frank, "that the Emperor is one of the hardest worked men in the Austro-Hungarian Government. He rises early, takes a cup of coffee and a Vienna roll, walks for half an hour in the garden if the weather is fine, and is then ready for business. The forenoon is devoted to interviews with his ministers, foreign representatives, and others, to the consideration of matters of state, and to any other business that may be brought up. Then comes the substantial breakfast, or what we would call luncheon, and, after it, any public ceremonies which are on the imperial programme; then there may be more receptions, and, after them, a drive in the Prater or elsewhere. Then comes dinner, and after dinner the opera, the theatre, or some other amusement, with possibly an hour or more devoted to thinking over important questions that are to be considered on the following day. Bedtime comes none too early, and the wonder is that the Kaiser has been able to get through everything set down for the twenty-four hours of the day without breaking down long ago. But he has been Emperor for more than forty years (since 1848), and is in good health yet."

"I wonder if he gets time to read the newspapers?" said Mrs. Bassett, interrogatively, as Frank paused.

"Not all of them," replied Frank: "in fact, he reads very few, and the one that he reads most is specially prepared for him."



FRANCIS JOSEPH II., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

“How is that?”

“One of the officials connected with the household is charged with the duty of condensing the news, editorials, and other matter in the principal papers of the empire and elsewhere, exactly as the editor of any newspaper prepares the news for its readers. The official knows the kind of intelligence and editorial comment that the Emperor desires,

and he performs his work accordingly. The 'copy' that he prepares is put in type in the imperial printing-office, and a single sheet is struck off and sent at once to His Majesty. He generally reads it on his return from his walk in the garden, and before beginning the receptions of his ministers and others. In this way he keeps the run of the events of the time, the drift of popular feeling, the politics of all countries, and especially of the events, politics, and popular drift in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy from one end to the other."

"That is certainly an excellent arrangement," said Mrs. Bassett, as Frank paused. "But it is only an emperor who can have a paper prepared and printed for himself alone."

"It is an expensive luxury," was the reply; "but something of the same kind is done by all royal or imperial people, and also by many people who are not emperors, kings, or even princes with thrones in prospect. Every crowned head of Europe or other country has the news prepared by a confidential secretary or other official, though I believe no other has a paper specially printed for his own use; sometimes it is prepared in the form of scraps pasted on sheets of white paper; sometimes important passages in the papers are marked, so that the eyes for whom they are intended do not have to look for what is wanted; sometimes the secretary reads the news aloud to His or Her Majesty, selecting what he deems desirable, and naming the headlines only of matter about which he has any doubt. Many a busy man of affairs in Europe and America has some one to read the papers and select what he knows his employer wants, the rest being discarded. And many a man in ordinary every-day life asks his wife, son, or daughter to 'read the paper' to him, and thus save him the trouble. He indicates that he wants the shipping news, railway accidents, marriage notices, movements in politics, or information on any other special topic, and the reader gives him what he wants and nothing more. So you see the Emperor Francis Joseph, is like the rest of the world, after all, when you come to reflect."

Mrs. Bassett acknowledged the correctness of the assertion, and said it was something she had never thought of.

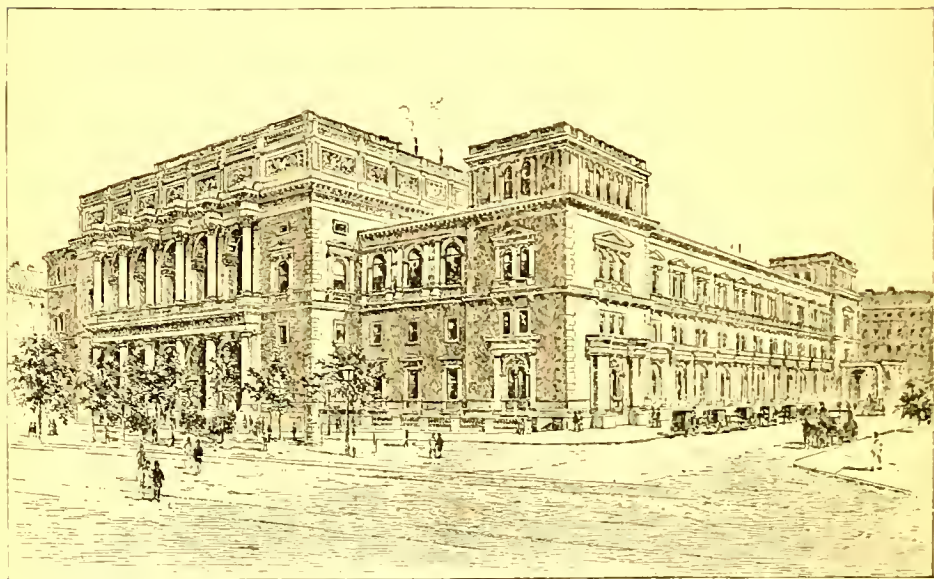
When their visit to the aristocratic part of the Prater was ended, the party went on the proposed inspection of the Wurstel-Prater. They found it quite as interesting as the Nobel-Prater, though of course in a different way, and Mary remarked that it was vastly more amusing. Children were romping among the trees or along the walks, girls in swings were shouting and screaming with much merriment,

and there was a lively whirl of merry-go-rounds that reminded Fred of Coney Island and other popular resorts in his own land. Several parties were dancing in the open air, and the common workaday people of Vienna were strolling along the walks, lying on the grass beneath the trees, or sipping beer or other beverages at the places where those articles were sold. There was a whole street of shows, which included trained fleas, lion-tamers, snake-charmers, acrobats, bearded women, living skeletons, jugglers, monkey-theatres, and other things. Mary thought it would be capital fun to visit all the shows in the Wurstel-Prater, but Frank suggested that it would consume too much of their time, and, after all, the displays would be very much the same as kindred entertainments elsewhere.



SHOWS IN THE WURSTEL-PRATER.

“Frank called our attention to the Volkstheatre in the Prater,” said Mary, “and told us that it was specially devoted to plays in the Vienna dialect, and suited to the tastes of the people who frequent this part of the park. There are café-concerts in other parts of the Prater which

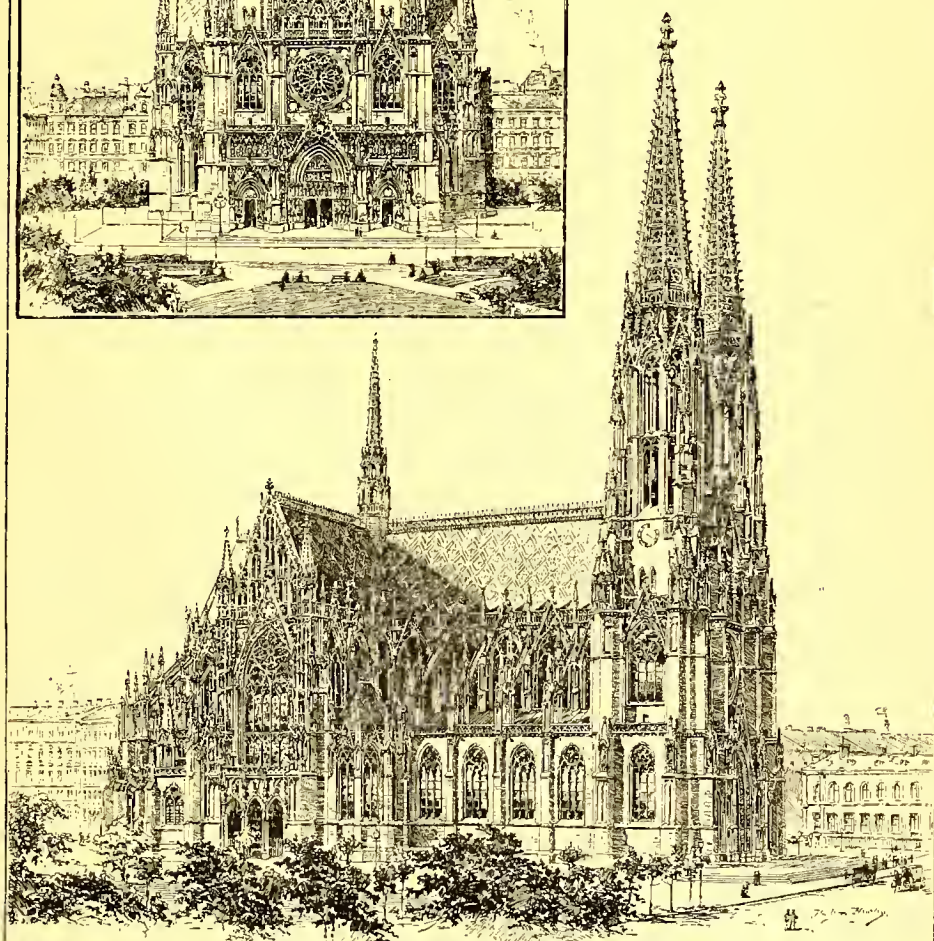
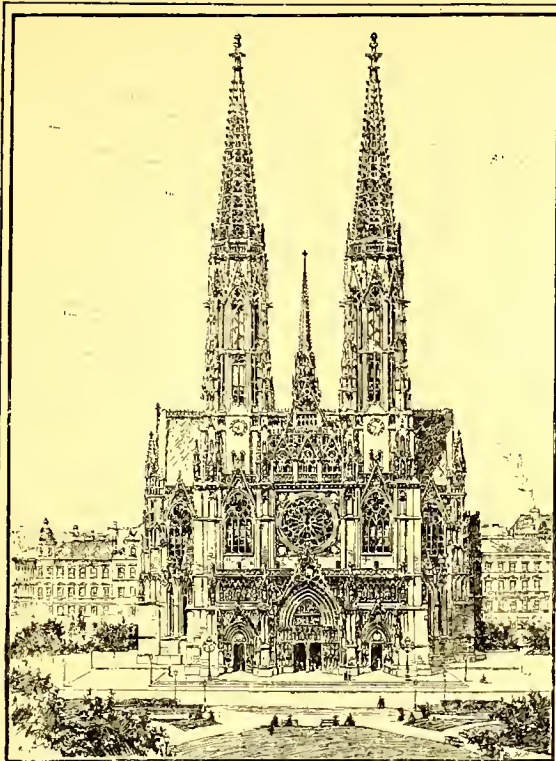


THE VIENNA STOCK-EXCHANGE.

are more fashionable in their character, but none where the audience enjoys itself more thoroughly than do the audiences of the Volkstheatre and the concert-halls in its vicinity. The result of my observation is that the Prater is admirably arranged for the recreation of all the people, high and low, rich and poor, prince and peasant. I like the great park very much indeed, and hope we will have a chance to see it again before we continue our journey.”

On the way back to the city our friends took the route over the Aspern Bridge, and then along Franz Josef Quay to the Schotten Ring. As they passed the Stock-exchange, Frank remarked that it was the scene of the great crash of 1873, when thousands of speculators and other people were ruined.

“Ruined!” exclaimed Mrs. Bassett: “I should suppose it would have killed them. But they have built it up since, and it looks like a very solid house that ought not to fall again.”



THE VOTIVE CHURCH.

Frank explained that it was not the fall of the Stock-exchange building to which he referred, but a financial crash or panic, which occurred in the year mentioned. There had been, he further said, a vast amount of speculation or over-trading, and the crash came like the famous "Black Friday" of New York in 1869, or the still greater panic in Wall Street in 1873, six months after the *krak* at Vienna.

At the upper end of the Schotten Ring attention was called to the Votive Church, which stands in a large open space called the Maximilianplatz. Mary asked if the ground was named for the emperor whose tomb—or, rather, whose monument—they saw at Innsbruck.

"No," was the reply; "it was named for the Maximilian who was shot in Mexico in 1866, after a brief career as emperor of that country."

"I remember," said Mary; "he was the brother of the Emperor of Austria, and renounced all his rights to the throne of this country when he went to Mexico. And I believe he started the movement for building the church which we are looking at, did he not?"

"Yes," said Frank; "the Votive Church was built to commemorate the escape of the Emperor Francis Joseph from the attempt of an assassin to take his life near this very spot."

"It is certainly a very handsome church," said Mrs. Bassett, as they contemplated the façade and portals with the slender spires that rose very high in the air. Mary said the sculpture made her think of a piece of lace-work, and Frank remarked that it had been compared to lace wrought in stone. The position of the church on a terraced foundation adds greatly to the artistic effect of the building as one looks at it from any point on the Ringstrasse.

While our friends were looking at the Votive Church the carriage of the Empress passed them, and they had a glimpse of the lady who is, by her exalted position, the first of the land. They had just time to observe that her face was pleasing, and that she smiled graciously, bowing slightly to right and left at the homage that was shown her by the people. Frank told his companions that the Empress has a great popularity with the Viennese, and whenever she appears in public their affection for her is decorously but emphatically demonstrated.

"I have heard that she is a very daring horseback-rider," said Mary, "and is fond of mounting steeds that most people are afraid of. Is that really the case? I would certainly like to know."

"Yes," was the reply; "and she usually succeeds in conquering any horse, however obstinate he may be when he first comes to her hand. She takes great delight in the English sport of 'riding to hounds,' and

it has been said that she enjoys the saddle quite as much as she does the throne, and sits on it as easily."

"And the Emperor is a good horseman, I've heard," added Mary.

"One of the best," said Frank, "and he is justly proud of his horsemanship. He is also a famous hunter of the chamois, and spends two or three weeks of every autumn hunting that animal in Styria. He gets up at three or four in the morning, dresses like the other hunters, climbs the mountains like them and with them; he carries his own alpenstock and rifle, and is an excellent shot, as he has proved on many an occasion. He has a fine collection of heads of chamois which he has killed—in fact, it is said that few other amateur hunters have collections to surpass that of Francis Joseph."

"Is there anything else for which he is remarkable?" queried Mrs. Bassett, in a tone which indicated her belief that the end of the list had been reached.

"He is one of the best linguists of the day, as you have already heard," said Frank. "He can speak English, French, Italian, and Spanish, in addition to his native German and the other languages and dialects of his empire. A considerable part of his popularity with the Hungarians arises from his ability to address them in their own tongue, which he can do with ease, and it is said of him that when he has once learned a word in a foreign language he never forgets it or its meaning. Altogether he is a remarkable man, and refutes most emphatically the idea that the life of an emperor is one of indolence."



TYPE OF VIENNOISE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

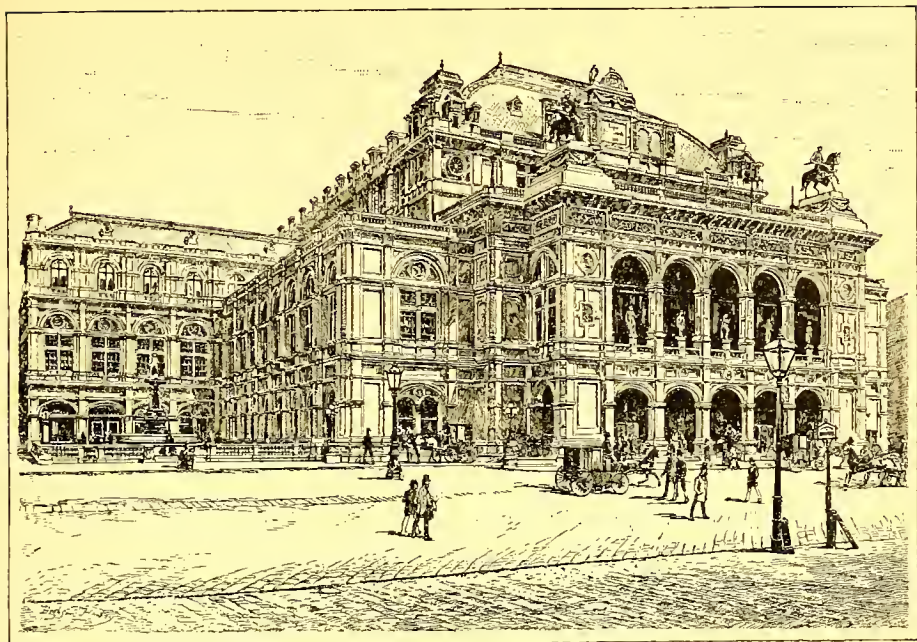
THE IMPERIAL OPERA-HOUSE, VIENNA; EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING; THE AUDIENCE AND THE PERFORMANCE; STATUARY AND DECORATIONS; MADAME MATERNA; RULES OF THE MANAGEMENT; FEMININE ORCHESTRAS; MRS. BASSETT'S VIEWS CONCERNING THEM.—THE UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA.—“THE LINES.”—SIEGE OF VIENNA BY THE TURKS.—SCRAPS OF HISTORY.—EXTENSION OF MODERN VIENNA.—A BAKER'S DISCOVERY.—THE KAHLENBERG.—FROM VIENNA TO BUDA-PESTH BY RIVER.—PRESBURG AND KOMORN.—BUDA-PESTH.—THE TWIN CITIES, AND HOW THEY WERE UNITED.—ROYAL PALACE, AND OTHER BUILDINGS.—HOT SPRINGS AND BATHS.—MARGARET ISLAND.—THE OPERA.—HUNGARIAN DISHES, DANCES, AND NOBILITY.—THE END.



A LADY ORCHESTRA.

THE evening following the incidents just narrated happened to be “opera-night,” and Mrs. Bassett intimated that she would like to see the interior of the famous opera-house of Vienna.

Through the aid of the manager of the hotel a box was secured for the evening, and at the proper time the party was seated in it. It was too far to one side to afford a good view of the stage, but Frank said they must consider themselves fortunate to secure a box at all at such a late hour. As their object was to study the au-



THE IMPERIAL OPERA-HOUSE.

dience quite as much as the performance, nobody lost any time in grieving over the location of the box they occupied.

They were shown to their box by an attendant, whose livery was so gorgeous that Mrs. Bassett said in a whisper directed to Mary's ear that he must belong to the imperial family. Mary intimated that if so the family must be very large indeed, as she observed that the patrons of the lower part of the house were waited upon by attendants in similar uniform, and they were not few in number.

When they were out of hearing of the attendant and comfortably seated in the box, Frank explained to his mother and sister that the opera was a Government institution, as in most of the countries of Europe, and received a large annual subsidy from the imperial treasury. The rules concerning its management are very strict, and every detail is watched with the greatest care.

"I have heard," said Mary, "that any man or woman who has sung in the Imperial Opera-house in Vienna has no difficulty in finding an engagement anywhere else. I suppose that is owing to the high standard which is set by the management."

"Yes," was the reply; "and the rule will apply to any one of the chorus girls just as much as to the great singers whose names are famous in the musical world. No chorus girl is admitted to sing unless she can reach a certain standard of musical work, and the rule is thoroughly understood by every musician in Vienna. And just in proportion that the management demands a certain musical ability of the humblest girl in the chorus, it is more and more exacting as it goes higher in the list. It has been said—"

Frank's sentence was cut short by the entrance of some of the members of the imperial family to the place which is specially reserved for the Hapsburgs. All eyes were turned in the direction of the imperial *loge*, in the expectation of seeing the Emperor or the Empress; but the visitors proved to be some of the less distinguished members of the galaxy, the great ones not honoring the opera-house with their presence on that particular evening.

Mrs. Bassett remarked that there was much less noise in the audience than in that of the Grand Opera-house at Paris, that the people entered with as little confusion as they would enter a church, and their conversation was almost in whispers. Throughout the whole evening our friends remarked this peculiarity of the Viennese audience, which excelled in its demeanor that of the audience at the Grand Opera-house in Paris, and also that of New York. There was less loud conversation in the boxes, and much less to interfere with the rendition of the music by the company, or its enjoyment by those who came to listen, than in the boxes of the Metropolitan Opera-house, which is the pride of Manhattan Island and the home of fashionable opera.

Mary was deputed to give an account of their visit to the opera, and here is what she wrote concerning it:

"To begin with, the building is one of the finest opera-houses in Europe. I should call it second only to the Grand Opera-house at Paris, but wouldn't say so in presence of a resident of Vienna, as the Viennese generally regard theirs as the finest in the world. Certainly they have reason to be proud of it, as it is a magnificent edifice. It cost six million florins (\$3,000,000), and that amount of money represents a great deal more in Vienna than in New York, where wages are very much higher, and everything else is in proportion.

"The opera-house has a splendid façade on the Ringstrasse, and in this façade there is an open balcony, which is a very agreeable resort between the acts of the performance on warm nights in summer. As for the statuary and other ornaments of the exterior, I won't try to de-

scribe them, but will refer you to the photograph which accompanies my very imperfect story. The house will seat 3000 people, and the stage is said to be one of the finest and best arranged on the Continent. They have taken great precautions against fire since the disas-



ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

ter at the Ring Theatre. There is an iron curtain between the audience and the stage, and this is let down two or three times in the intervals between the acts, so as to make sure that it is all right. In case of fire this curtain can be dropped instantly; and they have an arrangement by which water is pumped to reservoirs under the roof, and will flood the house at very short notice.

"There is a melancholy bit of history in connection with the building of the opera-house. It was begun in 1860 and finished in 1868, and was the work of two architects, Sicardsburg and Vandernüll. One of them committed suicide in consequence of the sinking of a part of the foundation of the edifice, and the other died of grief over the severe and unjust criticisms of some of the newspapers of Vienna.

"The interior of the building from the very entrance is like a great picture-gallery, or, rather, a gallery of painting and sculpture. In the wide vestibule there is an array of statuary and some beautiful frescos; and there are statues, bass-reliefs, paintings, and frescos along the grand staircase. The foyer contains busts of celebrated composers, and is richly ornamented with scenes from the leading operas. There are gorgeous frescos here and out in the balcony which I mentioned, and when you get into the auditorium you find paintings and frescos till the eye is fairly bewildered. Though everything is bright with color, there seems to be no lack of harmony. Mamma said the decorations of the house matched the uniforms of the archdukes and princes in the imperial box, and she thought those exalted personages were a part of the show just as much as the performance on the stage.

"It was a 'Wagner night' when we went to the opera, and we had the good-fortune to see and hear the famous Madame Materna in her favorite character of Brunhilde. The critics say she is great in everything, but greatest of all when she appears in this character. Of course we are unable to make the same comparisons, but she is certainly one of the finest singers we ever heard, and we enjoyed the evening very much indeed from first to last.

"Mamma said Materna reminded her of Madame Parepa. I can't say anything for myself on that point, as I never saw Parepa; but I have been told that she was a large woman, and certainly no one would consider Materna's figure a slender one. She is said to weigh two hundred pounds; but she is certainly very graceful in all her movements, and I could not realize that she is of more than ordinary size and stature. She is evidently very popular with the opera-goers of Vienna, as they received her with warm applause when she made her

first appearance during the evening, and the same applause was given at the end of every solo which came from her lips."

While our ears are attuned to music we will mention that on the evening following the one devoted to grand opera, our friends went to



MADAME FRIEDRICH MATERNA.

see and hear one of the specialties of Vienna: an orchestra of feminine performers. The "lady orchestra," as it is generally called in England and the United States whenever it has appeared there, consists entirely of women, the leader included. Sometimes they are dressed all in

white, sometimes in red, and sometimes in blue or other color; but at no time in a public appearance is each one allowed to exercise her own taste, and dress as she pleases. Mrs. Bassett and Mary were of the opinion that the performance of the "lady orchestra" to which they listened was very good but nothing remarkable, and their opinions were echoed by Frank and Fred. Mrs. Bassett thought the idea an excellent one and deserving of encouragement. "It is," said she, "another opening for the employment of women in occupations that have generally been monopolized by men, and there is no reason why they should be debarred from it." The rest of the party fully agreed with her, and there was a prompt declaration from Frank and Fred that, so far as they were concerned, they would prefer a feminine orchestra to a masculine one, even if there should be a uniformity of dress and now and then a little weakness in the music.

One day while the travellers were making their sight-seeing rounds Mrs. Bassett asked about the University of Vienna, and said she would like to see it if it was permitted to do so.

"We shall pass the building in a few minutes," replied Frank; "and it is a very fine building, as you will have an opportunity to know."

"It is one of the leading universities of the world, is it not?" Mrs. Bassett asked, as Frank paused.

"It certainly has that reputation," was the reply, "and from all I can learn it deserves it. Students come here from all parts of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and also from all parts of the world; but of course the greater number are natives of the empire."

"Do any students come here from the United States?"

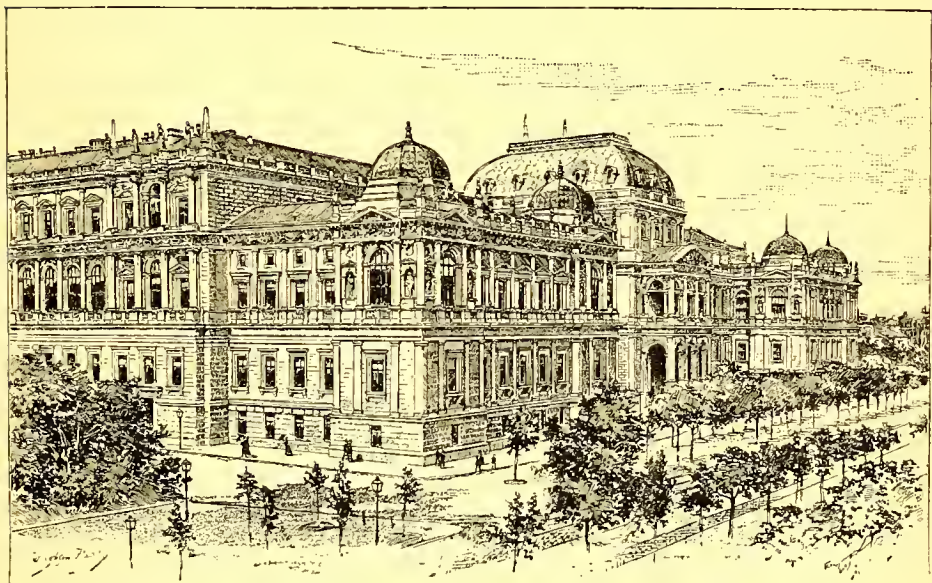
"Yes, you will find quite a number of American students here at any time; but they are nearly all in the medical department, for the reason that the medical teaching of the University of Vienna is of the very highest class. Physicians and surgeons whose fame is world wide are among the members of the faculty, and the course of instruction is very thorough. Doctor Bronson was telling me only this morning that the medical men of Vienna—all the famous ones, at least—are specialists; that is, they devote themselves to one single branch of treatment, and do not consider anything else. One doctor treats diseases of the scalp; another, diseases of the lungs and throat; another, nervous diseases; and so on through the list. All the great medical men of Vienna being specialists, it naturally follows that the medical faculty of the university ranks very high, as each of the professors is an expert in his own department, and an expert of the highest order."

"What besides medicine do they study at the university?" was the very natural query which followed this statement.

"Everything that is taught in any university," was the reply. "Law, chemistry, astronomy, philosophy, theology, and I don't know what else. For theological studies one must go to the priests' branch in the city, and the study is confined to the Roman Catholic religion. You must remember that this Government is a Catholic one; and as the university is a Government institution, it naturally adheres to the official faith of the country."

By this time they had reached the university building, and the whole party observed its extensive proportions. Mary remarked that she supposed all that immense space was required for the lecture and examination rooms, and the rooms for collections of various kinds.

"Yes," said Frank, "and there is also a library of 500,000 volumes and a reading-room of 400 seats, all lighted up by electric lights. There are certainly very few universities in the world where so much effort has been made to furnish good accommodations for the students. The fees for instruction are moderate, and for those who want to, or must, live cheaply the Josefstadt Quarter of Vienna affords the same kind of low-priced accommodation as does the Latin Quarter of Paris."



THE NEW UNIVERSITY.

We neglected to mention that the party was riding, not walking, when the university was mentioned. After seeing that interesting building our friends continued their drive, and, in answer to Mrs. Bassett's query, Frank said they were going beyond "The Lines." She asked what lines he meant, and he explained that the city was encircled by a rampart and ditch about the year 1704, to prevent attacks by the Hungarians. These fortifications are known as "The Lines," and the name is also applied to the gates that pass through them.*

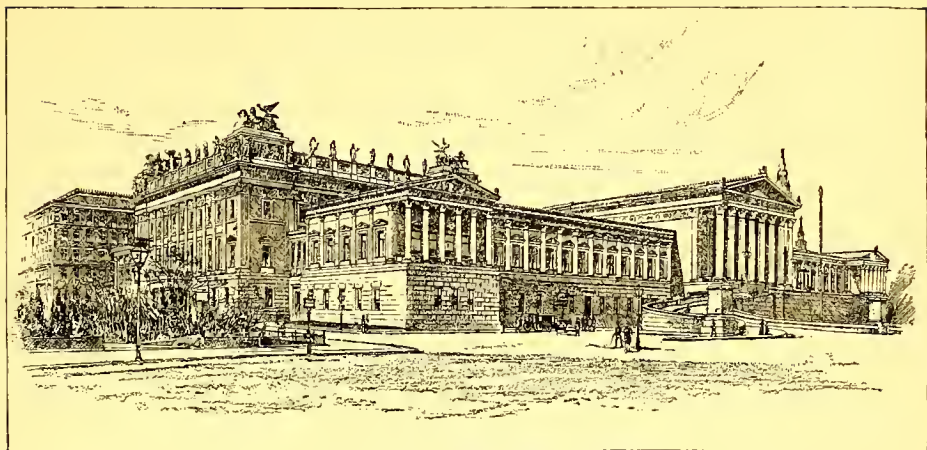
"These were not the fortifications when the Turks besieged Vienna, were they?" Mary asked, as they passed the wall and ditch which have just been mentioned under the name of "The Lines."

"Not by any means," replied Frank. "The Turks besieged Vienna in 1529 and 1683, and the walls were not built—these lines, I mean—until more than twenty years after the second siege. Vienna then consisted of the city inside the old walls, which were recently torn down to make room for the present Ringstrasse."

"Did the Turks get possession of the city at either of those attacks?" Mary asked, addressing her brother.

"No; they were defeated in both attempts. The first siege lasted about three weeks, and the second a day or two less than two months. In the second siege (1683) they came near succeeding, and would have done so had it not been for John Sobieski, King of Poland, who came to their relief with an army composed of Poles, Austrians, Saxons, and Bavarians. He attacked the Turks, and defeated them just when the city was so near the point of starvation that it was about to surrender."

* Since our friends were at Vienna the demolition of "The Lines" has begun, and before long all the walls of 1704 will have disappeared. On December 20, 1891, Vienna completed a long-contemplated plan of annexation. Down to that date its area was fifty-five square kilometres, and on the following day it was 178 kilometres. The addition to the population was about 400,000, making a total, altogether, of 1,300,000 inhabitants. There were ten districts in the old city, and there were in the annexed district forty-nine suburban communes. Some of these communes were large and prosperous towns, and others were pleasure resorts. They included the Kahlenberg and Leopoldsborg, and the towns of Hernals, Doebling, Ottakring, Hietzing, Dornbach, and Hietzendorf. The measure of annexation originated with the Emperor, and he carried it through, although it was earnestly opposed by the people in the suburbs. The present area of Vienna is three times that of Berlin, twice that of Paris, and about half that of London. The suburbs opposed the annexation because they will now have to pay *octroi* duties on certain articles on which they were not previously taxed. The old *octroi* gates were at "The Lines," but on the day of annexation they were transferred to the boundaries of the suburbs. Formerly fifty-four articles of consumption were taxed at the gates. For the future the tax will be collected on only nine articles, of which the principal are meat, beer, and wine.



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

"That should have made Austria very friendly to Poland—at least, I think so," Mrs. Bassett remarked.

"Perhaps," was the reply; "but it did not prevent Austria joining in the dismemberment of Poland in 1773. Maria Theresa was then on the throne, and she, along with Frederick the Great, accepted the proposal of Catherine II. of Russia to send an army for the conquest of the country, which they divided among themselves."

"It has been said that republics are ungrateful," commented Mary; "but republics are not the only Governments with short memories. It is a slander on republics to imply that they are the only countries which practise ingratitude," she added, with emphasis.

Fred then told an incident of the siege of Vienna about which he had read. It seems that one Sunday, when everything was unusually still, a baker who had an oven near the fortifications was busy with his work, when he heard a strange sound in the ground beneath him. He thought of witches, or a subterranean river, and in great alarm he ran out and told the officer commanding the nearest part of the line of defence. The officer laughed at the baker and told him to go back to his bread, and the man obeyed at once.

But still he heard that strange sound, and he went again to the officer. This time the matter was taken under serious consideration, and a subordinate was sent with the baker to make an investigation. It resulted in the discovery that the Turks were mining under the fortifications; and they were so far advanced that they would have sprung the

mine that very night, and probably would have taken the city by surprise. Needless to say, their enterprise was a failure, and only a few days afterwards the besiegers were driven away by the armies that came to the relief of Vienna.

Our friends had a pleasant drive outside The Lines and through the suburbs in that locality. The next day they paid a visit to the Kahlenberg, a wooded mountain near the city and on the banks of the Danube, whose valley can be seen from the heights for a long distance. They went to the mountain by steamboat, or rather to the foot of it, and returned to the city, when their visit was ended, by the same means, preferring the boat to the railway.

"In going to the Kahlenberg," said Fred, "we had a reminder of the Rigi, as the mountain is ascended by a cog-wheel railway similar to that which goes up the famous mountain of Switzerland. This railway is about three miles long, and the journey is made in thirty minutes, the grade not being as steep as that on the Rigi.

"We enjoyed the view from the balcony of the hotel on the summit very much indeed. It included the city, which lay below us like a map, and the country around for a considerable distance. We could see the spurs of the Carpathian Mountains on the frontier of Moravia and Hungary. The southern horizon was filled with the Styrian Alps, and we sat there for some time making comparisons between the view from the Kahlenberg and that from Berne as one looks towards the Bernese Oberland and the mountains that fill the horizon.

"If we had not been told that the Kahlenberg was a favorite resort of the people of Vienna, we should have known it both on our way there and while on the summit. The steep side of the mountain is towards the river; on the other side it slopes gently and is covered with forest, so that there is plenty of space for restaurants and similar resorts where the people go to enjoy themselves. The crowd was much like that we saw in the Wurstel-Prater; there were men, women, and children enjoying themselves in ways that showed they did not have an excursion to the Kahlenberg every day, and were determined to make the most of it when they had the opportunity.

"The tradition is that Mozart composed a portion of the 'Zauberflöte' on the Kahlenberg, and certainly the site is one where he ought to have found inspiration for his work. A church was pointed out to us which is said to have been founded in 1683 as a memorial, by the Emperor Leopold I., that the German and Polish troops who relieved the city when the Turks were besieging it came from the direction of

this mountain, their camps having been established there previous to the attack upon the position of the Moslems."

Several days were passed in Vienna very pleasantly, and then the travellers prepared to go elsewhere on their journey.

"Shall we go by river or railway?" queried Frank, when the subject of leaving Vienna was brought up for serious consideration.

"Go where?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Why, to Buda-Pesth," was the reply. "You suggested one day, mamma," said Frank, "that it would not be fair to see one capital of



THE KAHLENBERG.

the Austro-Hungarian monarchy without seeing the other, and so I have planned to go to the other one as soon as we are through with this."

"Thank you very much; it is just what I wanted to do, and I'm ready for either mode of conveyance you think best."

"It takes twelve or thirteen hours to go to Buda-Pesth by river and only six hours by rail. The river route is the most interesting, and I think it fully compensates for the additional time. The boats are comfortable, and much larger than the one by which we came from Linz."

Needless to say, it was settled that they would go by river. On the evening before their departure all retired very early, in view of the fact that the boat was to start at 6.30 A.M., and it was necessary to rise not later than five o'clock. All baggage was packed beforehand, and there was nothing to do in the morning but settle the bill, distribute fees to the attendants of the hotel, take a light breakfast, and hurry away to the steamboat-landing just below the Aspern Bridge.

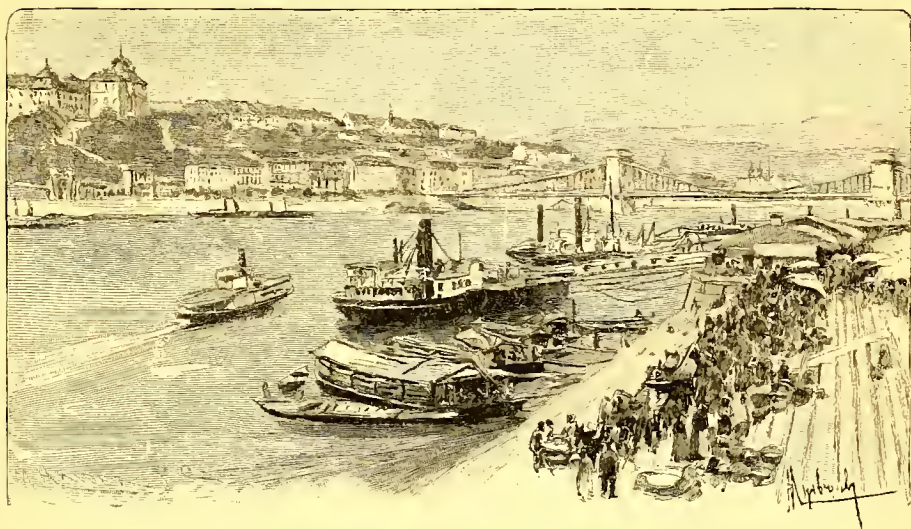
On arrival at the landing Mrs. Bassett was greatly disappointed, as she found herself and companions on a small steamboat which was piled high with baggage and crowded to discomfort with passengers. She mentioned her disappointment to Frank, and suggested that they had better abandon the idea of going to their destination by boat, go to the railway station, and take the first train that offered.

But she changed her view when Frank explained that the small boat was to take them out of the Donau Canal to the main river, where they would find the large boat waiting for them. In a few minutes they were loose from the quay and gliding swiftly down the canal; within half an hour all were on board the large boat and moving down the Danube in the direction of Buda-Pesth.

The spires of Vienna disappeared from sight, and so did the dome of the great Exhibition building of 1873, which has been preserved as a memorial of that event in the history of the city. The boat sped along through a flat and well-tilled country, and in two hours it was in front of Presburg, the ancient capital of Hungary, and where many of its kings were crowned, with a great deal of ceremony.

"Our first view of Presburg," said Fred, "was not of the city, but of the ruins of the old castle or palace, which was burned in 1811. It must have been an extensive building, to judge by its appearance from the river; and when it was occupied by the Hungarian kings the city was probably less sleepy in appearance than it is to-day. The boat did not remain more than a minute at the landing, and so our acquaintance with the place was very slight.

"Mary watched the palace as long as it was in sight," continued Fred, "and recalled an interesting incident in the history of Maria Theresa. She was crowned Queen of Hungary at Presburg in 1741. Not long afterwards she was threatened by the Elector of Bavaria and his French allies, and determined to call the Hungarians to her aid. She



BUDAPEST.—[View from left bank of the Danube.]

hastened to Presburg, where she had summoned the Hungarian nobles to meet her. In the great hall of the palace she stood, surrounded by her infant children, and said to the deputies, 'I am assailed by enemies on every side ; I have no hope except in your loyalty, and I have come to place under your protection the daughter and son of your king.'

"The Hungarian nobles drew their swords, and said, '*Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresia !*' (We will die for our king, Maria Theresa !). The Hungarian army came to her aid, and the Bavarians and French were driven away with great loss.

"At one of the landings a band of Hungarian gypsies came on board, and, with an eye to business, began playing various airs on their musical instruments, and occasionally passing a hat for contributions. The music which most interested our friends was that from the guitar and zither, especially the former. One of the gypsies performed very well on the zither, but Mrs. Bassett and Mary both thought they heard better zither music in the Tyrol than on the steamboat on the Danube.

"We had a good view of the Fortress of Komorn, which was built four hundred years ago, and has been greatly strengthened in modern times. It has undergone several sieges, but is very peaceful now, and allowed us to pass without firing a single gun at the steamboat. The great cathedral of Gran was another object of interest, but did not attract so much attention as the city of Buda-Pesth, which came into view just as the day was turning into night."

It was dusk and something more by the time the travellers reached the land, and consequently there was not much to be seen until next day. Before they retired for the night, Mrs. Bassett said she thought she would sleep more soundly than otherwise if some one would tell her why the city was called by two names instead of one. Buda-Pesth was a mystery to her, and she wanted to have it solved.

"Buda-Pesth comes from the union of Buda and Pesth," said Frank. "The side of the Danube where we now are, the left, was formerly the city of Pesth, while the city on the right bank was Buda, also called Ofen."



GYPSY VIOLINISTS.

Both are ancient cities, having been founded by the Romans, and they were independent of each other until 1873, when they were united into one municipality. When the cities were united the names were joined together as you now see them. The Hungarians write it 'Budapest,'

and so do the Germans, and in course of time this form of spelling will be adopted into French and English."

"Thank you very much," said Mrs. Bassett. "I'm sure I'll sleep well now. Good-night!"

It was "good-night" all around, as it had been determined to make an early start for sight-seeing the next day.

"We had heard Budapest (to use the Hungarian spelling) called 'The Chicago of Eastern Europe,' and had been told much about its wonderful prosperity," said Fred, in the account which he was delegated to write of their visit to the capital of Hungary. "But we found, on investigation, that the half had not been told us. So far as we have

seen there is not another city of Europe that has made half as much progress in the past thirty years as the one we are now visiting. The population has increased greatly, but not in proportion to the commerce. Many old houses have been torn down to make way for new ones, and great numbers of buildings have been erected where before there was only barren ground. Handsome quays have been built, miles in length, on both banks of the river, the hotels are not to be surpassed in any other city of Europe, and altogether Buda-Pesth reminds the visitor of Chicago more than does any other city on this side of the Atlantic.

"The greatest progress is visible on the Pesth side of the river, and there is to be found the greater part of the population of the twin city, which exceeds 300,000, and is increasing every year. Two-thirds of the inhabitants are Catholics, 50,000 are Hebrews, and 30,000 are Protes-



TYPE OF HONGROISE.

tants, and there is a small sprinkling of Moslems, the remnants or descendants of the Turkish rulers who once held the city in their control. Though the greater progress and population are here, the most interesting part of the city is on the Buda side of the Danube.

"The old palace of the kings of Hungary is in Buda, and in the palace the Hungarian Diet holds its sessions. We went through a part of the building, but did not have time to look at all of the two hundred apartments it contains. We saw the royal regalia of Hungary, the crown of St. Stephen, sceptre, sword, and coronation robes, and from the garden that surrounds the palace we had a fine view of Pesth and of the Danube for a long distance up and down. The palace is on a high and steep hill, which we ascended by means of cars drawn up by cables. There is a winding road which leads to the top, but it is not as expeditious as the cable line proved to be.

"The fortress on this hill is very old, and has been several times captured in war. The Turks held it for nearly 150 years previous to 1686, when they were driven out; and the fortress was the scene of some hard fighting in the revolution of 1849. The Hungarians destroyed a part of the fortress after they had captured it in that year, but it has been rebuilt since that time, and is now in good repair and stronger than ever.

"The Buda side of the river is famous for its hot springs, and over some of these springs they have spacious bathing-houses, which are a favorite resort. Two of these bathing establishments were founded by the Turks, and one of them is in the same building where the Moslems placed it. We did not visit any of these baths, but we did visit the bathing establishment on Margarethen-Insel, or Margaret Island, in the middle of the Danube, just above the city.

"This island deserves a paragraph



A HUNGARIAN MAGNATE.

all to itself, and shall have it. It belongs to the Archduke Joseph, who has spent a great deal of money to convert it into one of the most delightful parks you ever saw. The position in the middle of the river is charming, the grounds are tastefully laid out and carefully kept, there is a tramway running the whole length of the island, and, in addition to the great bathing establishment, there are a kursaal, two hotels, a large restaurant and several smaller ones. Margaret Island is to Buda-Pesth what the Prater is to Vienna. People go there in considerable numbers during the day, and on pleasant evenings it is very much crowded with men

and women, who have gone there for recreation, after the toil of the day.

"We timed our visit so as to reach the island late in the afternoon, while the tide of travel was setting in that direction. After a visit to the bathing establishment we went to the restaurant for dinner and to listen to the music. We tried some of the native dishes, but cannot say that we are in love with them—at any rate, not greatly.

"A favorite dish of Hungary is *gulyas*, or 'gollasch,' as it is generally



PROMENADE ON MARGARET ISLAND.

called by strangers. We ate some *gulyas*, and then called for something else. Perhaps you would like to know the composition of this article of food, which is so agreeable to the natives.

"Well, it is a stew composed of onions, several kinds of meat, potatoes, little lumps of dough called *nokertln*, and red pepper. The pepper is grown in Hungary, and is very mild when compared with Cayenne, but they make up in quantity any lack in quality. They put so much pepper into their stew that it burns the tongue and lips of the unaccustomed stranger, and a little of it will go a great way.

"We had music from a German band, and also from some gypsies, who were very much like those we saw on the steamboat as we came from Vienna. Some funny stories are told of the tricks of the gypsies to induce listeners to pay liberally for their playing. The leader of the band will pick out some dignified and well-to-do citizen in the front of the audience, and address the music directly to him. He will stand immediately in front of the man, look into his eyes, and almost press the end of the violin in the listener's face. Then the music begins, slowly at first, and gradually working up to a sort of delirium. At the end of it the listener pulls out a bank-note which he moistens with his lips, and then sticks it on the gypsy's forehead. Sometimes when a band is playing to a company one of the listeners will tear a bank-note in two, put one-half into his pocket, and give the other half to the leader of the band, who can only have both halves of the bill when the musical desires of the audience are satisfied.

"Speaking of music makes one think about dancing, and this is the place to remark that the Hungarians are fond of this amusement, and have several dances which are peculiarly national. We saw one of their dances, the *czardas*, which is danced by all classes of people, but more generally among the peasantry than by the nobility. It is a dance of couples, or rather of a single couple, and the essential points of the dance are that both must be in Hungarian costume and have a gypsy band. The dancers stand face to face with arms a-kimbo, and the music strikes up, very slowly at first, and gradually increasing. The dancers move their feet in time with the music, the young man approaches the girl, who skips away from him; and this is repeated for some time in a teasing kind of way till at last she allows him to grasp her around the waist and swing her about in a circle. Then they take their places again, and the performance goes on very much as before, with the difference that the music steadily increases in rapidity, and with it the movements of the dancers.

"The second evening of our stay in Buda-Pesth we went to the National Opera-house to listen to a performance in Hungarian. The opera was 'Mignon,' and the rule that only the Hungarian language is to be used on the stage of the National Opera-house was so far stretched as to allow the character of Mignon to be presented in French, while the principal male part was in German. This made a curious mixture of languages that amused us very much, but it did not draw our attention from the music, which was well given throughout. Of course we don't understand Hungarian, and therefore could make nothing of the dialogue, and for this reason we are not likely to spend an evening at any of the theatres when only that language is used.

"In one of the boxes of the opera-house was a Hungarian nobleman in his national dress, and the box was situated so that we had a full



DANCING THE "CZARDAS."

view of him. On St. Stephen's day the noblemen come out in their ancient garments, which include tight-fitting trousers tucked into cavalry boots, richly embroidered coats, and fur-trimmed dolmans. Their heads are covered with round hats without brims, and in the top of each hat is a stiff plume, often decorated with precious stones. If the man has a mustache, and he generally has, and often a large and fierce one, it is waxed and twisted so that the ends stand out either horizontally or with an upward inclination. The Hungarians are fine horsemen, and it is a pity we do not see them riding through the streets in their national dress, which seems to be entirely replaced on ordinary days by the coats and other garments which have their origin in London or Paris."

"Which way shall we go from here?" said Frank, interrupting Fred just as he finished the foregoing paragraph.

"I don't know, I'm sure. Suppose we consult the ladies, and find out what they would like to do."

"Very well," said Frank; "they are in the parlor. Come along, and we'll talk the matter over."

THE END.

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